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THRALIANA

The Diary of

Mrs. HESTER LYNCH THRALE

(Later Mrs. Piozzi)

1776-1809

EDITED BY

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VOLUME I

1776-1784

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I suppose you are pretty diligent at the Thraliana, and a very curious collection posterity will find it.'

DR. JOHNSON *to* MRS. THRALE, *September 6, 1777.*

PREFACE

THESE volumes have been carried through the press during war times, under conditions bound to be difficult, with the editor on one side of the perilous ocean and the publishers on the other, and with the staff of the Clarendon Press, reduced in numbers, exigently occupied with war-time work. I cannot express too warmly my gratitude to that staff, and my admiration for the way in which it has accomplished under these circumstances what would be, even in normal times, a difficult task of printing, without relaxing their accustomed standards of accurate and beautiful typography.

The unavoidable delay in publication has occasioned one discrepancy in the notes which I take this opportunity of pointing out. Mr. A. Edward Newton's death in the autumn of 1940 dispersed his library, and I had hoped to be able to name the new owners of the Thrale MSS. in his collection which are cited in my notes. At the moment that this goes to press, however, the section of his library containing those manuscripts has not yet come up for sale, and I have therefore allowed the description of them as 'belonging to Mr. A. Edward Newton' to stand.

Acknowledgements of help received, usual to a Preface, have been included under the Introduction, § 4, to which I refer the reader.

K. C. B.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE,
28 October, 1941

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INTRODUCTION

I. MRS. THRALE

AROUND the character of Mrs. Thrale many conflicting judgments have clashed, since the days of Johnson's devotion to her and of Boswell's jealousy. Opinions about her have gone to extremes, both among her contemporaries and among the editors and biographers who have written about her since her death, a compulsion seeming to move them all either to unqualified disparagement or to equally unqualified defence. The depth of her essential character, her attachment to her first husband and to her children, her right to marry Piozzi, her veracity, the solidity of her learning, and above all the disinterestedness of her motives in befriending Dr. Johnson and the rightness of her conduct towards him at the crisis of her second marriage, have all been impugned and defended many times over. Nor does the debate subside with the passing of time, as the publications¹ inspired by the recent discovery of fresh manuscript materials about her show.

Such a controversial hubbub was all but inevitable over a woman whose life fate twined so closely with that of Dr. Johnson. No one who loves and reveres the great moralist, or who wishes to understand him, can overlook Mrs. Thrale. The spectacle of his gloomy bereavement after Mr. Thrale's death, his gradual estrangement from the home in which he had found the most solid happiness of his life, and his proud and angry grief when the woman who had 'soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched' married a man of whom he disapproved and went away to Italy, leaving him to die alone—all this has been too much for his defenders. Already resenting, like Boswell, the ascendancy which Mrs. Thrale had established over him, they have used this episode as a conclusive proof of her unworthiness, and have thereby avenged the slight put upon their idol. Their condemnations have been so manifestly overstated that they have raised up an inevitable opposition, and thus the skirmishing proceeds.

Now that the intimate journal of the lady is at last available, one might hope that materials for a final judgement were at hand, and that the controversy would subside. But the editor does not expect that the *Thraliana*, copious and revealing as it is, will 'solve' Mrs. Thrale's enigma, in the easy sense of that word. She emerges from

¹ *Johnson and Queeney* (1932), *Queeney Letters* (1934), ed. the Marquis of Lansdowne; *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson* (1932), ed. Tyson and Guppy.

the pages with narrow but conspicuous gifts of mind and spirit almost equally balanced with conspicuous lacks. She was, especially in her Johnsonian years, a surprising blend of contradictions. She was at the same time brilliantly shrewd in her estimates of people and largely unaware of the deeper well-springs of character; she was schooled in the worldly wisdom of her age, and yet offended by the world's code at its most vulnerable spot, by her second marriage; she was both rational and sentimental; she knew herself and her own limitations, up to a point, with surprising insight, yet saucily declared that she was in love with herself 'most passionately',¹ and demanded, and uncritically accepted, the most extravagant flattery; she was unusually candid, but often dissimulated; she was a lover of solid knowledge, and a collector of trivia; she was naturally witty and yet could be, as many pages of the *Thraliana* bear witness, downright tedious; she admired whole-heartedly the greatness she understood in others, and was still inordinately vain of her own small gifts; she was self-controlled and yet impetuous, docile and self-assertive; she was a staunch and active friend, and yet could break off her most intimate friendships without a qualm at a suspicion of treachery. Even her style shows this divided nature, for, although she could be trenchant and styptic, and admired most in literature Addison's dignified ease and Goldsmith's purity, she became in her published writings a notorious offender against that dignity and purity—a fault for which our colloquial age will not condemn her.

These basic contradictions in her will always make tempting even an incomplete, and therefore an unfair, judgement of her. Some will see in her only the hard and narrow qualities, and so only the brilliant, warm, and engaging ones, and will judge accordingly. If the *Thraliana* makes both sides of Mrs. Thrale real to that extent—olve the controversy, for it will free the reader from the necessity of judging her, and will give him instead satisfaction of understanding her.

2. THE *THRALLIANA*

When Mrs. Thrale was thirty-five years old, her husband gave her a set of six handsome quarto blank books, bound in undressed calf, each bearing on its cover a red label stamped in gold with the title 'Thraliana'. This took place in 1776, a few weeks before the Thrales' thirteenth wedding anniversary. Obviously the books were not intended for diary keeping in the strict sense, but fit 'repository'; Mrs. Thrale herself makes this clear in her open

¹ See below, p. 490.

² See below, p. 299.

sentence: 'It is many Years since Doctor Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little Book, and write in it all the little Anecdotes which might come to my Knowledge, all the Observations I might make or hear, all the Verses never likely to be published, and in fine ev'ry thing which struck me at the Time.' The title given to the books also betrays the purpose for which they were destined. Mrs. Thrale was beginning an English ana, undoubtedly modelled after the many French anas with which she was familiar, and which she extravagantly liked, as she herself revealed in 1780 when she wrote: 'I talk now of nothing but French Literature—these *Anas* have seized me so.'¹ She quotes them frequently through all the volumes of the *Thraliana*, and, with the assistance of her friend Seward, she formed a collection of them amounting to thirty-one titles.²

It must be remembered that when she began to write the *Thraliana* she had no real English precedent. Although French literature 'swarmed' with examples, there was, as she later said, nothing analogous in English but Selden's *Table Talk* and Camden's *Remains*.³ Spence, to be sure, had already collected his 'Anecdotes', which she examined in manuscript in May 1778, when Dr. Johnson had the loan of them from the Duke of Newcastle,⁴ but these were unknown to her when she began. The English commonplace-book was still to be met with in Mrs. Thrale's day (although its vogue was already going out), but its character was distinct from the ana, being a collection of pious or beautiful quotations, rather than anecdotes of living people and treasures of wit. This dearth of systematic collections of anecdote is strange in a century already disposed to love biographical minutiae, and about to produce, in Boswell, the biographer who raised familiar biography to a plane of high art; but it is a fact.

Mrs. Thrale, therefore, under the triple incentive of Dr. Johnson's belief in the value of saving the fragments of life, Mr. Thrale's indulgent expectation, and her own delight in the French anas, sat herself down to glean her wits, and to create what was almost, if not quite, the first English ana. The reader will discover how faithfully she followed her original intention through the first volume.⁵ It is a pot-pourri of curious bits, strung together without plan. The anecdotes relate indifferently to the dead and the living, the great and the unnamed obscure. They are sometimes culled from books, sometimes from life at second or third hand, and sometimes from her own experience, and are consequently of unequal interest and

¹ See below, p. 463, n. 3.

² See below, p. 467, and n. 4.

³ See below, p. 748.

⁴ See below, p. 424.

⁵ Pp. 1-157, in this edition.

authenticity. She sometimes groups her stories under headings, such as 'Odd medical Stories',¹ or under a common theme, such as stupidity or avarice, as did the French writers. Her interest in word derivations, her frequent citation of literary parallels, and the numerous translations of witty verses from foreign languages into her own—in each of which her mercurial wit delighted—are all to be found in *Ménage*, *Scaliger*, and others of her numerous models. The ana character of her book helps also to explain her inconsistency in entering dates,² since there was no logical incentive for systematic dating in such a farrago. Dr. Johnson, to be sure, counselled her, while writing her *Thraliana*, to be 'punctual in annexing the dates. Chronology you know is the eye of history'.³ But even that exhortation was not sufficient to ensure consistent results.

In the early portions of her book Mrs. Thrale did not depend altogether on memory for her materials, but was helped out by memoranda already set down. Dr. Johnson's advice to 'get a little Book' had been given to her at least as early as 1768,⁴ and from that date onward she kept two collections, one for stories about Dr. Johnson himself, and one for miscellaneous anecdotes. The clearest evidence for the existence of these separate and earlier accounts is the survival of fragments of them among Mrs. Thrale's papers.⁵ Boswell also bears witness to the existence of the Johnsonian collection prior to the beginning of the *Thraliana*, in an entry of his diary for April 8, 1775: 'Mr. Thrale told me, I am not sure what day, that there is a Book of *Johnsoniana* kept in their Family, in which all Mr. Johnson's sayings and all that they can collect about him is put

¹ See below, p. 28.

² See below, p. 1, n. 2.

³ *Letter*, ed. G. B. Hill, No. 547, dated September 6, 1777.

⁴ This is the earliest date she affixes to a reported conversation. See below, p. 163. The earliest exact date is affixed to a weather note for April 1, 1769. See below, p. 66.

⁵ *Ry. Eng. MS.* 629, Nos. 1, 5, 6, 7. Of these fragments, 5 and 6 were originally parts of a continuous and extensive record on folded quarto sheets. The surviving sheets have been torn apart at the folds, and have been confusedly assembled in the Rylands volume as two separate fragments; but the whole may be reassembled correctly by means of the numbering of the pages (96, 97, 98), and by the continuity of the narrative itself. The section of her early commonplace book, thus reconstructed, contained, first, the story about Goldsmith's willingness to be witty at the expense of a dumb man, which is included in the *Thraliana* at p. 81 (the dumb man being there metamorphosed into a deaf one); second, the story of James Harris and Charles Townshend, retold in the *Thraliana* at p. 173 and finally, an account of the suicide of Charles Yorke, to which is prefixed the title, 'A Dreadful Story'. This account is not included in the *Thraliana*. The fragments relating exclusively to Dr. Johnson (Nos. 1 and 7, printed below, pp. xix, 6-12) are on a coarser quality of paper, of octavo size, and are unnumbered—facts which lead me to believe that they were originally part of a separate collection; though there may have been but a single collection, on miscellaneous loose sheets. It is impossible to know why Mrs. Thrale, having incorporated their contents into her new bound books, saved these particular fragments, but we may guess that a mere freak of chance was responsible.

down . . . I must try to get this *Thralian* Miscellany, to assist me in writing Mr. Johnson's Life, if Mrs. Thrale does not intend to do it herself.¹ Further proof is afforded by Mrs. Thrale's direct or oblique references to her 'Table Book' in the *Thraliana* itself. In her first entry she prefaced an anecdote with the statement, 'Johnson & Bodens were talking here one Day of Foote, & I was in haste to write down the Conversation'.² Again, on May 28, 1777, introducing the story of Baretti's departure from Streatham on July 6, 1776, she said, 'I wrote down what follows in my Table Book'.³ On November 26 of the same year, while recording a conversation with Dr. Johnson about his probable biographer, she quotes herself as having said, 'But for a Johnsoniana . . . we will defy you at least; Boswell & Baretti, & myself from Time to Time have a trick of writing down Anecdotes Bons Mots &c. . . . This Conversation passed on the 18: of July 1773 & I wrote it down that night, as I thought it particularly interesting'.⁴ On March 21, 1778, she wrote, 'These Anecdotes I copied from Memorandums made in April 1773'.⁵ Even when she makes no allusion to the memoranda it is often possible to infer their existence—where, for instance, she cites trifles such as a dinner dish, or the weather, on specific days of remote date⁶ (which could hardly have been recalled without assistance), and where she uses the present tense for incidents in the past⁷—the result, of course, of a mechanical copying without revision of tenses. Many other undetected instances of her use of these earlier records must exist.⁸

Her habit of keeping separate records of conversations she wished to remember did not cease with the beginning of the *Thraliana*. These she jotted down at the time, probably on casual slips of paper, to be copied later into the *Thraliana*. Instances of this practice are to be seen in the two stories that she heard from Dr. Lort, about Mr. Allen⁹ and Mr. Bennet,¹⁰ which she recorded in March and May, respectively, and copied into the *Thraliana* in the present tense, after June 1, 1777. Johnson's observation on the sensuality of melancholy people, which she says 'dropt from him but an hour ago

¹ *Boswell Papers*, x. 200.

² See below, p. 44.

³ See below, p. 257.

⁴ See below, pp. 28, 69, 71, 172.

⁵ In her *Anecdotes* (*Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ed. G. B. Hill, i. 201), she stated that Johnson's remarks about the infinity of numeration had been written down 'as soon as I had heard them', but this is omitted in the parallel passage in the *Thraliana* (see below, p. 191), as is her similar remark (*Anecdotes*, p. 175) about Johnson's criticism of Burke's remarks on Lord Bathurst and the angel (see below, p. 194).

⁶ See below, p. 96.

⁷ See below, p. 5.

⁸ See below, p. 173.

⁹ See below, pp. 28, 66, 70, 71, 97.

¹⁰ See below, p. 97.

so I wrote it immediately as it fell',¹ is another illustration of the continuance of this habit. We have, of course, no way of knowing whether all her records of Johnson's conversations, after 1776, were copied from these separate memoranda. Some were in all likelihood entered directly in the *Thraliana*.

When she reached the second volume, she turned from scattering her energies to concentrate upon Dr. Johnson, and devoted the first ninety-seven pages² to a recapitulation and expansion of the information she had already collected about him. This section, which is perhaps the most interesting and important part of her record, formed the chief basis for her later *Anecdotes of Johnson* (which she published after his death)—a subject which is separately examined in the following section of the Introduction. When she had finished with Johnson in the *Thraliana*, she returned to her former unsystematic jottings, interrupting the unrelated flow only for a detailed account of her own life.³ But at a point about half-way through the third volume the character of her record underwent a change. Instead of remaining an *ana*, coloured here and there with the more intimate revelations of a diary, it became primarily a diary, only occasionally lapsing into her earlier manner. The reasons for this are not far to seek. In the first place, even Mrs. Thrale's well of anecdote was running dry. In the second, life for her suddenly became exigent, and remained so for a period of over five years. Mr. Thrale's first stroke of the palsy occurred on June 8, 1779,⁴ and its impact stirs the placid stream of the diary, for the first time, with the authentic shock of history recording itself. After that, momentous events and emotional conflicts thickened around her—her own dangerous miscarriage, Mr. Thrale's progressive illness and death, the pressing demands of the brewery and her financial troubles with Lady Salusbury, the torment of the public curiosity about her choice of a second husband, her growing and thwarted love for Mr. Piozzi, the struggle with Quency and Fanny Burney, and her isolation and illness at Bath. The pressure of these events,

¹ See below, p. 199. In this instance, at least, she seems to have been guilty of the very practice for which she censured Boswell and denied using herself in her *An. J. J.* (p. 174): 'A trick which I have however seen played on common occasions of sitting steadily down at the other end of the room to write at the moment what should be said in company, either by Dr. Johnson or to him, I never practised myself, nor approved of in another. There is something so ill bred, and so inclining to treachery in this conduct, that were it commonly adopted, all confidence would soon be exiled from society, and a conversation at a study room would become tremendous as a court of justice.' She clearly could not, however, have done so habitually. Perhaps in this case she asked permission for her liberty, as she says she did, on another occasion in the *An. J. J.* (p. 175).

² Pp. 138-215, in this edition.

³ See below, pp. 274-322.

⁴ See below, p. 389.

and, above all, the compulsion she was under during the later part of this troubled period to keep her own counsel, made her turn to the *Thraliana* for the confidential outpourings of an overburdened mind and heart. This new character imposed itself upon her book, however, against her intention, almost against her will. On November 24, 1779, after Mr. Thrale's second seizure, she wrote: 'The Thraliana will be full of nothing but melancholy matters of Fact if we go on thus, I will write no more such things down if they do happen.'¹ She did not keep to this resolution, but the remark shows clearly the bent of her preference. She distrusted by nature and training, and by virtue of a long tutelage to Johnson, the tendency to dwell on feelings, and to enhance miseries by rehearsing them, and she often turned deliberately, when she found herself indulging in those dubious luxuries, to an impersonal observation on her reading, or to a remembered witticism. This juxtaposition sometimes gives the effect of insensibility, or flippancy; it was, rather, a successful device for throwing off anxiety by resolutely placing her mind on other things. Even the intimate recordings come with a curious detachment and restraint, supervised, as it were, by her wary intellectual censor. In the one section of her diary where that censor frankly abdicates, where she pours out her frustrated love for the absent Piozzi,² she seems, indeed, like an ordinary sentimental woman, carried away by emotion, and expressing it without restraint or distinction.

After the storm passed, and she had happily settled in Italy with her Piozzi, the *Thraliana* regains its old serenity, but fresh circumstances entered in to alter the character of the record. During her stay in foreign parts, from September 1784 to March 1787, she kept separate travel journals, sometimes running parallel to the *Thraliana*, and sometimes supplanting it³—a practice she had begun on her journey to Wales in 1773,⁴ and continued on her visit to France in 1775,⁵ before she had begun the *Thraliana*, and which she repeated on her tour of Scotland in 1789.⁶ These journals inevitably resulted in significant gaps, even in a record as unsystematic as the *Thraliana*. Moreover, she turned author during her stay in Italy, collaborating in the *Florence Miscellany*,⁷ and writing and publishing her *Anecdotes of Johnson*.⁸ These publications launched her upon a career of authorship which engrossed much of her time until 1801, when she published her last book, *Retrospection*. Consequently, her

¹ See below, p. 410.² See below, pp. 549-600, *passim*.³ See below, p. 613, n. 1.⁴ See below, p. 114.⁵ See below, p. 114.⁶ See below, p. 751.⁷ See below, p. 643 and n. 3.⁸ See below, pp. xviii-xx, 639.

need of the diary as a mental exercise was greatly diminished, and only old habit, and the inexorable logic of the unfilled sixth volume, kept her at it. And in addition to these distractions, she dispersed her energies during these later years among a series of additional commonplace-books, kept for special purposes.¹ So the fullness of her record, after she returned to England, gradually, and then sharply, diminished.²

The dual character of the *Thraliana*, being at once a wit's catch-all in the true ana manner, and a private record of her life, accounts for Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's vacillating attitude toward the desirability of preserving its privacy. Sometimes she wished for, almost took for granted, its eventual publication; at other times, when the intimate character of its revelations was uppermost in her mind, she felt a genuine horror at the thought that it might be seen even by a friend. On the one hand, she says, in 1777: 'I was teized by a Lady for Verses to put in M^{rs} Miller's Vase on the subject of Dreams; but as I do not intend to dye tomorrow, & this foolish book be pulled about so soon; I will add a Word or two about M^{rs} Miller & her Vase lest it should be wholly unintelligible to those who read it.'³ And in 1789, after speaking about the stir made in the world of art and letters by women, and the old idea that the pen was not for ladies' use, she suddenly exclaims, 'I wonder if my Executors will burn the *Thraliana*!'⁴—which seems to express a subconscious hope that, after her death and without her connivance, the *Thraliana* might be published, to enhance the growing reputation of her sex. On the other hand, she wrote in 1780: 'Stranger still that a Woman should write such a Book as this; put down every Occurrence of her Life, every Emotion of her Heart, & call it a *Thraliana* forsooth—but then I mean to destroy it.'⁵ This hesitancy to let it survive her was fortified by the increasing bitterness which she felt in her later years over the treatment the world had given her. In 1813, in a letter to John Salusbury Piozzi, her adopted heir, about the disposition she wished him to make of certain personal belongings after her death, she wrote: '*Thraliana* should be hers [Cecilia Mostyn's]—or burned—but you may read it first, if t'will amuse

¹ See below, p. xxx.

² The time span of the six volumes is as follows:

I: 12 months (September 15, 1776–September 18, 1777)

II: 8 months (September 18, 1777–May 19, 1778)

III: 2 years, 9 months (May 19, 1778–January 29, 1781)

IV: 5 years, 7 months (February 1, 1781–September 3, 1786)

V: 4 years, 11 months (April 29, 1787–March 30, 1792)

VI: 16 years, 9 months (June 1, 1792–March 30, 1809).

³ See below, p. 229.

⁴ See below, p. 748.

⁵ See below, p. 464.

You—only let it *Never* be printed! oh never, never *never*.¹ Five years later, in November 1818, when she was almost at the close of her life, she recorded in the commonplace-book which was then serving her as a diary:

Revisal of ones past life!! Doctor Johnson who always profess'd an Aversion to Canting . . . did not surely cant himself when he advised me to keep a Register of Events, Conversations &c., and said how pleasant it would be in *Revisal*! and I stupid Dunce! never had the Wit to reply 'Why Sir, you don't like reviewing your own Life; why should I at your Age like it better?' *he* always said looking back on past Days was dreadful to him: & then counseled me to make a 'Thraliana'. I have looked into mine since I brought it from Brynbellia—read 12 Pages—and lost my sleep for a Week. Nothing should keep me from burning the whole to Night, but respect for my Executor's Profit or Amusement—but I have tied it up tight, & will *review* my past Life no more.²

After her death the volumes which had been the subject of so much heart-searching became the property of her heir, Sir John Salusbury Piozzi Salusbury, and remained in the possession of his family until 1922, first passing to his son, the Rev. George Augustus Salusbury, and from him in turn to his son, Major Edward Pemberton Salusbury. The latter offered them for sale at Sotheby's, in June 1908, along with a large collection of other manuscripts from the Piozzian archives, but bought them in again, presumably for lack of a satisfactory bid. Major Pemberton died in 1908, and his daughter, Mrs. R. V. Colman, of Denbigh, again offered the volumes for sale in 1920. They were finally sold by private treaty in 1922 to Mr. Henry E. Huntington, through his librarian, Mr. George Watson Cole, and have reached their permanent home in the Huntington Library, at San Marino, California.³

In the course of its long undisturbed possession by the Salusbury family, the *Thraliana* was twice excerpted, once by the Rev. G. A. Salusbury, who in 1861 furnished Mr. Abraham Hayward, Mrs. Piozzi's biographer, with passages amounting in all to ninety-two pages of the original diary,⁴ and again by Mr. Charles Hughes, who was allowed by Mrs. Colman to excerpt fifty additional passages

¹ *Ry. Eng. MS.* 587, letter of April 19, 1813.

² Commonplace-book in the collection of Mr. A. Edward Newton.

³ See Dr. Moses Tyson's article, 'Unpublished Manuscripts . . . of . . . Mrs. Thrale . . .', in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, xv. 468-9.

⁴ Some of these were sent to Hayward in time for inclusion in the first edition of his *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)* (1861), but the bulk of them reached him too late for that edition, and were the principal incentive for his revising the book for a second edition in the same year. More than half of the borrowed matter (fifty-six pages) was taken from Volume IV, and related to the period of Mr. Thrale's death, Mrs. Thrale's break with Johnson, and her second marriage. From Volume I, thirteen and a half pages were taken; from Volume II, two; from Volume III, nine and a half; from Volume V, ten; from Volume VI, one.

(about twenty pages of the diary), which he published in 1913 under the title, *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*. All of these borrowings (which amount to less than a fourteenth of the 1,620 pages of the original) are duly pointed out in the notes to the text.¹ Since the diary was acquired by the Huntington Library, it has been at the service of scholars in the Johnsonian field, and has been consulted and quoted by Dr. L. F. Powell, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr. R. W. Chapman, Mr. J. L. Clifford,² and others; but the passages they have published are negligible in bulk.

The Trustees of the Huntington Library, in deciding to make available in published form the entire text of the *Thraliana*, were moved by three considerations: first, the fact that the portions of it already published were fragmentary, inexacty quoted, and often confused in chronology,³ and, lacking their context, were frequently open to misinterpretation; second, that, although most of the Johnsonian cream had been skimmed in Hayward's book, there yet remained in it much interesting unpublished material relating to that central luminary; third, that the record, entirely aside from its Johnsonian interest, was a valuable contribution to the cultural history of the eighteenth century. Mrs. Thrale's wide and shifting circle of acquaintance, her powers of shrewd observation, her diverse interests and eclectic reading, offer valuable clues, in many directions, to those who seek to understand English life and culture in the years from 1776 to 1809. Mrs. Thrale after all was, herself, a person worth knowing. Her many-faceted personality, which had power to charm and enthrall her contemporaries, still exerts its spell on us. And here, in the uninhibited pages of her diary, her personality finds full expression, in a style at once energetic, easy, precise, and colloquial. Even the parts of her record which are tedious—her vain inclusion of her own unimportant verses, in particular—contribute to the candid mirroring of her mind. Accordingly, the *Thraliana* is here presented, exactly as she wrote it.⁴

3. THE *THRALLIANA* AND THE *ANECDOTES OF JOHNSON*

When Mrs. Piozzi published her *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the Last Twenty Years of his Life* in 1786, it

¹ I have confined myself to pointing out Hayward's borrowings as they appear in the second edition only of his book.

² Mr. Chapman's revision of G. B. Hill's edition of Johnson's *Letters* is still in preparation, as is Mr. Clifford's biography of Mrs. Piozzi.

³ Hayward cannot be held responsible for the inaccuracies of the transcripts furnished to him. He never saw the diary itself.

⁴ See the Textual Note below, p. xxxi, for the typographical treatment of the text.

became at once an important contribution to his biography. It was the first account of any value to appear, and it has remained the most intimate picture of him, surpassing in that respect even the far greater and far more exhaustive record of Boswell. The latter, whose *Life* appeared five years later, gave Mrs. Piozzi's little collection short shrift, quoting it only to condemn it and its author for inaccuracy, faulty emphasis, inconsistency, misunderstanding of Johnson's character, uncharitableness, and downright malice¹—charges which have been bandied about pretty freely by later writers. Since the *Thraliana* throws light on the way in which the *Anecdotes* were composed, and furnishes a new means of testing their reliability, the evidence will be presented here.

It has been shown already² that Mrs. Thrale kept a record of Johnson's conversation, and of stories about him, for eight years before she started to compile her *Thraliana*. There can be little doubt that she preserved these records, from the beginning, for the purpose of eventual publication. As early as 1773, she half jocosely suggested to Johnson that her collection, while it might not suffice for a biography, would form a good basis for a *Johnsoniana*;³ and at some unspecified time Dr. Johnson himself had encouraged her to think of herself as his biographer, by telling her to rescue him from all the potential biographers 'and do it yourself'.⁴ One of the few surviving fragments of the early collection bears witness, also, to the destiny for which she intended it:

These Anecdotes are put down in a wild way just as I received or could catch 'em from Mr. Johnsons Conversation, but I mean one day or another to digest and place them in some order; as the poor Egyptian gather'd up the relics of a broken Boat and burning them by himself upon the Beach said he was forming a Funeral Pile in honour of the great Pompey—may it be long before that day comes.⁵

The first step in the erection of the 'funeral pile' was the transfer of the anecdotes for safer keeping into the bound volumes of the *Thraliana*, and augmenting of them with additional treasures. The final step was their publication, in the *Anecdotes of Johnson*.

Abraham Hayward, Mrs. Piozzi's biographer, supposed that the *Anecdotes* were composed in Italy from memory (postulating that she had left the completed volumes of *Thraliana* 'locked up in the Bank', along with Johnson's letters), and thus excused the inaccuracy with which Boswell had stigmatized her book.⁶ Dr. Tyson, knowing of the existence of the early 'Johnsoniana', thought that it

¹ *Life*, iv. 340-7.

² See above, pp. xii-xiv.

³ See below, p. 173.

⁴ See below, p. 625.

⁵ *Ry. Eng. MS.* 629, No. 1.

⁶ Hayward, *Autobiography . . . of Mrs. Piozzi*, i. 13, 274.

had formed the basis for her *Anecdotes*, though 'very considerably altered before publication'.¹ Neither of these suppositions is correct. Although she never mentions having the earlier volumes of her *Thraliana* with her in Italy, a detailed comparison of its text with the parallel portions of the printed book makes abundantly clear that she had the diary under her eye while she composed her *Anecdotes*.²

When the news of Johnson's death reached her in Milan, in the latter part of January 1785, she began immediately to speculate on its 'Consequence to me'.³ Piozzi at once urged her to 'add to the Number' of his announced biographers, and we may be sure that Piozzi was but seconding her own earnest desire. She fortified her already half-formed intention by recalling Johnson's invitation to her to write his life, and although she hesitated a little, because she feared that her materials were too slight, and because she feared abuse from her English ill-wishers, she did not hesitate long. Her whole life had prepared her for this event. The materials, so carefully collected and preserved for this foreseen occasion, were at hand; the subject, always important, was just then of unparalleled interest to the literary world; her own ambition for literary fame, which she had held quiescent during her years of domestic bondage, was now urgent; and, in addition, she was, for the first time in her brilliant and petted existence, experiencing the chagrin of social disapproval and the bitterness of public abuse. What risk was not worth running to regain, through the open sesame of print, her lost eminence? Accordingly she set to work, beginning her book at Milan (before starting, on April 6, 1785, upon her extended tour), continuing it at Florence, where the Piozzis stayed from June 15 to September 12, and completing it at Leghorn, where she had it transcribed for the press,⁴ and sent it off to the publisher, Cadell, shortly before September 20, 'by the Ship *Piedmont*, Joel Forster Captain'.⁵

The book's subsequent history need not concern us here. That story has been already adequately told.⁶ That which does concern us is to determine what light is thrown on the authenticity of her *Anecdotes* by an examination of its chief source, her *Thraliana*.

It is important to note first the process of change which took place when the materials of the early 'Johnsoniana' were transferred to the diary. Fortunately, the surviving fragments afford satisfactory

¹ *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, xvi. 10. ² For proof of this, see below, pp. xxi-xxii.

³ See below, p. 625.

⁴ Her original MS. is now in the Morgan Library, New York.

⁵ 'Italian Journal', Ry. Eng. MS. 618; below, p. 613, n. 1.

⁶ By Mr. J. L. Clifford, in 'The Printing of Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*', *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, vol. xx.

illustration of this, and incidentally conclusive proof, if any is needed, that the *Anecdotes* were based on the *Thraliana* and not on the earlier record. A parallel presentation of her three versions of Johnson's remarks on the value of a good memory will serve:

'Johnsoniana'¹

He bid me one day. it was in the Year 68. always carry some little Book in my pocket and take it out at odd Times when nothing else was going forward, it has been by that means chiefly, added he, [that a]ll my knowledge has been gained ex[cept w]hat I have pick'd up by running [about] the World with my Eyes open to Obser[vation]; a man is seldom in a humour to [unlock] his Book Case, set his Desk and [betake] himself seriously to Study, but a [reten]tive Memory will answer all [ends] & a fellow shall have strange Credit [give]n him for Knowledge, if he can but [rem]ember striking Passages from various [Boo]ks, & keep the Authors separate in [his] Head.

*Thraliana*²

Mr Johnson had by his own account never been a close Student & us'd to advise young People never to be without a little Book in their Pocket to read at by Times when they had nothing else to do. it has been by that means chiefly added he, that all my Knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the World with my Wits ready to observe & my Tongue willing to talk: a Man is seldom in a humor to unlock his Book Case; set out his Desk and betake him seriously to study, but a retentive Memory will do something, and a fellow shall have strange Credit given him, if he can but recollect striking Passages from a few Books, keep the Authors separate in his Head, & bring his Stock of Knowledge artfully into Play. His Dictionary however . . .

*Anecdotes*³

Mr. Johnson had never, by his own account, been a close student, and used to advise young people never to be without a book in their pocket, to be read at bye-times when they had nothing else to do. 'It has been by that means (said he to a boy at our house one day) that all my knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the world with my wits ready to observe, and my tongue ready to talk. A man is seldom in a humour to unlock his book-case, set his desk in order, and betake himself to serious study; but a retentive memory will do something, and a fellow shall have strange credit given him, if he can but recollect striking passages from different books, keep the authors separate in his head, and bring his stock of knowledge artfully into play: How else (added he) do the gamblers manage when they play for more money than they are worth?' His Dictionary, however . . .

Here it may be seen, from the close dependence of phrasing, that the second version is a close copy of the first, with minor changes and additions; and the fact that all those changes and additions are carried over almost verbatim into the third clearly shows that it, in

¹ Ry. Eng. MS. 629, No. 7. The passages in brackets are torn away in the MS., and are here conjecturally supplied by the editor.

² See below, pp. 163-4.

³ See 'Anecdotes of Johnson', in *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 181-2.

turn, depends on the second. The changes which creep in during the progressive revisions are instructive. For instance, the occasion of Johnson's remark is specifically given in the 'Johnsoniana' as a conversation between Dr. Johnson and herself, in 1768. In the *Thraliana* she chooses to make the remark appear as his habitual advice to 'young People'. In the *Anecdotes* it becomes again a piece of specific advice, but is offered to an entirely mythical boy, obviously suggested by the 'young People' in the *Thraliana* version. Evidently, in 1785, when she was composing the *Anecdotes*, she had forgotten the occasion itself, as first set down in her earliest record, and allowed her fancy to supply a specific setting, suggested by her vague generalization in the *Thraliana*. Such a transition is natural enough, but thus does the face of truth become obscured. Other changes in the evolution of this passage are less innocent. The addition to Johnson's remarks, at the close of the passage in the *Anecdotes*, of the analogy to the gamblers who play for more than they are worth¹ (which she included in the direct quotation marks), was actually a remark about Murphy, made in a different context. Surely, in 1785, when she had already forgotten the very circumstances under which the original conversation took place, seventeen years previously, she could not supply from memory what she had left out in the original record.² We are safe in assuming that the changes introduced into this anecdote, in its *Thraliana* metamorphosis, are representative of what took place in passages derived from parts of the earlier record which are now lost.³

This comparison makes it apparent that Mrs. Thrale's record, with each fresh revision after a lapse of time, became further removed from the actual truth of history. The obvious inference, as regards the validity of the Johnsonian record in the *Thraliana*, is that the least reliable portions are those concentrated at the beginning of her second volume,⁴ which had already been reworked and modified; and that the most reliable portions are those scattered records of current conversations which took place while the diary was in process of writing, and which were put down with the recollection

¹ See below, p. 169.

² That Mrs. Thrale's memory, though good, was humanly fallible is clearly seen on the occasion recorded in the *Thraliana* on May 31, 1777 (see below, p. 56), when she had 'forgotten every word' of a conversation of the day before, which she had particularly wished to remember, but which she had been prevented from setting down the previous night.

³ Her alterations may be shown equally well by the three versions of Johnson's remarks on the vacuity of life, found, in their 'Johnsoniana' stage below, pp. 601-2, in their *Thraliana* stage at pp. 179-80, below, and in their *Anecdotes* stage in *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 251.

⁴ See below, pp. 158-215. We might add to the more suspect portions the sayings and sentiments recorded after 1784, from memory.

of the actual event fresh in her memory, and with less temptation to refurbishing.

Our immediate concern, however, is to examine the use which Mrs. Piozzi made of her *Thraliana* (whose fluctuating reliability doubtless did not occur to her or concern her in the least), when she composed her book. The only entirely satisfactory way of showing this use would be to print the parallel passages side by side—a process obviously too elaborate and cumbersome to be undertaken within the limits of an Introduction. A guide to such a detailed comparison has been furnished in the notes to the text, which point out all the passages later transferred to the *Anecdotes*, and in Appendix B of this volume, which lists the borrowings in the order of their appearance in the published work; here, therefore, a more general analysis, based on the present editor's detailed collation, will suffice.

In the *Anecdotes* are to be found 227 separate fragments, taken from the matrix of the *Thraliana*, recombined, altered, and mixed with new matter. These fragments vary in length from mere phrases or single lines to whole sections, the longest being Johnson's 'character' at the close, filling, in G. B. Hill's edition,¹ 140 lines of text. Sometimes they follow their original closely, in phrasing and in sequence of ideas, and sometimes so loosely as to make one question whether Mrs. Piozzi had the *Thraliana* passage under her eye as she wrote.² The less exact parallels occur usually in the narrative passages, especially in the accounts of Johnson's early life and the beginning of her acquaintance with him. Rarely do they follow their original word for word. The borrowed passages amount in all to five-ninths of the total bulk of the *Anecdotes*. The remaining four-ninths is partly composed of introductory flourishes and general lucubrations, and partly of actual new matter which was, of course, either recalled from memory, or invented, and is therefore less reliable than the passages borrowed from the *Thraliana*.³

Every variety of freedom was taken by Mrs. Piozzi with the

¹ *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 343–50. For the original in *Thraliana*, see below, pp. 205–8.

² It is sometimes possible, even when the versions differ widely, to ascertain, by means of the context in which each passage is found, that the *Thraliana* was being used. For instance, in the story of Mr. Grete, who was so ignorant that he thought a cat laid eggs (see *Anecdotes*, pp. 302–3), the *Thraliana* version (see below, p. 100) shows that Dr. Johnson actually sent the boy to Oxford, and that the conversation on natural history occurred, not with Dr. Johnson, but with the Oxford tutor, Mr. Scott. The explanation that Mrs. Piozzi's errors here were due to a faulty memory is precluded by the fact that each version is told in close conjunction with the story of the boy who thought that Jesus Christ dissolved the monasteries—a connexion obviously the result of her finding the two stories together in her *Thraliana*.

³ The new materials may be ascertained by noting, in Appendix B of this volume, the passages in the *Anecdotes* for which no parallels are cited in the *Thraliana*.

original record. She expanded, contracted, telescoped, confused the time sequence, changed general statements into specific ones and specific into general, invented occasions for conversations floating in a vacuum, transferred speeches from one person to another, and repeatedly gave in the form of direct quotation from Johnson statements for which there is no hint at all in her diary. Some of these changes, as, for instance, her mis-statement of the date on which she first met Johnson,¹ seem inexplicable on any grounds, unless they were the result of sheer carelessness. But for most of them deliberate motives may be discerned. They fall roughly under three heads—the desire to heighten Johnson's credit and the interest of her subject, the urge to give her book the kind of literary finish which she thought desirable, and the temptation to make her anecdotes sound as authentic and vivid as possible.

The first of these motives may be illustrated in several ways. First, she sometimes thought it necessary to appropriate to Johnson instances of witticisms which her record clearly told her belonged to others. In retailing his objection to the taking of vows on trivial occasions,² she put into his mouth, with a minor change, Dr. Parker's rebuke to the dentist who, he said, brought 'God Almighty in between him and his bottle'.³ Again, she transferred Miss Langton's caustic remark about her Aunt Dury—'The *same stupidity* which provoked my passion helped her to bear it I suppose'⁴—to Johnson's reputed defence of himself for insulting a lady—'The same stupidity (said he) which prompted her to extol felicity she never felt, hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition'.⁵ She even gave him a mild witticism of her own, when she reversed his remark about Tom Warton's poems having come out, and her reply, 'yes . . . & this cold weather has *struck them in again*'.⁶ Then, not content with painting the lily in this fashion, she 'improved' his genuine remarks, sometimes expanding a witty analogy, or a terse dictum, past recognition. Johnson compared stupid men like Ralph Plumble to corked bottles which you may put 'into Water, if you will, & under Water, but they get no fuller',⁷ while in the *Anecdotes* Ralph is likened to a 'corked bottle, with a drop of dirty water in it, to be sure; one might pump upon it for ever without the smallest effect; but when every method to open and clean it had been tried, you would not have me grieve that the bottle was broke at last'.⁸ Again, Johnson's trenchant 'when a person is hurrying to the grave upon

¹ See below, p. 158 and n. 5.

² See below, p. 261.

³ *Anecdotes*, p. 335.

⁴ See below, p. 170.

⁵ *Anecdotes*, p. 299.

⁶ See below, p. 466, n. 4.

⁷ See below, p. 208, and *Anecdotes*, p. 190.

⁸ *Anecdotes*, p. 294.

full speed . . .¹ becomes 'When death's pale horse runs away with persons at full speed . . .'.² When the record showed Johnson worsted in an argument, she occasionally changed the story to conceal the fact, as in the case of their dispute over whether *Don Quixote* was read universally.³ In the *Thraliana* she proved to a sceptical Johnson that her servants knew the book, while in the *Anecdotes* she represents him as being the original advocate of its universal appeal.

At other times, the original record is manipulated, not to heighten his wit, or vindicate his judgement, but to soften his asperity. His rebuke to her, 'You care for nothing so you can crack your joke',⁴ turns into 'You have an ill-founded notion that it is clever to turn matters off with a joke (as the phrase is): whereas nothing produces enmity so certain, as one person's shewing a disposition to be merry when another is inclined to be either serious or displeased'.⁵ Again, the first version of his demolition of the professional gentleman—'I do not like . . . to traduce any Man—but I suspect he is an Attorney'⁶—becomes 'I cannot exactly tell you Sir . . ., and I would be loth to speak ill of any person who I do not know deserves it, but I am afraid he is an attorney'.⁷ Her inquiry whether he would have taught his children, if he had had any, is answered in the *Thraliana* by the remark, 'I would . . . have lived on Bread & Water that they might learn, but I would not have had them about me; Boarding Schools are made to relieve Parents from that anxiety which only torments them';⁸ in the *Anecdotes* his reply is, 'I hope that I should have willingly lived on bread and water to obtain instruction for them; but I would not have set their future friendship at hazard for the sake of thrusting into their heads knowledge of things for which they might not perhaps have either taste or necessity'.⁹

But the majority of the changes which she introduced into her published book were for the sake of the book, rather than its subject. Readers will find the *Anecdotes* as naïvely guiltless of an integrated pattern as beads on a string, and she herself called it, in fact, 'a piece of motley Mosaic work'.¹⁰ But a study of her original materials shows that she did, in fact, attempt to give continuity and coherence to limited sections of her narrative, and to achieve easy transitions, which should carry the book along as a good raconteur carries his monologue. She sometimes achieved this end by means of telescoping two conversations or incidents bearing on the same

¹ See below, p. 197.

² See below, p. 355, n. 1, and *Anecdotes*, p. 333.

³ *Anecdotes*, pp. 225-6.

⁴ See below, p. 176.

⁵ See below, p. 178.

⁶ *Anecdotes*, pp. 159-60.

⁷ *Anecdotes*, p. 276.

⁸ See below, p. 190.

⁹ *Anecdotes*, p. 327.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 309.

topic into one, or by making two unrelated conversations appear to be contiguous in time. The conversations on Johnson's biographer, mentioned above,¹ will serve to illustrate both of these devices. Here she not only combines what Johnson said on two different occasions, but glues the mosaic on to a third occasion, her finding of Johnson's verses on the sprig of myrtle, by saying, 'Here the conversation stopped from my accidentally looking in an old magazine of the year 1768 . . .'. And this in spite of the fact that the *Thraliana* clearly told her that she actually found the verses in 1768,² and that the remarks on his biographers were made in 1773. Again, she invents a connexion between Johnson's rough handling of the five Cambridge men ('the wolf don't count the sheep')³ and his pleasure in Dr. Barnard's compliment to his politeness, which is piquant, but not historical, since, although the incidents were recorded not far apart in the *Thraliana*,⁴ in November 1777, they are not there connected. And further to confound confusion, she implies in the *Anecdotes* that this all took place in 1781, after Dr. Barnard's death, actually putting into Johnson's mouth a eulogy of his dead friend. If more illustration of an oft-repeated process is needed, there is her account of Johnson's aversion to the taking of vows on trivial occasions,⁵ which telescopes three separate anecdotes, only one of which was actually related to Dr. Johnson himself—the story of Mr. Thrale's vow not to enter the inn at East Grinstead, Johnson's account of the lady who was tardy at her meals, and Dr. Parker's witticism about the tipling dentist.⁶

To achieve her other literary objective, a balance between Johnson's general dicta and specific biographical anecdote and illustration, she sometimes supplied a 'principle' to introduce one of her authentic anecdotes, and sometimes, conversely, illustrated one of his recorded opinions by a biographical anecdote not found in the *Thraliana*. For instance, Johnson's account of his mother's making him repeat to the workman his newly acquired information about heaven and hell⁷ is made, in the *Anecdotes*, to illustrate a settled principle of education—'that little people should be encouraged to tell whatever they hear particularly striking . . . before the impression is erased'.⁸ And Johnson's general comparison of an old man's child to a boy's dog⁹ is connected specifically, in the *Anecdotes*, to his own childhood experience: 'Yet he always seemed more mortified at the recollection of the bustle his parents made with his wit,

¹ p. xix. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 165-6.

² See below, p. 161.

³ *Anecdotes*, p. 168.

⁴ See below, pp. 176, 182.

⁵ *Anecdotes*, p. 299.

⁶ See below, pp. 260-1.

⁷ See below, p. 160.

⁸ *Anecdotes*, pp. 161-4.

⁹ See below, p. 1.

than pleased with the thoughts of possessing it . . . an old man's child (continued he) leads much such a life, I think, as a little boy's dog. . . .¹ Again, to her report of Johnson's eloquent oration in defence of passionate love, which is elaborated from a short speech in the *Thraliana*,² she adds a playful anecdotal ending not present in the diary—'A passion in short (added he, with an altered tone), which consumes me away for my pretty Fanny here, and she is very cruel . . .'.³ Numerous similar illustrations might be given if space permitted.

Throughout the entire book Johnson's conversations are thus padded and elaborated from the terser record of the *Thraliana*. Mrs. Piozzi's motive for doing this is clear enough—to add vivacity, and to heighten the impression of close biographical accuracy. The publishing of the *Thraliana* affords a means of checking the relative accuracy of these elaborated passages. But for many long passages, given as *ipsissima verba*, the *Thraliana* has no parallel at all, and here we must acknowledge that we are upon terra incognita. Certainly the quotations cannot be taken as Johnson's actual words, and we are not even warranted, in view of the many liberties which have been proved against her, in assuming that they represent more than the approximate sense of remembered conversations. On the other hand, it would be ridiculous to suppose that she invented when she did not need to. She had had unrivalled opportunity to learn the general tenor of Johnson's ideas, and had been a diligent listener. There occurs occasionally, in one of these dubious passages, an unconscious testimonial to the episode's authenticity, as in the already quoted playful gallantry to 'my pretty Fanny here', which must allude to Fanny Browne, a young lady whom Johnson seems to have treated in just that fashion, and who seems too unimportant to have inspired a sheer invention. The passages as a whole are in harmony with what we know of Johnson's genuine opinions and sentiments, and are expressed in convincing Johnsesque.⁴

It must be admitted, then, that Boswell's charge of inaccuracy against the *Anecdotes* is, in the narrow sense, amply sustained by the evidence. She not only fell far short of Dr. Johnson's own standard of truthfulness in minutiae, but even professed an adherence to that

¹ *Anecdotes*, pp. 153-4.

² See below, p. 197.

³ *Anecdotes*, p. 290.

⁴ Exceptions must be made of certain expressions put into Johnson's mouth which he was never guilty of using, and which are, in fact, a transference to him of stylistic oddities of her own: 'for it is *so* probable that when he becomes a man . . .'; 'one has *so* little pleasure in reciting the anecdotes of beggary'; 'a mighty blameless character'; 'we will do something for him, to be sure,' &c. *Anecdotes*, pp. 338, 148, 170, 184.

standard which she must have known she had not practised, when she declared, at the end of the *Anecdotes*, that 'to endeavour at adorning, or softening, or meliorating such anecdotes, by any tricks my inexperienced pen could play, would be weakness indeed.'¹ But are we to conclude, with Johnson, that if, in any story, 'the surrounding Circumstances are false . . . it is no longer worthy our attention'?² Such a conclusion would, Johnson and modern scholarship notwithstanding, be merely pedantical. Mrs. Piozzi's standards were those of her age; Boswell himself, in a lesser degree, was guilty of most of the peccadilloes of manipulation which Mrs. Piozzi practised. The value of the *Anecdotes*, though it certainly would have been enhanced by a more scrupulous regard for literal truth, remains, in its essentials, undiminished. The image of Johnson which emerges from its pages is a living one, and in the larger sense a truthful one. It is the same Johnson who moves with such Titanic vigour through the pages of Boswell, and is at the same time both a corroboration and a supplement to that grander portrait. The composite image is truer than either one alone. Upon this larger truthfulness of her book must rest our final estimate of its value.³

4. THE EDITING OF THE *THRALLIANA*

The policy I have followed in annotating the text, if any plan so elastic could be called a policy, has been to give the necessary identifications of people, books, quotations, and events, as briefly as possible; to avoid the merely repetitious presentation of different versions of the same story, giving parallel versions only when the text needed correction or clarification; and to draw more freely upon the unpublished sources at my disposal than upon commonly accessible published works. In attempting, perhaps rashly, to identify all the literary quotations and allusions, I have often failed, as the reader will discover. I am immensely indebted throughout to previous editors in the Johnsonian field, and I trust that that debt has been properly acknowledged in the notes. The Johnsonian portions of the text have inevitably, and I hope justifiably, received the fullest attention. The later period of the diary, which is often intrinsically

¹ *Anecdotes*, p. 325.

² See below, p. 207.

³ I have not attempted to examine here the other charges brought by Boswell against Mrs. Piozzi and her *Anecdotes*, since they do not, in the main, concern the issue of her exactness, but rather the questions of motive and character. In the light of what we now know of Boswell's personal enmity towards Mrs. Piozzi (see below, p. 871, n. 1), all his animadversions on these topics must be regarded with caution.

less interesting than the rest, has received a disproportionate amount of annotation, for the simple reason that the unpublished records for that period are fullest. Every person mentioned in the text has been identified, as far as possible, either in the notes, when that seemed advisable, or in the Index, which I have made to serve the dual purpose of a textual index and a skeleton biographical dictionary.

My introduction cannot omit my grateful acknowledgements for generous and disinterested assistance, without which the editing of the text would be far more faulty and incomplete than it is. I must thank the trustees and officials of the Huntington Library for the invitation to edit the manuscript in their possession, and for courteous help throughout, especially that given by Mr. M. H. Crissey, who has read the notes, and helped with the proofs. The staff of the Rylands Library not only put at my disposal their collection of Piozzian manuscripts during an entire summer, but have verified innumerable details. The trustees of Wellesley College granted me two semesters of leave, and the Wellesley College Library gave me a work-room they could ill afford to spare, over a period of several years. I am indebted to all the owners of unpublished manuscripts cited in the text, in particular to the late Marquis of Lansdowne, Professor C. B. Tinker, Colonel Ralph H. Isham, and Mr. A. Edward Newton. My colleagues, Miss Ruth E. Clark, Miss A. Bertha Miller, Mlle Alice Malbot, and Mr. A. O. Norton, have given me valuable assistance in their own fields. I owe some item of information to each of the following: Major Sir Henry Streatfeild, Dr. Jacob R. Marcus, Dr. Moses Bailey, Dr. Rae Blanchard, Dr. R. W. Chapman, Dr. F. A. Pottle, Dr. Charles Bennett, Miss Kate J. Carmichael, Mr. D. E. Mays, Mr. H. W. Bromhead, Mr. J. D. Wright, Dr. Dougald MacMillan, Dr. Miriam Small, Dr. Hyder Rollins, Miss Catherine Dwight, Mr. E. L. McAdam, Jr., Mr. Collins Baker, Mr. R. Hall, and Dr. Moses Tyson. Mr. L. F. Powell, the friend of all Johnsonian scholars, has read my proofs, as have Dr. Chapman and Professor D. Nichol Smith. Each has given me help from his encyclopaedic knowledge. My especial thanks are reserved for Mr. J. L. Clifford, who has generously shared with me all the new materials which he discovered in the course of his own investigation of Mrs. Piozzi's life.¹ These include

¹ I regret that I had not read the MS. of Mr. Clifford's admirably accurate and detailed biography of Mrs. Piozzi until these volumes were going through the press. It will be, when published, an indispensable handbook for students of Mrs. Piozzi's life and literary relations, and will supplement the *Thraliana* throughout.

Mrs. Thrale's 'Children's Book', the 'Mainwaring Piozziana', and several collections of unpublished letters.

The most important collections of unpublished manuscripts which have been utilized in the editing are here briefly described:

1. Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library, referred to in the notes under their respective catalogue numbers, as *Ry. Eng. MSS.*, and *Ry. Charters*. These include letters to and from Mrs. Piozzi's friends, and letters to and from members of her family; business letters and papers; deeds and other legal documents; MSS. of her poems and other works, both published and unpublished; diaries and memorandum books. They were acquired by the Rylands Library from the Salusbury family in two groups, the first and largest in 1931, the second in 1936, and are fully described, respectively, in Dr. Moses Tyson's *Hand-List of Additions to the Collection of English Manuscripts* (1935), pp. 13-32, and Mr. Frank Taylor's *Supplementary Hand-List of Western Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library* (1937), pp. 5, 27. See also Dr. Tyson's 'Unpublished Manuscripts . . . of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and their Friends . . .', in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, xv. 467-88.

2. Letters from Mrs. Piozzi to her daughter Hester, in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, referred to in the notes as the Bowood Papers. Part of this collection was published by Lord Lansdowne in his *Queeneys Letters* (1934). The letters from 1793 to 1821, still unpublished, I have examined in a transcript only.

3. Mrs. Thrale's 'Children's Book', belonging to Sir Randle Mainwaring, of St. Asaph, Wales. It is a notebook in which Mrs. Thrale recorded the growth and accomplishments of her children, from September 17, 1766, to December 31, 1778.

4. A commonplace-book in five volumes, written by Mrs. Piozzi between 1810 and 1814, for J. S. P. Salusbury, her adopted son, now belonging to Sir Randle Mainwaring. It is referred to in the notes as 'Mainwaring Piozziana'. Mrs. Piozzi's own title, on the fly-leaf of the first volume, 'Poems & little Characters & Anecdotes Introductory to the Poems', accurately describes the contents of the first three volumes. The last two are partly a diary, and partly a series of letters and admonitions to the young man for whom the volumes were intended.

5. 'Minced Meat for Pyes', belonging to the Harvard Library. It is a commonplace-book, begun by Mrs. Piozzi in 1796, evidently as an aid in the composition of her *Retrospection*, but continued at least until March 1820 (the last date recorded in it). Parts of this were published by Mr. Percival Merritt in his *Piozzi Marginalia* (1925).

6. The 'New Common Place Book', belonging to Mr. A. Edward Newton. Mrs. Piozzi began this shortly after the completion of the last volume of her *Thraliana*, in 1809, threw it aside after writing a few pages, took it up again in 1814, and continued it sporadically until November 16, 1820. It is an alphabetical compilation of sorts, containing some personal biographical matter.

The arbitrary abbreviations which have been used for titles of works frequently cited in the notes are as follows:

Anecdotes Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson, LL.D., during the Last Twenty Years of His Life*. The edition used is that of G. B. Hill, in his *Johnsonian Miscellanies* (1897), vol. i.

- Boswell, *Life* James Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, ed. G. B. Hill, rev. by L. F. Powell (1934), 4 vols.¹ References to the fifth volume (the *Tour to the Hebrides*) are to G. B. Hill's edition of 1887.²
- Boswell Papers* *Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle*, ed. Geoffrey Scott and Frederick A. Pottle (1928-34), 18 vols.
- Broadley A. M. Broadley's *Doctor Johnson and Mrs. Thrale* (1910).
- D'Arblay, *Diary* Mme d'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, ed. Austin Dobson (1904-5), 6 vols.
- DNB* *Dictionary of National Biography*.
- Gent. Mag.* *The Gentleman's Magazine* (1731-1880).
- Hayward Abraham Hayward's *Autobiography, Letters, and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale)* (2nd ed.; 1861).
- Johns. Misc.* *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, ed. G. B. Hill (1897), 2 vols.
- Letters* *Letters of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, ed. G. B. Hill (1892), 2 vols.³
- Lives* Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. G. B. Hill (1905), 3 vols.
- O.E.D.* *The Oxford English Dictionary*.
- Pennington Cor-* *The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington,*
respondence 1788-1821, ed. O. G. Knapp (1914).
- Walpole, *Letters* *Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Mr. and Mrs. Paget Toynbee (1903-5), 16 vols.

K. C. B.

TEXTUAL NOTE

In reproducing the text of the original manuscript, the general principle adhered to has been to retain its individuality as closely as possible, by a faithful rendering of Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's spelling, punctuation, paragraphing, accentuation of foreign languages, underlinings, and heavy writing for emphasis. The last-named has been given in bolder type. All exceptions to this general principle will be explained in this note.

Mrs. Thrale's paragraphing is of two sorts. She indicates a sharp break of thought by leaving a blank space, and beginning flush with the margin. Such breaks have been reproduced in the printed text by similar spacing, with normal paragraph indention. Lesser breaks in continuity, Mrs. Thrale indicates by normal paragraph indention, without the blank space. These are reproduced exactly. When a new sentence begins the page it has sometimes been difficult to infer whether a paragraph division was intended. In such cases, the editor's arbitrary judgement has been exercised. Mrs. Thrale's habit of running on her own text after a quotation, which has been set off by indention, has been regularized.

Eccentricities of spelling and punctuation which seem clearly to be slips of the pen have been regularized. Inadvertently omitted letters, syllables, and words have been supplied in brackets. Misspellings of other sorts (where clearly accidental) have been

¹ The notes do not attempt to distinguish between the contributions of Boswell and those of his successive editors.

² Dr. Powell's edition of this volume is now (1940) in press. The page references, as in the preceding volumes, will be identical with those of G. B. Hill.

³ Dr. R. W. Chapman has supplemented and corrected some of my citations of Hill's text from the original MSS.

silently corrected and unintentional repetitions have been silently omitted. Dashes, which vary in length and number, have been rendered by single em-dashes throughout. Unclosed quotation marks have been silently supplied. The occasional use of capital I for J has been normalized, except in Latin quotations. Since the diphthongs æ and œ are written indistinguishably in the MS., the text follows custom. The use of small type for the copious quotations of poetry has been arbitrarily adopted. The important errors in her use of foreign languages have been (I trust uniformly) corrected in the notes.

The marginal glosses, except where they were clearly a continuation of the text, have been reduced to foot-notes (with Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi's name appended in each case), and have been referred to that part of the text to which, in the editor's judgement, they apply. Normal full stops have been supplied after each of these notes (although the writer often omitted them), for the sake of clearness and conformity with the editorial notes. When, in the later portions of the text, casual marginal jottings appear, without ascertainable reference to the contents of the page, they have been printed separately at the foot of the page, with an arbitrary symbol (§) before each.

The procedure followed in placing the marginal entry dates is explained on page 1 below (note 2). Where the date appears opposite the body of a paragraph, it has been arbitrarily moved to the beginning of the paragraph. In a few cases, where its position seemed to indicate that it was a terminal, rather than an initial, date, it has been placed at the end of the paragraph. The running date-heading, supplied by the editor, indicates all explicit dates of new entries beginning on the page, or (where the exact date cannot be inferred) offers an inclusive date (e.g., Sept. to Nov. 1776). In the early portions of the diary especially, where dates occur very irregularly, and at long intervals, this inclusive date was thought to be less misleading than a specific one, since the internal evidence of the text often shows that new entries were made without being dated. Any change in the date-heading not explained by an explicit entry-date of Mrs. Thrale's is based upon evidence implicit in the text, or supplied by Mrs. Thrale's glosses.

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THRALIANA

It is many Years¹ since Doctor Samuel Johnson advised me to get a little Book, and write in it all the little Anecdotes which might come to my Knowledge, all the Observations I might make or hear; all the Verses never likely to be published, and in fine ev'ry thing which struck me at the Time. M^r Thrale has now treated me with a Repository,—and provided it with the pompous Title of Thraliana; I must endeavour to fill it with Nonsense new and old. 15: September 1776.²—

Bob Lloyd used to say that a Parent or other Person devoted to the Care and Instruction of Youth, led the Life of a Finger Post; still fixed to one disagreeable spot himself, while his whole Business was only to direct others in the way.³

An Old man's Child says Johnson leads much the same sort of Life as a Child's Dog; teized like that with Fondness through Folly, and exhibited like that to every Company, through idle and empty Vanity.⁴

I have heard Johnson observe that as Education is often compared to Agriculture, so it resembles it chiefly in this; that though no one can tell whether the Crop may answer the Culture, yet if nothing be sowed, we all see that no Crop can be obtained.⁵

M^r Damor⁶ a fine Gentleman about this Town, shot himself a few Weeks ago; he had bought a pair of new Pistols at noon, dined with a friend at five, and appeared chearful; it is not said where he loitered till eleven, but at that hour or near it he went to a Tavern

¹ It was in 1768, or before. See Introduction, p. x, n. 4.

² The dating of entries is casual, especially in the earlier portion of the diary. Mrs. Thrale begins by dating at the close of entries, if at all, and adding a few marginal dates when referring to the events of the day on which she is writing. Later on, when the journal becomes more an actual diary, and less a 'repository', she is more careful about dating each entry. The text reproduces the dates exactly as set down, except that explanatory marginal dates are reduced to footnotes, and marginal dates for entries are included in the body of the text. See also the Textual Note, p. xxxi.

³ See Robert Lloyd's *Author's Apology*, ll. 128-9:

'True—Like way-posts, we serve to shew
The road which travelers shou'd go.'

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 153-4.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 160.

⁶ The Hon. John Damer, husband of Anne Seymour Conway, the artist. According to Horace Walpole (*Letters*, ix. 402-3, 405-6) he killed himself on August 15, at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, because of debts, amounting to £70,000, which he and his brothers had incurred, and which his father, Lord Milton, refused to pay.

in Fleet Street, & calling for four Wenches & a Fiddle, sate down to see them dance for some Time; He then dismissed them, but ordered the Fidler to return in five & twenty Minutes, which he accordingly did, & found Mr Damor shot through the head—the Body sitting upright, & the brains blown to the Door.—Can one help thinking of the Verses in Buckingham's Rehearsal?

Let us to serious Counsel now advance,
'Tis very fit—but first let's have a Dance.¹

This Man belonged to the *Sçavoirvivre* Club indeed—he certainly did not understand the *Sçavoirmourir*.

Rousseau says that the Man who finding his Affairs embarrassed—puts an end to his own Life; is like one who finding his House in Disorder, sets it on Fire in stead of setting it to rights.²—

When Warburton heard somebody say that Wilkes though a Turbulent, was yet a useful man, as he would overturn a wretched Ministry—That said the Bishop is casting out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the Devils.

When Warburton saw Lord Lyttleton going to Dinner at Dowdeswell's—there says he goes a Man who cannot tell that two times two is four,—going to dine with a Man who can tell nothing else.

The two deans of Gloucester since my Time have been Tucker & Squire; the first wrote on Trade, the second on Religion—I have had for my Deans says their Bishop, one who makes Religion his Trade, & one who makes Trade his Religion.³

Johnson once observed of Warburton in my hearing, that he was like a man who goes to War so much overladen with Armour that he never has it in his power to fight.

I have heard Mr Pepys say that if a Child does not begin to make some sort of Verses before or soon after twelve Years old—that Child never is good for any thing—he meant in Literature—as long

¹ "Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance."

"I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance."

The Rehearsal, v. i.

² *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Pt. 3, Letter 22: 'et ne brûle pas ta maison pour n'avoir pas la peine de la ranger.'

³ Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, made the remark about Josiah Tucker, the economist, who became dean of Gloucester in 1758, the year before Warburton was raised to the bishopric, and Samuel Squire, the place-hunter, who was never dean of Gloucester, but who succeeded Warburton as dean of Bristol in 1760 (*Gent. Mag.* xxx. 155).

as it lived. This Observation must serve as an Excuse, if any thing will, for my writing down now at four & thirty¹—the Verses I made before I was thirteen.

My Father had made me translate the Life of Cervantes prefixed to Don Quixote from the Spanish by way of exercise when I was learning that Language in December 1756 or January 1757 I forget which:² I had not the sense to enquire slyly for other Translations to help me out, so I plodded & blundered on, & translated the Verses into Rhymes of my own they were my first Attempt at Jingle, and pleased the people I lived amongst as well as better. Here is one of the Sonnets

We often find that happy Youth
Excels in Wit and heedless Truth;
In riper Age observe bold Science
Bid to all trifling Joys Defiance:
Nor till our Vigour disappears
Comes hobbling Knowledge fraught with years,
And the forerunner of our Fate
Experience with a tottering Gait:
But where these Virtues shall we see
United Lopez—but in Thee.—

The Epitaph on Cervantes at the end is better done.

Pious Pilgrim passing by
On this marble cast an Eye;
Here Cervantes Ashes lye,
Not his Fame which cannot dye;
From this World his Soul doth flie
To a better World on high;
Where he shall at last enjoy
Peaceful Rest and Liberty:
On which hope he did rely

¹ A confusion existed in her own mind as to the exact year of her birth. Of the ten places (pp. 3, 16, 37, 210, 283; 363, 503, 545, n. 1, 801, 1065) where the date is stated, or implied, four, including this one, indicate 1742, four 1741, one 1743, and one 1744. The correct date was certainly 1741, as her baptismal record (still surviving in the archives of St. Peter's Church, Pwllheli) is under the date February 10, 1741 (1740 O.S.). This record, which belonged originally to the parish church of Llanere, or Llannor, where she was baptized, was examined by Mrs. Thrale on her journey to Wales in 1774. She recorded the date that night in her Journal, curiously enough, as 1742, and it is so given in Broadley's transcript, in his *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*, p. 202. The original MS. of the Journal, now belonging to Mr. A. Edward Newton, confirms Broadley's reading. The confusion in her own mind persisted throughout her life, though after 1791 she settled more consistently on 1741 as the year of her birth, and so stated it on the slip which she placed in her baptismal bowl, from which Hayward (i. 34) took it. I am indebted to Mr. J. L. Clifford for a transcript of the baptismal record at Pwllheli.

² A letter of July 22, 1756, from her aunt, Anna Maria Salusbury, settles the year: 'My dear Niece, I am extremely oblig'd to you for the pains you have taken in Translating the Spanish Sermon. . . . ' The *Life* she translated was that of Mayans y Siscar. *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 616, 1; 626.

Through his long Adversity,
 This his Posture doth imply,
 Upward turning tow'rd the Sky
 Do not Stranger then deny
 Tenderly to heave one Sigh
 To Cervantes Memory.—

As I plucked this Morning an Apple from a Tree I recollected the following Story & resolved to write it down. There is at Bromley in Kent a College for Clergymens Widows, where twenty of them live retired & are called the *Ladies* of the College: they have 20^l a Year each, & a separate house consisting of three Apartments to themselves. For many Years they had an Orchard too, which was enjoyed in common; till perceiving that their annual Disputes at the Apple Season ran so high, & sowed such Feuds among 'em for the following Year; they at last agreed to cut the 'Trees down, & Give them their Chaplain for Fire Wood. how happy would Mandeville have been with this Story.

Dr Collier used to say that the Fable of the Bees had commonly a place in a Young Man's Library from the *mistaken* Notion of its being a wicked Book.—

Colonel Bodens¹ is a Man of much Wit, Archness, & a peculiar Vein of humour—his Sayings are circulated about the Town with which he is a singular Favourite: I have often thought his odd Person & Appearance contributed something towards forwarding his Reception: The enormous Weight of flesh, the stammering & sore Leg are all to his Advantage as he contrives them; & people are so accustomed to connect the Ideas of Drollery & Bodens together that they seem resolved to find humour in every thing he does or suffers:² Mr Bradshaw accordingly one Day was saying that he had met the Colonel on the Road to Hampstead—& only think of that—says he, think of Bodens in a Hampstead Hurry—the horses drinking at the half way House! now to be sure there was no great archness in thinking of Bodens in a Hampstead hurry; but Bodens was a Wit, so we must think of Bodens for *some* thing or for *nothing*—no matter which.

An old Lady famous for sitting everlastingly at Cards—fainted away one Night at an Assembly Room; burn says Collonal Bodens—burn the Ace of Spades under her Nosc.—

¹ George Bodens, although known popularly as Colonel, reached only the rank of captain. He joined the Coldstream Guards in 1739, and retired from service in 1763. Mackinnon, *Origin and Services of the Coldstream Guards* (1833), ii. 480-1.

² He was made the victim of a hoax in 1762, when the *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxxii. 600) announced the death of 'Colonel Bodens, a remarkably large man'.

Mills the Comedian was performing the Character of some old Roman in a large flowing white Wig—You look said Bodens Mr Mills As if you had been out in a snowy Night, and brought home a Gooseberry Bush upon your Head.

A Lady at Brighthelmstone Ball was dancing most ridiculously, & to an odd squeaking Tune too—what Tune is this? said I to Colonel Bodens who stood near me;—I know not he replied what the *Tune* is, but I think it is St Vitus's Dance.

One Night as Mrs Pritchard was playing Boadicea in an old british dress with a strange sort of *Breast Plate* before her; She entered on the Stage in a most towering Passion and swearing by Andate the stern Goddess of War;¹ her Face on Fire, her Voice interrupted, her Stomach swelling, her Heart heaving with Rage—The Woman will burst cries Bodens behind the Scene. You should—slit her *Dripping Pan*.

Murphy was Council for Bodens, & the Cause went on tolerably well; he met his Client in the Street & told him so; yet added he Serjeant Whitaker doubts I find whether there will be speedy Issue—Tell him replies the Colonel that I am *big* now.—

Johnson & Bodens were talking here one Day of Foote, & I was in haste to write down the Conversation;² after mentioning many of his peculiarities—Foote (says Mr Johnson) is particularly clever at an Escape; that Fellow is never wholly subdued by any Argument, & I have sometimes fancied him like a Man who when one has driven him up into a Corner & held him in with an arm on each side he suddenly gives a Spring and leaps over your head—or says the Colonel rather like a Duck, who seems just devoted to the Jaws of the dog, then dipping on a sudden in the Water, you see her five Minutes after feathering herself at the further end of the Canal.

Foote and Garrick were next compar'd as Mimicks, they have a different walk says Johnson & are as distinct in their powers of Mimickry, as Swift and Addison in their powers of humour. Swift could draw a prominent Character, & Foote can imitate to equal perfection the Tricks & Contorsions of some particular Man: Foote for Example can personate Langford, he can not exhibit the general Idea of an Auctioneer. Foote can not act a Miser, but he can transcribe the Actions Face & Language of some well known close-fisted Citizen. Thus Addison remains unrivalled in the power of Ridicule when a Character was to be made whom every Person will

¹ Glover's *Boadicea*, I. i. 6.

² cf. Introduction, p. xi.

be struck with as having seen somebody that it will fit, while the Dean can but render ridiculous a certain Character by the less valuable arts of Caricatura.

Of Colonel Bodens's Conversation I once heard Johnson say that it reminded him of the Aloe Tree; that blossoms once in a hundred Years, & whose Shoot is attended with a cracking Noise resembling an Explosion; when that is over all is quiet till the return of the periodical Effort.

There were two odd looking tall young Ladies about the Town who were constantly in ev'ry public Place; Colonel Bodens dined with us, & there were boyled Rabbets with the Jaws set up like Ears—in the first Course—What have we here says the Coll: our Friends the two Miss Gells? The resemblance struck every one & the Laugh was loud—Alex^r Nesbitt¹ however an Irishman sate silent—till just as the Dessert was setting on Now says he I have found out why those white faced young Ladies were said to be like boyl'd Rabbets—'twas because they had high-heel'd Shoes.—

This same Alex^r Nesbitt brought his Dog with him one Morn^g a' visiting—it was very handsome; What's your Dog's Name Sir said my Mother?—I call him *Nero* replied the Irish man because he is a very *honest* Dog; Oh says my Mother I thought it was because he was a *white* dog.—

Some body shewed my Mother the Verses written by Moses Franks upon M^{rs} Pitt bathing at Brighthelmstone—These says She were written by Moses *uninspired*.

Mitchell the Parson of Brighthelmstone was at our House dining, & seemed half afraid to go home in the Evening for Fear of Robbers; Doctor Fitzpatrick who lov'd to gall a sore place, increased his Uneasiness; by saying the Road is not amiss Sir over St George's Fields, and there are convenient Dykes in which to throw a Man: so there are replied my Mother, and anyone may *shoot Rubbish* into them,—I saw it so written up on a board this very Morning.

I can recollect no more bons Mots of my Mothers, though She said more and better than anybody; but the remembrance of her Wit, is so lost in that of her Virtue, that I excuse myself the omission:—She was for all personal and mental Excellence the most accomplished Female that ever my Eyes beheld. Her Shape so accurate, her Carriage so graceful, her Eyes so brilliant, her Knowledge so extensive, & her Manners so pleasing that it was no

¹ Possibly related to Arnold Nesbitt, Mr. Thrale's brother-in-law. See p. 300, n. 3.

wonder She had such Choice of Lovers in her Youth, & Admirers in her advanced Age: She died aged 66. leaving behind her no equal for Powers of delighting her Friends & Companions.

Epitaph on Hester Maria Salusbury by D^r Samuel Johnson

Juxta sepulta est Hestera Maria,

Thomæ Cotton de Combermere Baroneti Cestriensis Filia,

Joanni Salusbury Armigeri Flintiensis, Uxor;

Forma felix, felix Ingenio,

Omnibus jucunda, suarum amantissima,

Linguis Artibusque ita exulta

Ut Colloquijs nunquam deessent

Sermonis nitor, sententiarum flosculi,

Sapientiæ gravitas, leporum gratia;

Modum servandi adeo perita

ut domestica inter negotia literis oblectaretur,

Literarum inter delicias rem familiarem sedulo curaret

Multis illi, multos annos precantibus

Cancris insanabilis veneno contabuit,

Nexibusque vitæ paulatim resolutis,

Terris—meliora sperans—emigravit.—

Nata 1706.¹ Nupta 1739. Obiit—1773.—²

D^r Fitzpatrick was sitting at Table, I asked a Gentleman who sate near me to cut up a Goose; the D^r was awkward and could not be trusted,—the other Gentleman carved it accordingly, but in turning it spilt & sputter'd the Gravy over the new Clothes of a young Coxcomb on his right hand who seemed half angry—& very much disconcerted.—don't be concerned Sir says Fitzpatrick, what's Sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander.—

There was an eminent Surgeon tried for stabbing his Strumpet & my head was foolishly full of it: I kept teizing Fitzpatrick about it, who cared not a Rush concerning such Things with—but Doctor this Surgeon was a sad Fellow &c.—till at last why certainly Madam says the Doctor drily, it was *very irregular Practice*.

Fitzpatrick was a Man of mighty elegant Breeding, but ridiculously impatient of any Conversation he had no Taste for; it was comical to see me teize him as I did one Day about a Wench I had heard of, who had made an uncommon Progress in Literature, I

¹ Corrected to 1707 in the inscription on the monument in Streatham Church, and also corrected in the published version in her *Anecdotes*, p. 236. See also Murphy's English translation, below, p. 357. Mrs. Thrale nowhere mentions her mother's birthday.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 236. The version finally adopted for the inscription differs in many particulars, chiefly in line fourteen, which was changed to read 'diri carcinomatis veneno contabuit'. An original draft of the epitaph in Johnson's hand survives in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 543. He wrote it at Oxford on the night of May 31, 1775, and sent it to Mrs. Thrale the following morning. *Letters*, No. 399.

was enumerating her Performances to the Dr who hoped to rid himself of the Subject by a civil & overacted Acquiescence; what You tell me Madam said he is truly astonishing, I never heard of so stupendous a Prodigy: Why replied I we must remember it is a Performance done for Hire, & labor'd with the utmost diligence; I question if a Child of good Parts might not be forced forward so as to do *many* of the Things that She—I was going on but the Doctor interrupts me again with—*Any Child* Madam, says he—and you might *rely* on it.

Doctor Fitzpatrick told me the following Story, and I think it well worth recording:—a Friend of his newly come from Asia, had bro't home with him to Europe a Lascar Servant who attended his Master at Paris where the Doctor met him; The two Gentlemen having been together at a Masquerade there one Evening, they took Lodgings at the same Bagnio, where they meant to sleep; and were put in the same Room. About 5 o'Clock in the Morning however the Doctor was disturbed by hearing the poor Lascar run hastily into the Chamber, and wake his Master with a most fearful Alarm of Heavens Dear Master what a Country this is! waken this Instant, why it rains Salt, and all the Ground is white with it; the Devil will come anon—run for your Life dear Master! The Truth was, it had snowed hard, and the Asiatick to whom that was a new Phænomenon, took it for Salt.

Doctor FitzPatrick had spent some considerable part of his Life at Prague in Bohemia; he said the people of that Country had an irreconcilable hatred to a Tradesman, Merchant or Banker, *John Copherman* they call him; such hatred is perfectly natural from a Military Body of Men to a Commercial. Copher or Copen signifies Cheap it seems; and in the old Teutonic Languages stands for the Market; we called the Market the Cheap in England formerly, from whence the Street *Cheapside* took its Appellation; and Copenhagen has that Meaning still—a *Cheap* or Market *Town*; for *Haguen* signifies *Town* I know, and therefore guess that the Hague is so called by way of Eminence.

Poor Doctor Fitzpatrick! he died on the 13: Aug: 1770. and we lost an agreeable Friend; I will give the Sketch of his Character

He was a Man born of an ancient Family in Ireland, and bred up in the Catholick Religion; which Faith he was confirmed in by spending much of his early Time in foreign Countries; he had indeed travelled over the greatest part of Europe, and knew modern Languages competently well; he was a great Reader of History and

had made him perfectly acquainted with that Branch of Literature, but could not be called a Scholar. He was a Man of consummate good Breeding had always kept high Company, and was indeed acquiescent to an unnecessary degree, whilst he continued sober; after a Bottle or two however he would endeavour to make himself amends by opposing & contradicting every thing that was said; thus while he could have argued with Spirit, he forbore to argue at all, and when he was no longer capable of conducting a Contention, he was but too willing to begin one. The Doctor's Conversation however was so well liked by his Friends that they contributed to his Support for the sake of it as he was some how a sort of helpless Man, and would never practise Physick to which Profession he was bred. At the Age of about fifty Years however his Brother died, & the Family Estate was to be his in case he made no Objections to changing his Religion, and renouncing the Errors of the Romish Church as the Laws of Ireland require. The Estate was a nominal 600^l a Year, the protestant heir was a distant Relation and a Rascal, Independance is sweet to a Man of Birth especially who as he did, received his Assistances for the most part from Men much below him in Rank, Parts, and Politeness.—The Temptation was strong and the poor Doctor yielded; yet the Vexation which followed his Resolution to recant never forsook him, Indeed I believe it so fairly fastened its Fangs in his Heart, that the Sorrow for what he had done was the cause of His death; Well convinced of the Sufficiency of the Church of Rome to convey Salvation, preferring it in his Heart to every other, and knowing but too well the dangerous Consequences of Apostacy, he dragged on a miserable Existence three Years after his Recantation, and being in his last Illness reconciled to the Romish Church he died at Hammersmith in the Bosom of it the 11th of August 1770—I heard the news, on the 13th, & wrote this Inscription for his Tomb at Pancras.¹

Fitzpatrick's dead, wert thou his Friend?
With Tears lament thy Lot;
Did Fortune no such Favour lend,
Lament that thou wert not.—

This was the first Time I ever tried my Skill at an Epitaph and I don't pretend that *this* was Original; it is imitated from M^r Fleubet's upon Boileau's great Enemy Saint Pavin.

¹ No record of his burial at old St. Pancras survives. Many eighteenth-century Catholic graves in the east end of the cemetery were later removed to make room for the railroad. B. Holmes, *London Burying Grounds* (1896), pp. 168, 288–9.

Sous ce Tombeau gît Saint Pavin
 Donnes des larmes a sa fin;
 Tu fus de ses Amis peutetre?
 Pleure ton sort, pleure le sien;
 Tu n'en fus pas? pleure le Tien,
 Passant, d'avoir manqué de l'être.

The Inscription on a little Monument at Weston near Bath erected by one of my old maiden Aunts to the memory of the other, is of my writing; but is of little value, as for example.

Here the Remains of
 Sophia Cotton
 are deposited by her Sister; whose
 Regret for the Loss of her personal
 Friendship, can only be alleviated
 by the Recollection of her Virtues;
 And by the performance of her own
 Duty

in thus recording them.—

With regard to little French Epitaphs I have always had an Itch to translate them, & some times have fancied that I could do them successfully; here is one written I know not by whom on a Dog.

Aboyant les Larrons sans cesse,
 Muet a l'Amant favori;
 J'ay etè egalement cheri
 De mon Maitre et de ma Maitresse.

Render'd thus.

With my Lord nor my Lady I ne'er had Dispute,
 For at Robbers I bark'd and to Lovers was mute.

This however is I find not Original in the French, here is an Italian one on the same Subject.

Agli Ladron' ladrai, ed a gl'Amanti tacqui,
 Così ed a Messer, ed a Madonna piacqui.

Oh Heavens! here is one in Latin too;¹ That I suppose was first written of them all.

Latrato fures accepi,² mutas³ Amantes,
 Sic placui Domino, sic placui Domina.

Johnson translates it thus

To Robbers furious, and to Lovers tame,
 I pleas'd my Master, and I pleas'd my Dame.⁴

I have lost the original⁵ of the Following Epigram or Epitaph

¹ By Joachim du Bellay. *Poésies*, ed. E. Courbet (1918), i. 511. It appears in *Menagiana* (1715), iii. 268-9 (with the Italian and French variants).

² Sic for 'excepi'.

³ Sic for 'mutus'.

⁴ Her only scrap of Johnson's composition which she did not eventually publish.

⁵ 'Colas est mort de maladie:

Tu veux que j'en pleure le sort.

for it is both—but as well as I remember the Translation was Mr Langton's.

Here Colas lies depriv'd of Breath,
Not differing much in Life or Death;
Of him was said nor Ill nor Good,
He sometimes sate and sometimes stood;
'Through Sixty Years he saunter'd night & Morn,
And died as though he never had been born.

This was among the Things I thought I could do better myself—so I translated it as follows—but now the Original is mislaid one cannot judge which is the best of the two—but I remember Johnson preferred mine at the Time it was fresh among us. This is it.

With Conscience clear from Good or Ill,
'Through threescore Years crept worthless Will;
Nor Friend nor Foe, nor this nor that,
He sometimes stood, and sometimes sate;
'Till Death, determin'd on his Fall,
Made him lye down for good and all.

I think however no great Skill is required to find out that this little old French Epigram is the Basis and Original of Prior's sauntering Jack and idle Joan which is among his principal performances.

Here is a grave Epitaph on a little Boy at Canterbury written by the celebrated Mr^{rs} Eliz: Carter—but I think there is not much in it.

'Though infant Years no pompous Honours claim
'The vain Parade of Monumental Fame;
'To better Praise the last great Day shall rear,
'The spotless Innocence that slumbers here.

Here is another on the same Child by Mr Evans¹ of Canterbury, the famous Scholar of that Quack in Literature Phillips;² Mr Evans was called by way of Eminence the Heptalogue, as he had learned seven Languages—I forget how early.—

Quam lubrica Res, et caduca
Sit Vita!
Hic jacet
Georgius Shorey, Londinensis
tantum Sexennis.—

Que diable veux tu que j'en die ?
Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.'

It is quoted in *Menagiana*, iii. 335 (where the author is given as Gombaudo), and by Bouhours, in his *La Manière de bien penser* (1687), p. 154.

¹ Mr. James Evans was father to the Rev. Mr. Evans, rector of St. Olave's. Merritt, *Piozzi Marginalia*, pp. 189–90. He is mentioned in Mrs. Piozzi's *Retrospection*, ii. 379.

² Jenkin Thomas Philipps, tutor to the children of George II, and author of *A Compendious Way of Teaching Ancient and Modern Languages* (1723). *Ibid.*

Flosculus eheu ! quam subito ricisus!¹
 Hinc discite impuberes
 Et sapite.

I was however much more struck with the following two Lines which Johnson repeated to me one day

Quicquid placet Mortale non placet diu
 Quicquid placet Mortale non placeat nimis

as written on the Tombstone of a Boy of nine Years old.

Doctor Collier used to say that although Milton was so violent a Whig himself, he was obliged to write his poem upon the purest Tory Principles.—it is very observable and very true.

Doctor Collier used to caution me always against any Tendency towards secrecy or Clandestine Conduct; never said he be mysterious about Trifles; it is the first advance towards Evil, particularly in the Female Sex; who if they begin by concealing innocent Intentions, will soon have corrupted ones to conceal; he said likewise that the common Inclination Girls have to *surprize* their Friends in the little Occurrences of Life should always be repressed.

These Maxims are to be found in Rousseau's *Eloise*, and Johnson inculcates them very sedulously²—Johnson Rousseau & poor Dr Collier!—three Men as unlike as possible sure; yet they all agree in these Exhortations to Young Women, and I joyn most sincerely with them.—

Doctor Collier used to say speaking of Parental Affection that one loved one's Children in Anticipation, one hopes they will one day become useful, estimable, & amiable Beings— one cannot love lumps of Flesh continued he, and they are nothing better during Infancy.—

On the same Subject I have heard Johnson say one can hardly help wishing while one fondles a Baby, that it never would grow up to Man's Estate; but remain always an innocent & amiable Creature, when it becomes a Man, 'tis a Thousand to one but one shall either detest or despise it.³

They are both right I think; Collier speaks of the Parent whose hopes are ever anticipating the Time when his Offspring shall delight him with their Virtue Wisdom or Fame. Johnson speaks of the Spectator who has no Wishes but his own immediate Amusement to be gratified either by the Boy or the Man, & we all see the Boy is most entertaining.

¹ Evidently *ricisus*.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 326.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 327-8.

Doctor Collier used to [say] that *all* People, but most particularly Servants set themselves in Array against a favourite Dog Cat, or the like; for which reason says he I often say before the Servants when Pompey is troublesome I wish somebody would knock this Dog's brains out,—they will then fondle him—poor Pompey they cry. Mr Johnson was of so different an Opinion that once reprimanding one of my little Children roughly before a Servant—Why says he do you teach your Servants to behave hars[h]ly to your Children? it should not be done even to a Dog that one loved; & I once chid my Wife for beating her Cat before the Maid; as that kind of People said I always take advantage of such part of Your behaviour as makes for *them*—She will now treat the Cat with Cruelty perhaps, and plead her Misstresses Example.¹—

Doctor Collier observed to me one Day that all Mad People had one Trick in common, it was that of looking thro' their Fingers.

In
Diem Vicissimum Septimum
Ianuarii²
Hester Lynch Salusburiae
Natalem 1763.

by Arthur Collier L.L.D.

Hoc redeunte die, referat dum frigora Tempus,
Si verno Splendore petas, quid Mane coruscat,
Quidve diem celebrant Volucres dulcedine cantus,
Insuetâ; vultum risu quid Bruma serenat,
Nosce quod Euphrosynen hodie, decus omne Sororum
Eurynome peperit, finem dederatque Laborem.³—

Doctor Collier had a notion that any Woman might be handsome if she would; meaning that Grace & Carriage were so near to every thing in the Affair of Beauty that any Woman of Condition might procure it if She would take Pains—Tis plain Lord Chesterfield thought the same of Grace in general.

Latin Verses from Dr Collier to H: L: Salusbury in Feb: 1763.

Dum varias Artes, varias Methodosque placendi
Quæque Puella studet, spectantibus ardet Amari:
Hæc Citharam pulsat, Lingua balbutit, et illa
Extraneâ; choreis et Tertia nectit Amores;
Intexent aliæ violas, roseasque corollas
Stromati acû; vitam fictisve coloribus addent:
Scire⁴ tuum at Virgo! tantum præstantius istis,
Quantum Scire⁴ tuo Virtus tua clarior extat.

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 246–7. But she follows there the version found below, p. 200.

² Her birthday.

³ Evidently *laborum* is meant.

⁴ The exigencies of the metre have apparently compelled Dr. Collier to regard 'scire' as a substantive: 'knowledge' or 'learning'.

Doctor Collier who was very intimate with Harry Fielding¹ told me this foolish Anecdote of him, which yet I think characteristic; One Day after Dinner says Fielding to his Wife my Dear do get some Coffee for Doctor Collier; The D^r refused but his Friend persisted—in vain did Collier protest that he did not love Coffee nor would drink any if it came—the Master of the House would insist still on its being got; till poor M^{rs} Fielding fretted by conscious Misery & wearied with longdrawn Importunity burst out o' crying & said Lord M^r Fielding how can you go on so? you know there is no Coffee; — no, nor two Pence in the House to buy any.—

People sometimes talk of a *dry* thing; I never quite knew what it meant, and believe it is rather a *Nondescript* in Wit however here is an Example or two

I was lamenting—I did not very well know why—that a Friend of mine had lost his Wife—was she a *good* Wife then said Doctor Collier—I know not replied I; well was She a *bad* Wife do you think continued he,—neither as ever I heard answer'd I:—well what was She then at last? A *Mid wife* cried the D^r impatiently.

Sir Lynch Cotton's Daughter was run away with by the Chaplain;² a Rascal says Sir Tho^s Salusbury who owes all he has in the World to Sir Lynch Cotton; pray tell me enquires D^r Collier what is the Man worth? worth cries my Uncle why not a Groat to be sure—he can then owe S^r L: but *three Pence halfpenny* I think at the very worst replies the Doctor dryly.—

A Latin Letter and Verses I received from D^r Collier in March 1763. I married in the October following.—

Arthur Collier Hester Lynch Salusburiae. S.P.D.

Tuas hesternas Literas libentissimè recepi, et hoc Mane dum memet rogabam Quid tendunt hæc vestra Studia? Quos exitus habeant morum Suavitas, Indolis comitas,

¹ As with the whole Fielding household. His sister, Mary Collier, the novelist, was Sarah Fielding's collaborator. The story here told refers to Fielding's first wife, Charlotte Cradocke, supposed to be the archetype of Sophia Western and of Amelia, whose small fortune, Murphy says, Fielding ran through in less than three years after their marriage in 1714.

² Mary (Molly) Cotton, third daughter of Sir Lynch Cotton, Mrs. Thrale's uncle, married the Rev. Mr. Trench, of Wrenburg, on October 27, 1760. A letter from Sir Lynch to his sister, Mrs. Salusbury, tells that she had met him in the fields secretly for four years, and declared publicly that a husband she would have if he was only a footman. She is probably the same daughter who at an earlier time ran away with the butler of a Mr. Eyre, and was pursued to Scotland and brought back. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530. She was left a legacy of £1,500 by her grandmother, Philadelphia Cotton King, on her death in December 1748, so that the marriage was not penniless on both sides. *Ry. Charter* 1235. She managed to drop out of Mrs. Thrale's ken until her sister Philadelphia, who had married Henry Shelley, Esq., of Lewes, wrote to Mrs. Thrale-Piozzi in 1805 of the dire need of one of the Trench grandsons, an orphaned boy in Bristol. Bowood Papers, December 28, 1805.

Cordis fidelitas, et aliæ dotes et adeptiones Virgineæ rarò nunc dierum nisi Paucis cooptandæ—Pierius menti Calor incidit.

Quodque suo Simili dum gaudet; conscia Virtus
 Dum sua pulchra petit, dum Vitiumque Probra
 Mens mihi sæpe refert, quod Fœmina quæque Jugali
 Fœdere qua fas est, esse beata potest:
 Sors, Ætas, Natura, Habitus, Mens, Ingeniumque
 Dispar, haud facilè consociare velint.
 Hæc ergo meminisse decet; neu fallere mentem
 Te fore fœlicem dispare Conjugio.
 Jurgia si Querulus tibi forte diurna Maritus
 Ingeret aut Rixas—*tu memor esto mei.*
 Illi ridenti tibi dulcia dura retorquet,
 Intuitu torvo—*Tu memor esto mei;*
 Deditus extraneis unquam fastidet iniquè
 Teque tuumque Decus—*tu memor esto mei.*
 Vitæ Justa tibi si quando Decora negabit
 Sordidus an rigidus—*tu memor esto mei.*
 Denique, si vitam causâ tibi reddat amaram
 Qualibet immeritò—*Tu memor esto mei;*
 Hæc meminisse tibi vel Tædia dupla Dolenti
 Vel tibi Lætanti Gaudia dupla dabit.

I will add to these Verses the Doctor's Greek Epitaph on his favourite Dog Pompey—who well deserved them.

εἰς τὸν ΠΟΜΠΕΙΟΝ
 ἐπιτάφιον.

Τῷδε κυνὸς κεῖται πιστῆ φίλῃ ἀγχινούῳ
 Λείψανα, ΠΟΜΠΕΙΟΥ; μὴδ' ἦν περικαλλίον οὐδεν.
 Εἰ κυν' ὁμοιοφύην ἂν ἔχῃς Σεῖν', ἐνθαδὲ νεκραν
 Θες, γένος ἀθανατῶν γε κοινὴ καὶ τεξέται ἀμφοῖν.

Parodied thus by Doctor George Harris—

Here what remains of Pompey lies
 Handsome, gentle faithful, wise:
 T'hen should'st thou Friend possess a Bitch,
 In Nature's noble Gifts as rich;
 When Death shall take her let her have
 With Pompey here one common Grave;
 So from their mingled Dust shall rise
 A Race of Dogs as good, as wise:
 Dogs who Disease shall never know
 Rheumatic Ache nor Gouty Toe,
 To Epilepsie subject be
 Or slow decay from Cachexie,
 For if aright the future Fates I read
 Immortal are the Dogs their pregnant Dust shall breed.

Doctor Collier has been mentioned several Times in these few Pages, one should naturally wish of Course to give his Character;

but I must do it with Caution if at all, because when I was but two and twenty¹ our Intimacy ended, and a Girl of that Age is not likely to know much of Mankind.

He was however as far as I could judge a Man of sound Religion pure Morality, and endued with much Learning; kind in his Disposition, gentle in his manners—soft though not polite in his Address, and chearful in his general Tenor of behaviour beyond any Man I ever knew: though Disputation was all his Delight, I never heard him loud & clamorous, nor ever saw him insolent and assuming: he had indeed much the Air of a Gentleman and was even scrupulously clean in his Dress which was always black, but with Ruffles—to distinguish himself from a Clergyman. His Sight was very bad, worse I think than that of Johnson, but Glasses gave him some Assistance, & he always wore Spectacles for that Reason. He was a Person of a most assimilating Temper, could live in any Family, conform to any Hours, & take his Share in any Conversation; he had such a Taste of general Knowledge, that he was not nice in his Choice of Company, & would make Talk with any one rather than be alone; Yet Collier was no melancholy Man, no Hypochondriack and made less Bustle about real Calamities, than the people I have since lived amongst, do with imaginary ones: Yet to many, nay to most people the Doctor was no agreeable Companion; he loved to talk better than to hear, & to dispute better than to please; his Conversation too was always upon such Subjects as the rest of Mankind seem by one Consent to avoid. Duration and Eternity, Matter & Motion, Whig & Tory, Faith and Works were his favourite Topicks; and upon these or other Metaphysical Disquisitions would he be perpetually forcing his Company—while by his Superiority in Logic, & constant Exercise in all the Arts of Ratiocination, he delighted to drive them into Absurdities they were desirous to keep clear of, & then laugh at the ridiculous Figures that they made: All this however being done with an Air of great Civility made him more a painful than an offensive Companion, & People generally left the Room with a high Opinion of that Gentleman's Parts and a confirmed Resolution to avoid his Society.

To perplex and disappoint was indeed so much his Disposition that he seemed to converse for scarcely any other Purpose; so that if a Man had expressed a desire of talking with him on some Critical or Metaphysical Subject, he would that day purposely expatiate on

¹ Their final break occurred in the summer of 1763, before her marriage in October. See below, p. 305 and n. 4.

the Skill of curing Hams, or making Minced Pyes, or say what pains he had taken to invent an universal Pickle.—

By such like Artifices—& who can wonder—he was ever surrounded by Enemies whom his Charity was ready to forgive, and his Benevolence to assist; for I have not yet seen a Man so free from Malice or Rancour as Doctor Collier, nor a Man whom Malice & rancor were more sedulously employed to defame.

So much for the Character of my earliest, and most disinterested Friend; Ill used by every one, I also used him ill; and repaid the long and diligent Care he paid to my Improvement, with Slights & Coldness: It was not however easy for me to do better;—my Mother who did not approve of some of his Doct[r]ines, nor delight in the Confidence I shewed for him, parted us with Assiduity & Pleasure—and I never could renew the Acquaintance since my Intimacy with Johnson, as I knew they could not do together long, & I would not subject poor Collier to be given up a second Time.—

I have since heard with pleasure that he picked up a more useful Friend—a M^{rs} Streatfield² a Widow, high in Fortune, & rather eminent both for the Beauties of Person & Mind—Her Children I find he has been educating; and her eldest Daughter³ is just now coming out into the World with a great Character for Elegance & Literature.

20: Nov: 1776.

now for a little Poem of my own written chiefly to divert him 15 years ago just after the death of his Dog Pompey.—

POMPEY

or a Doggrel Epistle from Pompey in the Shades—to his Master in Doctors Commons.

Elysium
Sept: 4: 1761.

Lord Lyttelton has lately shewn,
Nor was the fancy quite his own;
For Lucian erst well known to Fame,
And modern Cambray⁴ said the Same;
That Men can read and write and talk
Long since they're seen on Earth to walk,

¹ Hayward (i. 110-11) quotes this paragraph.

² Mrs. Henry Streatfeild, widow of Henry Streatfeild, Esq. (1706-62), of Chiddingstone, Kent. Before her marriage she was Anne Sidney, natural daughter of Jocelyne, Earl of Leicester. She had three sons and two daughters, the second son, Henry, inheriting. He married Elizabeth Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, in 1782, and became sheriff of Kent in 1792. Sophia and her mother lived at Mt. Ephraim in Tunbridge Wells. Burke, *History of Commoners* (1836-8), ii. 424-5; *Gent. Mag.* lxii. 180; D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 273.

³ Sophia Streatfeild.

⁴ Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. Lucian, Fénelon, and Lord Lyttelton all wrote *Dialogues of the Dead*.

Why should not we *dumb Creatures* then
 Read write and talk as well as Men?
 Since how much wiser we may grow
 When once we're dead, no Man can know
 What strange Opinions Folks possess
 Relating to our happiness!
 Long Time by false Opinion fed
 Strong Prejudice their Minds misled;
 That brutes had some immortal Part,
 They shew'd so many Signs of Art;
 So plann'd us out a proper Sky
 Where to enjoy Eternity:
 Where Cats might feed on Fish for ever,
 And Oysters need be open'd—never:
 But then the Oyster'd be as fat,
 And live as happy as the Cat;
 And sure his Merit's not so great
 As that of Puss—in any State.
 Such Paradox to reconcile
 Requir'd full many a learned Wile
 However in their high good Nature
 They shut the Door 'gainst no poor Creature
 Thus yielding up the only Claim
 That makes proud Manhood worth the Name.
 Like the poor Laplander whose Pow'rs
 Congealed by Blasts and blinding Show'rs
 Admiring Rein Deer for that Speed
 Which for his Use was first decreed,
 Thinks him a God without dispute
 And deifies th'unconscious Brute,
 And when he dies together lye
 The Wife and the Divinity;
 Whilst o'er the Tomb the Husband stands,
 Begging his Beast with lifted Hands,
 This last cold Jaunt her Guide to go,
 Through the white Realms of lasting Snow.
 To clear these Doubts Descartes came
 Who built on us an endless Name;
 He taught to overleap all Fences,
 And reason plumb against the Senses;
 That Brutes were mere Machines he swore
 Sans passive Will, or active Pow'r;
 And all their Actions bad or good
 Effects of circulating Blood:
 Automats by secret Springs
 Made to perform surprizing Things,
 For as two Figures on a Clock
 Will play whole Days at Shuttle Cock,
 And neither of them tire—till
 The Clock goes down at maker's Will;

So Brutes he wisely could maintain
 Knew neither Pleasure Fear nor Pain
 Tis said he tortur'd some to try
 If when they howl'd they e'er knew why,
 And if they shrunk beneath the Stroke
 Said that the Master Spring was broke:
 For he denied that Sight or Sense
 Should e'er be us'd in their Defence;
 Wisely reflecting that if Men
 Who ne'er the painting Art had seen,
 Should Guido's sad Lucretia view
 He'd surely think her Sorrows true;
 And mourn the magical Distress
 With sympathetic Heaviness:
 From this Device he drew Conclusion
 To wretched Quadruped's Confusion
 And vow'd the Wheels that work'd within,
 Were only wondrous—'cause unseen.¹
 Deep skill'd in Metaphysick Lore,
 All this 'tis true you knew before,
 But I intended you should share,
 The Knowledge how things really were;
 And when I'd fain the Truth reveal,
 What Pity 'tis—I dare not tell!
 So Hamlet's Ghost must slip away
 And vanish at th' Approach of Day,
 Nor dares forsooth describe his Hell
 Concealing what he cannot tell;
 And thus Free Masons—by the by—
 Boast their pretended Secresy.
 But this discourse at once to end,
 I'll tell you how my Time I spend;
 With Dogs of Fame I oft converse
 Of Plutarch's Prose, or Homer's Verse;
 With Grecian Argus oft I walk
 And of our Master's Wisdom talk;
 That faithful Argus by the by
 Lov'd not his Master more than I;
 Nor does the honest Dog repine
 To own his Lord less wise than mine:
 But now tis Time to ask of you
 How all my Friends above stairs do;
 Sir Edward² 'mong the rest—though you know
 I never could endure his Juno;
 Sir Thomas³ too, for ev'ry Brute
 Must love his Name without Dispute,

¹ Part of the argument of the *Discours de la méthode*.

² Sr Ed. Simpson Dean of the Arches. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Sr T: Salusbury Judge of the Admiralty. *Mrs. Thrale*. Her paternal uncle.

Who never asks their Origin
 Yet thinks to hurt the least—a Sin:
 Oh may his Hounds as usual act,
 Superior t'every Pack!
 His fav'rite Horse be never lame,
 His Huntsman never be to blame!
 Long love of each hard Chase to talk,
 And early to the Kennel walk;
 And oft in favourable Weather,
 May you enjoy the Walk together!
 Long may his Health and yours extend!
 And long remain each other's Friend.

POMPEY.

When Doctor Parker had read the foregoing Poem he wrote these Verses upon it Impromptu.

Oh if all Dogs but thus could write,
 All should have Tables to indite,
 And none like Critics snarl and bite:
 Dogs should hence forward bark in Rhyme,
 And *Doggrel* Verse be true Sublime.

Doctor Parker has some pleasant Stories, but he tells them so tediously they give more Disgust than Pleasure: here however is a comical one. Dr Barton—(kissing Barton as they called him,) invited his Friends to Dinner on some Soup, which When he had tasted—John says he to his Serv^t take this Soup away—why Water-gruel is a Dram to it.

I have likewise heard him relate how he went one Day since he was in Orders—to visit his old Schoolmaster who was in a fit of the Gout—his Leg upon a Stool:—You find me here Sir says the Old Gentleman with my *Toe tied up*,—yes Sir replies Parker, I remember you used to tell us that *To fit ti*.

His Epitaph on Lady Coventry has some thing very pretty in the turn of it.

Occidit heu tandem, multos quæ occidit Amantes;
 Et Cinis est hodie, quæ fuit Ignis heri.

In English thus.

Cloe at length expires—by whom
 Ten Thousand did expire;
 And is to Ashes turn'd to day
 Who Yesterday was Fire.

Translation of Martial's Arria Pæto¹ by the Same

The reeking Dagger from her wounded Side
 When Arria to her Pætus gave—She cried;
 The Stab which I have made creates no Smart,
 'Tis Thine ensuing—which will pierce my heart.

¹ *Epigrams*, i. 13.

Sighing—by the Same

Tell me gentle heaving Sigh
Tell me whither thou dost fly;
Come not back to me but Oh!
Take me with you where you go.—

In Amicum suum Stanifordum et Simiam ejus—by the same.

Visere —lianum¹ accersor Cercopithecum
Ibo; sed hoc metuo,—(non etenim absimile est)—
Ne forte illudat vestitus pelle ferinâ
Ipsumque ostendat se mihi—pro Simiâ
Pelle sit indutus; præsto sunt cetera cunita²
Ingeniumque et Mos est Simialis et Os.—

To see a Monkey I'm invited
I'll go, but yet I own I'm frightened;
So like an Ape's is Matt's Grimace
His Air his Manners Tricks and Face
Lest clothed in Fur the waggish elf
Should for the Monkey shew himself.

This is the Translation of Parker's Latin Verses to the Man that had the Monkey

Doctor Parker said once that his Valet resembled a Comet; The Man has it seems a way of getting drunk for a Week or two together, & after that will be sober for six Months more: M^{rs} Parker is peevish during these fits of Debauchery, but the D^r only says Oh John is now in his *Perihelion* he'll cool again in the Course of a long Revolution.

The D^r once told me the following Story—Burke would have liked it—so well does it tally with his Notions of the Sublime.

A little Girl of ten Years old—a Shopkeeper's Daughter, was carried to see Wanstead house—the long Suite of Rooms were suddenly thrown open, the whole blaze of Splendour burst upon her Eye—She said nothing but cried copiously, such was the violence of its Effect upon her Mind.

I must now write out the Doctor's Verses to me when I was a Girl, & so concludes the Wit of D^r Parker—

To Miss Salusbury—Express from Parnassus.

Phœbus we hear the other Day
A gracious Visit went to pay
To the nine Muses happy Seat
And found them in their calm Retreat;
But to the Graces first he sent
A Card to tell them his Intent;

¹ Perhaps meant for '—dianum', 'Stanifordianum'.

² Evidently 'cuncta'.

The Graces read, and cry'd What is it?
 Something extraordinary this Visit;
 'Tis not the Time of Year for *Routes*
 But yet Apollo's Card who doubts?
 Decorum just points our Duty
 For just Decorum is our Beauty:
 Upon Apollo we must wait
 And forthwith issued from the Gate:
 They met and Compliments were past
 A pleasing Smile on each he cast,
 The Muses next each Grace carest,
 Apollo thus the Room address.
 " "No hour I own so blest to me
 " "As when together I can see
 " "The Muses nine and Graces three: }
 " " 'Tis all that Gods or Men can please,
 " "Decorum, Harmony and Ease;
 " "But first perhaps You'll ask me all,
 " "Why this Assembly here I call,
 " "—'Tis first to give myself a Pleasure
 " "A Sight of Bliss beyond all Measure;
 " " 'Tis next—but here I must intreat
 " "Attention and your Candour sweet:
 " "No Envy curses these Abodes
 " "No spiteful Rancour here corrodes;
 " "To find out Genius—and approve,
 " "To hear of Merit and to love,
 " "To see where Excellence has shone,
 " "Reflected Image of your own:
 " "This is your Subject of Employ,
 " "This is your Glory and your Joy.
 " "Nymphs who their Hearts have thus dispos'd
 " "Where partial Censure's thus foreclos'd
 " "These Emulation will not teize
 " "But the bright Copy ever please.
 " "To such I will not fear to name
 " "A Nymph that's rival of their Fame
 " "But yet is modest to confess
 " "From you She borrows all her Dress;
 " "Ready th' Assistance to embrace
 " "Of every Muse and every Grace,
 " "And all would swear at the first View
 " "She kept no Company but you.
 " "Nature to her the Art has shewn
 " "To make each Language speak her own;
 " "Each vernal Flow'r adorns her Song
 " "And Honey melts upon her Tongue:
 " "See the Imagination rich,
 " "The Flow of Words in ev'ry Speech,

" "Observe her Mind in Judgment Sit
 " "Against Exuberance of Wit;
 " "The Rove of Fancy to restrain
 " "And steady guide Invention's Vein:
 " "The vivid Figure, nervous Sense
 " "The Stream of pow'rful Eloquence
 " "Sublime in native Excellence. }
 " "A Copy this you cannot call,
 " " 'Tis sure a great Original,
 " "And all your Judgment would admire
 " "Would you admit her of your Choir;
 " "The pleasing Form at first would strike,
 " "No Sisters can be more alike;
 " "The Genius of the British Isle
 " "Salisbury her Name—The Muses smile,
 Knew her in Offley Park reside
 Apollo's Pupil and his Pride;
 When Phœbus to assure each Grace
 Produc'd a Picture of her Face.
 " "Let her be ours—the Graces cry,
 " "She's ours the Muses all reply;
 Says Phœbus then,—the favour granted,
 " "This is the very thing I wanted,
 " "This for the future we enact,
 " "Let Hermes too record the Fact,
 " "And through Parnassus' heights proclaim
 " "And write to every Bard the same,
 " "When they the Graces Charms desire
 " "Or ask the Muses to inspire
 " "Henceforth acknowledge every Pen,
 " "The Graces four—The Muses Ten." "

For¹ a long Time I believed this Conceit original; but it is not—There is an old Greek Epigram on Dercylis only of two Lines which the Doctor has here spun into length. Vide Anthol: Lib: 7.² & there is some Account of it too in Bouhours.

What is however much more extraordinary, is that the famous Tristram Shandy itself is not absolutely original: for when I was at Derby in the Summer of 1774 I strolled by mere chance into a Bookseller's Shop, where however I could find nothing to tempt Curiosity but a strange Book about Corporal Bates,³ which I bought & read for want of better Sport, and found it to be the very Novel

¹ Hayward (ii. 87–8) quotes the following, through 'Suspicion in these Cases', p. 24.

² *Greek Anthology*, Bk. 5, No. 95: 'Four are the Graces, there are two Aphrodites and ten Muses. Dercylis is one of all, a Grace, an Aphrodite, and a Muse.' Tr. W. R. Paton. Bouhours refers to it in *La Manière de bien penser*, p. 190.

³ *The Life and Memoirs of Mr. Ephraim Tristram Bates, commonly called Corporal Bates, a broken-hearted Soldier* (1756).

from which Sterne took his first Idea: the Character of Uncle Toby, the Behaviour of Corporal Trim, even the name of Tristram itself seems to be borrowed from this stupid History of Corporal Bates forsooth. I now wish I had pursued Mr Murphy's Advice of marking down all Passages from different Books which strike by their Resemblance to each other as fast as they fell in my way, for one forgets again in the hurry & Tumult of Life's Cares or Pleasures almost every thing that one does not commit to paper.

The Verses written by Bentley upon Learning & publish'd in Dodsley's Miscellanies¹—how like they are to Evelyn's Verses on Virtue published in Dryden's Miscellanies!² yet I do not suppose them a Plagiarisme; old Bentley would have scorned such Tricks, besides what passed once between myself & Mr Johnson should cure me of Suspicion in these Cases. We had then some thoughts of giving a Translation of Boethius, and I used now & then to shew him the Verses I had made towards the Work: in the Ode with the Story of Orpheus in it—beginning

Felix qui potuit³ &c

he altered some of my Verses to these—which he *thought* his own.

Fondly view'd his following Bride
Viewing lost, and losing died.⁴

Two Years after this, I resolved to go through all the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in one of them—*Bonduca*,⁵ I found two Lines so like these of Johnson's that one would have sworn he had imitated them: that very Afternoon he came, & says I, did you ever delight much in Reading Beaumont & Fletcher's Plays—I never read any of them at all replied he, but I intend some Time to go over them, here in your fine Edition.—

¹ See Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* (1758), vi. 160, 'A Reply to a Copy of Verses made in Imitation of Ode 2 Book III of Horace . . . and sent by Mr. Titley to Dr. Bentley.'

² Dryden's *Miscellanies* (4th ed.; 1716), ii. 309–10.

³ The twelfth metre, at the end of Bk. 3.

⁴ She later published five specimens of her translation, at the end of *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, in 1788, this metre being the last. There Johnson's distich reads, 'Viewing lost, and loving died', which is clearly an inferior reading. Although Johnson's original autograph corrections on her MS. (acquired at least in part by A. M. Broadley at Sotheby's sale of June 4, 1908) are not available to prove this version correct, there survives, in *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 538, Mrs. Thrale's copy of Johnson's revisions, in which the word 'losing' appears, but so carelessly written that it may easily be misread as 'loving'. Here would seem to be the source of her error in preparing her book for the press in 1787.

⁵ The lines are not in *Bonduca*, either in the original, or the 1696 alteration. Curiously enough, Johnson used this very 'flower of fiction' (Eurydice's recovery and second loss) in *Rambler*, No. 143, as one of the proofs of the impossibility of accounting for poetical resemblances by the theory of direct plagiarism. It was written in 1751; otherwise one would suppose it to have been suggested by this experience.

28: May 1777.] The Account of poor Doctor Collier's Death is this moment brought me;¹ I am sincerely concerned at it—the more as we did not part Friends, after having been once so intimate; but he now knows I could not do much otherwise than I did, And that my Intentions at least were pure; I will recollect a few of his Sayings before I resolve to mention him no more.

He said the Fable of the Bees² had commonly a place in a Young Man's Library merely from the notion of its being a wicked Book.

He said that the Ephesian Matron³ was generally suppos'd an unnatural Character: on the contrary says he She acted in a Manner perfectly agreeable to the simple Dictates of Nature, unguided by Reason & unrestrain'd by Religion.

He said that those who had the Word Gratitude oftenest in their Mouths, had the Love of Tyranny most deeply in their hearts.

Doctor Collier used to say that one might discern Generosity or Avarice merely by observing the manner of a Man who was counting out his Money; it sticks says he even literally to the Fingers of a Fellow truly covetous. Now says M^r Johnson when I told this to him, here is neither Virtue nor Vice concerned, but the use alone or disuse of counting out Money—Let a Gentleman for example of 3000^l a Year Landed Estate lose 500^l by a Tenant he will talk on't for ever till he wearies His Friends his Children & his Neighbours. Let a Man on the other hand who gains 3000^l a Year by a prosperous Trade lose 500^l by a bad Debt—he shall not even mention it—no nor *think* of it out of his Counting house. the Secret is—that the Trader is familiar with the Sight of 500^l & of ten Times as much; but the Landed Gentleman who never sees his Gold in heaps, never gets acquainted with it; nor can bear the Thoughts of parting, when it is so unlikely they should meet again.

The two best Stories of Avarice I ever heard & *believ'd* are the following—M^r Grierson an Acquaintance of Johnson's who told the Story; went with him one day to a Tavern; & as he could not contrive to drink up his Wine put the remainder into a Phial & carried it home.—⁴

¹ Dr. Arthur Collier died on May 23, 1777. *Gent. Mag.* xlvii. 248.

² Cf. above, p. 4.

³ See Petronius' *Satyricon*, chaps. 111–12. The story is of a virtuous widow who, while mourning over the body of her dead husband, is seduced by a soldier whose duty is to guard the bodies of crucified prisoners. One of the corpses being stolen during his absence, he fears court-martial, until the lady solves the difficulty by substituting the body of her husband.

⁴ Grierson's avarice, which is alluded to in *Anecdotes*, p. 226, is here particularized.

James Mathias¹ an eminent Merchant told of Crasteyn the famous Miser, that he was with him one Evening in a hackney Coach after his heart had been warmed with Wine drank at another Man's Expence; when Crasteyn suddenly seeming to recollect a little Girl of which M^r Mathias was fond, & had seven Years before coaxed this Miser to stand as her Sponsor,—said, I have forgotten my little Godaughter shamefully—you shall carry her this Present from me; it is a new Shilling just coyn'd, & she must keep it for my sake.

The Merchant took the Shilling, expressing his Gratitude but concealing his Surprise, till the Coach stopt and they were about to part,—but Sir says Crasteyn—you must give me two Sixpences for my Shilling.

Talking to day of different kinds of Virtue I observed that Liberality among Virtues is as the Honeysuckle among Plants—profuse of its Fragrance and perfuming the Air all around it, while Fortitude like the Myrtle must be crushed before it consents to yield its Sweetness, & tenacious of its Excellence keeps it carefully concealed till Chance or Misfortune produce it into Notice—Poor Sir George Colebrooke his Calamities gave Rise to this Observation—he has been dreadfully crushed indeed by the hard hand of Adversity.²

When Sir George Colebrooke lived in the gay World he used to wear a Green Coat with a white Wastecost—he was a little Dapper Man. Lady Lade³ said he looked like a Leg of Lamb and Spinach.

Lady Lade had a good deal of that sort of Wit which consists in the approximation of remote Images; her Brother gave her a Blue & Silver⁴ which She did not think quite rich enough—it looks Says She only as if it was spit upon—the Truth was it had a Spot & Trail of Silver which upon the Blue looked just as She Said.

I had a White Hat on lined with Pink—the Weather was hot & the Room we sat in full of Windows—Sister says Lady Lade surely you have got a Mushroom on your Head—but no wonder here—for I'm sure this is a House they might grow in.

¹ An 'eminent Hamburgh merchant' and secretary of the Scots Equivalent Company, a friend of the Burneys and of Sir Thomas Salusbury, sometimes confused with his brother Vincent's son, Thomas James Mathias (1754?–1835), the celebrated Italian scholar. James Mathias was Crasteyn's executor. *Gent. Mag.* lii. 311, and Newton Commonplace Book.

² See below, pp. 333–5.

³ Mr. Thrale's sister.

⁴ i.e. stuff for a gown.

Lady Lade told me one Day that my old Acquaintance Molly Drax¹ was married to a Bristol Merchant; the properest Match in the World said I—for Bristol men always sleep I've heard with one Eye open.

Somebody was saying that the Duke of York—silly as he was would be a Loss; he will perhaps says Johnson be a Loss to the Turnpikes.—²

M^r Murphy asked me one Day this Winter how all my curious Fowls did;—he knows I am Poultry mad—This uncommon Frost says I has affected their Sight strangely, and some of them are gone quite blind. Why replies he so much Snow is bad for the Eyes—my own Sight has suffered much in the manner of your Fowls.—And yet says Baretti you are no *Chicken* M^r Murphy.

Murphy has told me he was never so disappointed—disconcerted I mean as by Sterne the famous Fellow who wrote *Tristram Shandy*; and was once caressed by all Ranks of People with ridiculous Assiduity—Murphy mentioned some thing which he had borrowed from Moliere, and inserted in his last Comedy—Oh then cries Sterne it is only Moliere *Metamorphosed*.

Murphy & Burke were of different Sides in the great Question concerning Literary Property, settled as I remember in the Year 1775.³ but says Burke you must remember the Booksellers deal in Commodities they are not supposed to understand—True replies Murphy some of 'em do deal in Morality.

Lord Mulgrave and M^r Burke & many others dined with us; my Lord had heard some vile Quibble of the great Edmund's & called out in his rough way—Why Burke! why you riot in Puns today now Johnson is not at hand—

I never saw a Man so overwhelmed with Anger & Shame,—Lord Mulgrave did not however seem to perceive it tho' I did.

Here are two or three of the best *home-made* Quibbles I know.

¹ Mary St. John, eldest daughter of John, 10th Lord St. John of Bletso. Thomas Erle Drax, whom she married in 1754, divorced her. *Gent. Mag.* lv. 236; lix. 1150. One of her sisters, Barbara, became the second wife of the Earl of Coventry, after the death of Maria Gunning.

² Edward August, Duke of York, brother of George III, died in 1767.

³ February 22, 1774. Murphy drew up the case against the booksellers' so-called common-law right to perpetuity of ownership, and Burke supported it. The House of Lords decided against perpetual right, which reduced the booksellers' protection to the act of the 8th of Anne, giving them exclusive rights for fourteen years, renewable for a second term of fourteen if the author was still alive. *Annual Register*, xvii. i. 95-6.

We had a Gallina and a Green Goose at the Top & Bottom of the second course today 4: March 1770.¹ I asked Mr Lort to let me give him some Guinea-fowl—meaning the Gallina—no reply'd he I chuse Goose if you please, & believe that likewise is a *Guinea-fowl* so early in the Season.

I went out one Evening without my Daughter—it was very unusual with me to do so—I thought says Mr Thrale that you would *take Miss*—Ay said I perhaps so, but that was a *Mistake*.

Mr Thrale had given me his Note for ten Pound and I could never get the Money of him: I was telling him some Months after that Cash ran low—You have says he however ten Pounds—*Banco*: No replied I that is only the Ghost of *Banquo* unluckily.

One Captain Hervey lived much with the Family of *Eyre* in Derbyshire—he was gay tho' poor, & supposed to be well with the Lady of the House—some arch body put an Advertisement into the Derby Courant of the following Book to be sold.

The Chameleon—or the Art of living upon *Air* by the Hon^{ble} Captain Hervey.

Of this same Hervey I have heard the following Story. Once says Compton² in a gay Humour after Dinner I loved Women; but now—this Bottle is my Mistress:—Ay replies Hervey and the next will be your Master.

Odd medical Stories.

Doctor Wall's Daughter was a fine straight healthy Girl till 13 Years of age; She then accidentally swallowed a Brass Button which produced a Train of dreadful Symptoms in Succession for 8 Years after; among the rest her Bones were so soft'ned by the Poyson, that they bent, and She grew extremely crooked. She recovered however, and her own Father told Mr Seward this was the Cause of her Deformity—She was 35 Years old when I heard the Story.

Doctor Osborne told me once of Miss Milbank that She had so violent a Hæmorrhage at the Nose it could not be stopped: the Family was settled for the Summer in a distant County—the neighbouring Physician recommended an Emetick, but the young Lady's Father thinking that a dangerous Remedy would send to London to Dr Warren, at which the Country Physician was

¹ Obviously copied from an earlier memorandum. See Introduction, p. xiii.

² Compton & Hervey were dining together. *Mrs. Thrale*.

somewhat displeased, but persisted in his Opinion, & the hæmorrhage continued.—London however was 120 Miles off, so before Warren could arrive—a spontaneous Vomiting came on, the bleeding stopt, and never more returned.—

Doctor Jebb once told me the following remarkable Story. A young Lady subject to Epileptick Fits had taken every remedy and was at last advised to go abroad; Sir Clifton Wintringham & Adair the Surgeon met her at Cambray not designedly—She consulted 'em however. When She had described her Case the Doctor made her no Answer but a contemptuous Smile—with a whisper to M^r Adair loud enough for her to hear—somewhat very indelicate and highly derogatory to her Sex & Character; She flew into the most sudden and violent Passion of Anger, and after many changes of Complexion and one burst of Tears left the Room with a Bounce—& never had a Fit more—Johnson was of Opinion that the Epilepsy was counterfeited and that Detection kindled her Rage; but the D^r & I believed the Fits were real, but that the strong & deep Impression this Insult made upon a Mind already weakened with Disease, was the true Cause of her Cure, by substituting something else for the Imagination to work upon.

A Son of M^r Piggot at Shrewsbury took a sudden & invincible aversion to his Book; he was at School about 14 Years old or not quite so much; He said his Master had struck him over the Head with a Dictionary, which had so affected his health that his powers of Study were strangely impaired, his Memory lost, and a perpetual Pain pressing the part. His Parents were people of large Fortune, Physicians of course were called in, who blistered, bled & vomited him; but the Complaint continuing obstinate he was actually *Trepanned*, bore the Operation resolutely, and six Months after confessed it was all but an Invention to keep away from School.

Evans the famous Man for curing the Worms at Knightsbridge once prescribed for some of my Children; the Medicine disagreed with them, & I took it in my Head it was Red Precipitate: the Agony I threw myself into at his House being as I then was big with Child kindled Compassion in the Man, & he told me his Nostrum almost making me swear perfect Secrecy. It is it seems only James's Powders with some Cinnabar added partly by the way of disguising, & partly by the way of altering them for the better—Is it not strange however that none of the Faculty find this out? I asked James once since I knew the composition if his Powders

would not cure Worms—No said he nothing will do but Calomel & Tin with some timef Aloetick Injections.

But one more Physical Story & I will adone, for Apollo is more pleasing in any Dress than that of the College: Medical Anecdotes in a Book like this can only at the best be like making Rhubarb into a Tart. Sutton the Inoculator¹ who first reduced the practice of communicating the Smallpox almost to a Certainty, told me in the [year] 1771. that his whole Secret consisted in the Use of Calomel, given in larger or lesser Doses according as he finds the Arm inflamed. he considers the Smallpox as a Disorder merely of the Skin, and urges in proof of his Assertion, that if you lay on a blistering Plaister upon a sane Part of a healthful Patient and rub an infected Rag over the Part that has been blistered, the Poyson will not be able to spread itself beyond the sore Place which however it will inflame most frightfully;—In pursuance of this Maxim he makes no Incision at all, but only raising the Cuticle wipes upon the part a fine Lancet previously dipped in the Virus of the Smallpox, taken too from a Subject in the first Stage of the Disease, which he rather chuses as the Pustules are not then clogged as afterwards with heterogeneous Matter; for observe, that it is not the thick white Pus contained in every Pock that propagates the Venom, but a Drop of thin fluid very white, & not unlike the Venom in a Viper's Bag under the Tooth.

In return for this Confidence I told Mr Sutton what I believe is not generally known concerning the Derivation of the Word Calomel which comes from the following Accident; Sir Theodore Mayerne Physician to Henry the 4th of France, invented this method of preparing Mercury, & used to make a little Negro Boy that he was fond of attend the Process: to this Boy he had long before given the Name of Calômel, which in the Greek Language signifies pretty Black: the Lad was handy at making up the Medicine, which he arbitrarily called from the Negro—Calomel.²

Does not the Word Butcher come from Boucher French?—Provider for la Bouche³—I believe so.

Rosalinda is only handsome Rose from the Spanish *linda Rosa*: linda in that Language signifies beautiful.

Is not Tray the common Name for a Spaniel an abbreviation of

¹ Notable chiefly for having been the opponent of Jenner's method of vaccination with cow-pox serum. *Gent. Mag.* lxxv. 898.

² The *O.E.D.* accepts this derivation, without naming the physician, and Mayerne's biography confirms it.

³ The *O.E.D.* gives the origin through M.E. from O.Fr. *bochier*, a dealer in goat's flesh.

Troilus; where's my Spaniel Troilus? says Petruchio in Shak:
Taming of the Shrew¹

The Nurses say to the Children Pas, Pas, is not this an odd
remains of the Norman Langu[a]ge?

Does not the Word Mitre come from Mithra?² I should suppose it did.

Did not Virgil mean by his Epithet *Puniceis* to Rosetis in the fifth Eclogue³ the rose of Tyrian Dye! the *Punic* or Damask Rose. I perswaded Johnson to believe it one Day at Streatham as we read the Eclogue together—in the Year 1769.—

I have given some English Puns as good ones, let us see if the following French ones are worth any thing—*Foreign* ones I should say, we will begin with the Spaniard.

Quien la vè no la vè; quien no la vè, la vè.

I think the Jeu de Mots in this last quite perfect of his kind 'tis on the Town of *Nola*. I read it in a Spanish play.—

An Apothecary at Bath keeps a Skeleton in his House with this Motto over it

De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

here is an Italian one or two

One of the Dependents on the Convent called *Frate Servita* Something I conceive about the Rank of the Servitors at Oxford had in his early days contracted an Intimacy with Sextus Quintus; insomuch that the latter used to say pleasantly—well whenever I am made Pope, you shall be made Cardinal; in Process of Time the Man came to claim his Promise. Oh non ne fa dubbio—replied Sextus che *resterà Servita*.

This too is an old Italian Riddle, Which is the Book that begins in the *Middle*? the Book it seems is Dante who begins his Poem—Nel mezzo.⁴

There was when I was in Paris a fine Lady of loose Character Wife to a M^r de Monconseil: her Husband had resided 15 Months in Italy when She produced a Baby—so the Young Fellows said Merrily—c'etoit au moins sans *mon Conseil*.

¹ iv. i. 147. The derivation is fanciful.

² The *O.E.D.* derives it from the Greek *μῆτρα*, belt or turban.

³ *Eclogues*, v. 17: 'puniceis humilis quantum salinunca rosetis'.

⁴ 'Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.' *Inferno*, i. 1.

Cumberland's Odes were spoken of; as Imitations of Gray's; if he is not M^r Gray said I—he is au moins *Le Petit Gris*.

But the best French Pun is at the End of one of the *Causcs Celebres*¹—a dying Man sends for a Lawyer and bids him draw up for him such a Testament as his Heirs could not dispute about—I am a likely Body to do that exclaims the Attorney—why Jesus Christ could not accomplish it—he left a Testament did not he? & his heirs have done nothing but dispute about it ever since.

Miss Chudleigh being pressed to resign her Post as Maid of Honour soon after the Accession of George the 3^d in favour of a Scotch Lady related to Lord *Bute* with whom as 'tis well known the Princess² was supposed to be too intimate;—made her Highness this arch Answer; *Votre Altesse Royale doit sçavoir, que chacun a son But; le mien est de servir votre Altesse Royale jusqu'a la fin de ma Vie.*—

Doctor Marriott wrote the prettiest Verses in French of any Englishman I know. These are translated into French from the German woven in the Ribbons of Madame Munickhausen and worne by her on the King of Prussia's Birthday

Revois grand Frederic, le passé, le present,
Ta Valeur eblouit, s'étend a chaque instant;
Si mon Droit, si mon Dieu se repand sur nos ames.
J'affronte mille Horreurs dans le Sang, dans les Flammes;
Pousse loin ta fureur, mais vois France en rival,
Mon Courage oser tout, marcher d'un pas egal.

The same translated into English—thus

1.

Survey the present and revolve the past,
A Cloud o'er all has Frederic's Glory cast:

2.

Arm'd with victorious Right while heav'n inspires,
I view undaunted rise Yon' hostile Fires;
Let Gallic Fury meet in Flames the Sky,
But know proud Gaul my Courage mounts as high.

A young Dutch Merchant³ paid his Addresses to me at the Time I was acquainted with Doctor Marriott; they had met at our house

¹ François Gayot de Pitaval's *Causcs célèbres et intéressantes avec les jugemens qui les ont décidées* (1735-9).

² Augusta, widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and mother of George III. Sir John Pringle, the royal physician, flatly denied this charge to Boswell. *Life*, iii. 482.

³ 'Young Clifford, a Dutch negotiant', heir to a commercial house in Amsterdam, for whose sake, she said, James Mathias, his guardian, turned her enemy because she refused to marry him, and abetted Lady Salusbury in depriving her of Offley. Bowood Papers.

one Evening, and the next Day about Noon I received the following Scrap from the D^r

Vers Libres au sujet des Mœurs D'Hollande adressees a Made-
moiselle Salusbury.

Avez vous de penchant pour les Anglois?
J'en suis ravi, en vous moquant des Hollandois
Dites moi Cloris trop belle;
Helas!
Ils ne sentiront pas
Si vous serez cruelle.
En appui de ma Patrie, et de la Beauté,
Je combats contre eux de votre Coté;
Cet Air malheureux rempli de Tristesse,
Ne regarde que la Troc en cherchant la Richesse;
Loin de ce Pais sombreux sans Retour
Prend sa fuite L'Amour;
Il se plaint que ses Dards y ont perdu leur force,
Et que ses Hameçons s'y rangent sans Amorce;
En revanche Chloris n'aimez que les Anglois,
Et quitte a leurs bureaux les tristes Hollandois,
Pour eux vous etes trop belle;
Helas!
Ils ne sentiront pas
Si vous seriez Cruelle.—

Here are likewise some of his Translations from Italian into English not printed among his Poems¹ as I remember.

Verses from Ariosto addressed to Miss Salusbury.

1.

Ladies of old have great Atchievements done,
In Arts and valourous Arms, whose honors last;
Wide as the World they spread the praise they won,
When female Merit manly Strength surpast.

2.

Swift to the War renown'd Camilla came,
The bold Harpalice the Javelin threw;
Gay Sappho sweetly sung her tender Flame,
Corinna's Lyre applauding Numbers drew.

3.

Oft as their Thoughts superior Toils engage,
Ladies have reach'd to Excellence sublime;
Their worth superior grac'd each happier Age,
So speaks the Voice of all-recording Time.

¹ *Poems written chiefly at the University of Cambridge* (1761). He was an early suitor (see below, p. 808), to whom her father threatened personal violence if he did not withdraw. When her father died, he reopened his suit by sending this volume of poems. Broadley, pp. 105-8. The verses are an imitation of *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 20, Stanzas 1-2, the same which Spenser imitated in *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. 3, Canto 4, Stanzas 1-2.

4.

If e'er obscure a while in Silence laid,
Transcendent Merit to the World unknown;
Malignant Envy spread the hateful Shade
And Writers mark'd no Merit but their own:

5.

But now I see the pleasing Visions rise,
One female triumphs, and extends her Praise;
Her Labours now the wond'ring World surprize
Ordain'd to flourish thro' a Length of Days.

6.

While her fair Hands unfading Laurels gain,
To dark Oblivion be your Tongues consign'd!
Heralds of Shame! who view with proud Disdain
That Worth which leaves Comparison behind.

How difficult it is to come at petty Literature! the long Note at the end of Pope's *Odyssey*¹ is it seems written purposely to mislead one; Pope translated but two of the Books as Doctor Warburton himself told Mr Johnson, when they met at Mr French's Rout, and grew quite fond of one another.

Doctor Swift was married to Stella by Bishop Ashe in his Lordship's Garden—by the Canons of Ireland the presence of a Bishop is considered as a Licence.

The Tag at the close of the last Act of *Cato* is written by Mr Pope, and is apparently the worst Tag in the whole Play, cold spiritless & dull—did Pope write them ill on purpose?²

Addison wrote with the greatest Scrupulosity for fear of doing harm of any Man before Johnson; but as Mr Montagu says if an Angel was to give an Imprimatur, he would give it to none but Johnson.³

I have heard Mr Johnson say myself that he never would give Shaftsbury Chubb or any wicked Writer's Authority for a Word, lest it should send People to look in a Book that might injure them for ever.⁴

Milton was the last Man that received corporal Correction at the University; he was I have heard severely flogg'd there for a Frolick.

¹ Written by Pope and Broome, for the purpose of concealing the share of the three collaborators, Pope, Fenton, and Broome. See Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, viii. 121, n.

² The last line first read 'And oh 'twas this that ended Cato's life', which Addison changed, at Pope's suggestion, to 'And robs the guilty world of Cato's life'. Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Malone (1820), p. 147.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 272.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*

Milton was a Man very finely accomplished; eminent for his Skill at the small Sword, and particularly graceful in the Dance.

One Doctor Argent was the last Physician that called on Patients o' Horseback & took Fees; he was nearly at the head of his Profession; those below him used to walk the Town in Spatter Dashes to look as if they rode sometimes: since then for the last fifty Years, no Doctor dreamed of being seen in the Streets without his Chariot, but now again my Friend Jebb though I think he has no less than three Equipages to his Share—rides on Horseback very often to look like the gay Fellows about Town. How Times and Fashions change!

One said James Harris was a learned Man; for ought I know replied Johnson, but Learning should not be trusted in such hands—tis giving a Sword to a Man that is paralytick.

Is not young Rose Fuller a foolish Fellow said I to keep from Church because old Rose is an Infidel?—Is it not foolisher says Johnson in James Harris to be an Infidel, because Lord Shaftsbury wrote the Characteristicks?

Doctor Burney said prettily of James Harris's Book¹ that it was the *pourquoi de Pourquoi*.

A Tutor was reading Lectures of Morality to his Pupil at Oxford; one of the Lectures ended thus—*Ubi desinit*² *Ethicus*, incipit *I: C: T: U: S.* which is an Abbreviation though not the commonest of *Juris Consultus*; the Tutour however not aware read it thus—*ubi desinet*² *Ethicus*, incipit *Ictus*; and begun explaining away accordingly—Where Morality ends—Strife begins &c

In Lord Corke's Letters there is much such a Mistake as this; he had picked up an Epitaph he thought remarkable—it has these Letters in it *I: V: Doctor et Eques*—the meaning is obviously this *Juris*, *Vtriusque Doctor et Eques*: my Lord however being a true Hibernian, translates it thus: an *honest Man* Doctor and Knight: mistaking the *I: V:* for an Abbreviation of *Iustus Vir* I suppose.

Here is an odd Book³ come out to prove Falstaff was no Coward, when says Johnson will one come forth to prove Iago an honest Man?

The Daughter⁴ of Martin the famous Optician was with me once

¹ *Philosophical Arrangements* (1775).

² An error for *desinit*.

³ Maurice Morgann's *Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff* (1777).

⁴ The biographer of Benjamin Martin in the *D.N.B.* knew only of a son. She married one of the two Jacksons, Humphrey or Henry, the chemists who came so near to ruining Mr. Thrale's brewery. See below, p. 309 and n. 1.

for a whole Summer—the Things She used to say had more Naiveté as the French call it, than I ever knew any Person possessed of: M^r Thrale asked her one Day why she did not go to Church with us, why Sir says she I believe my Papa has more Sense than most of the Parsons,—and so I'll stay at home.

Of the famous Brownrigg hanged some Years ago for Murder attended with Circumstances of dreadful Aggravation—She observed—that by what She had seen in the Papers—that M^{rs} Brownrigg was a very good-for-nothing Woman.

Of a pert young Lad Son to a Shopkeeper in Southwark She said very naively—I think he's the finest Gentleman I ever saw come out of the Borough—*except M^r Thrale*.

It makes me *sick* says M^r Thrale one Day to me to see these Crumpets every Day at Breakfast so,—when will you leave them off? M^{rs} Jackson immediately cried out: Lord I never found out till now what it was *disagreed* with me so; & to be sure It was these Crumpets.

These Stories are at least as good as that in the Menagiana—of the *Cà de Madame*.

Miss Murphy a Young Lady of good Sense and some Education said a naive thing one Day—they were drinking Sentiments at some liberal City Table: Miss Murphy was asked for her Toast.

What we think on most (said she) and talk on least.—the Men burst into a Roar of Laughter, & the Girl wondered what was the matter.

My Mother told me that a Young Lady eminent for her Prudence, being one Day where a Musician was called in to entertain the Company; She walked gravely up to him and said pray Sir can You play the Friar and the Nun?

M^r Johnson told me that at a Friends house he had been one Evening talking over some Theological Subjects—the Room was full—a Young Lady said to him: Now pray dear Sir tell us what was that Circumcision we so read of—Ask your Mama tomorrow Miss said he.¹

Now how foolish these last named Girls might be I know not, but M^{rs} Jackson—the Daughter of old Martin the Optician was a

¹ Pray What is the Difference between a Bull & an Ox? says a little Boy to his Tutor; the Bull is the Calf's Papa my Dear replies She, & the Ox is his Uncle. I can't think why, but this is very comical. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Woman of very uncommon Accomplishments; skilled in Astronomy Painting and Musick—some of her Drawings are really excellent, and for Geography, I have known no Person who had so thorough a Knowledge of it: but no more common Sense had She than a Baby, which Johnson attributed to her having spent her Youth in acquiring Embellishments which were useless, instead of a solid Understanding—Such Tricks says he have no Power at all to advance Intellect, they neither grow out of a Character nor sink into one, they are apparently stuck on the Surface: Such Accomplishments says he on another occasion, but speaking I think of the same Woman,—are like Spangles, they catch the Attention & fix it on the Trimming, but if the Lace be not rich The Spangles were better away; they serve only to shew that the whole is frippery.

Johnson loves somewhat *solid* in every thing better than somewhat shining—I shew'd Him a gay Satten one day it was very showy tho' slight, poor M^{rs} Jackson wore it: Is not this *fine* said I? Yes reply'd he—'*'tis the finery of a Beggar.*'¹

A Letter is just now received in the Year 1777. soliciting my Acquaintance forsooth as the Author of Forrester a little Copy of Verses which I wrote just twenty Years ago when I was Thirteen² Years old, to divert my Uncle, with whom I lived, and whose Estate I was lawful and immediate Heir to; had I not been undone by the Machinations of a *Woman*,³ who to increase her Guilt had once profess'd a Friendship for me—but no matter, here are the Verses.

Forrester; or the old Hunter's Petition for Life addressed to
Sir Thomas Salusbury. 1758.

The setting Sun declar'd the Close of Day
And Philomela tun'd her parting Lay.
The Dew began to drop, the Owl taffright,
And Evening Objects grew upon the Sight;
The Winds were still, and Nature seem'd inclin'd
To sooth the Sadness of a pensive Mind;
Musing upon a Mossy Bank I sate,
And mildly murmur'd at ungen'rous Fate,
Musing I sate, and to myself I said
Tell me Philosophers why Man was made
Lord of the Wood and Tenant of the Shade? }⁴

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 336.

² By this reckoning, she was born in 1744. See above, p. 3, n. 1.

³ Lady Salusbury, second wife to Sir Thomas. See below, pp. 90 (n. 2), 310, 313-14.

⁴ Cf. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 152, 'Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade'.

Since Age and Plenty but increase his Pains,
 And Dread of Death each noble Act restrains;
 Tell me ye reas'ning Sages tell me why,
 The most unhappy Being dreads to die?
 Scarce had I spoke when in my Sight there stood
 A stately Steed, the wonder of the Wood.
 His Look was lively though by Age impair'd,
 Each sprightly Step his long-trac'd Line declar'd
 Beauteous in Colour, of majestick Size,
 Speed in his Limbs, and Lightning in his Eyes;
 His lofty Crest with Thunder seem'd array'd
 And graceful on his Neck the Yellow Ringlets play'd.
 Long had I gaz'd, and would at length have spoke,
 When thus the Quadruped the Silence broke;

"A poor Petitioner for Life you see,
 "For Life is all that's left to wretched me;
 "Once well distinguish'd in the Lists of Fame,
 "First in the Field, and Forrester my Name:
 "But tho' no longer gay, no longer young
 "Like Whitenose daring, or like Bangor strong,
 "Past Services may merit some Regard,
 "And Death from him we love strikes doubly hard:
 "If then to thee the Sentence seem severe,
 "Convey my Sorrows to my Master's Ear;
 "Shall he! in whose Delight my Youth was spent,
 "Deny my Age the Term kind Heav'n has lent?
 "Shall he, whose heart no Anger can retain,
 "To whom the Innocent ne'er plead in vain,
 "Shall he deny his once lov'd Steed to share
 "That dear Prerogative—the vital Air?
 "Who loves not Life! the lame, the blind, the poor,
 "Though weak their Bodies, and tho' drain'd their Store,
 "For Life they struggle, and from Death they run,
 "Witheld by Nature the dread Goal they shun,
 "And hobble one Heat more, ere yet the Race be won. }
 "I claim no more that Stall where proud to please
 "Each Groom contended to promote my Ease,
 "Luxuriantly my lazy Limbs to lay,
 "And tempt my Palate with the sweetest Hay
 "With moisten'd Combs my waving Mane divide,
 "And turn my Tresses with an easy Pride,
 "Some o'er my Silver Front their Shade bestow'd
 "Some on my Neck more negligently flow'd;
 "Some times with Art in shining Braids confin'd,
 "Some times left loose to wanton in the Wind.
 "Now—tell my Lord in Peace to end my Course
 "Contents th' Ambition of his hapless Horse;
 "To share th' Abundance which his Valleys yield,
 "And unmolested crop the flowery Field;

"To hear at Distance how the present Race
 "Of rapid Coursers urge the foaming Chace,
 "How lightly Lowther leaps the five barr'd Gate,
 "How proudly Pigeoneye supports his State,
 "And how great Jollity's vast Bulk maintains
 "That Fame which sounded from the Northern Plains.

"When the still Morn succeeds a stormy Night,
 "And waving Woods yet tremble from their Fright,
 "When lazy Phœbus late begins to rise
 "And give the misty Landschape to our Eyes;
 "See where my Master quits his downy Bed
 "The well-breath'd Beagles thro' the Woods to lead;
 "See the small Village on his Steps attend,
 "With Pray'rs for him on whom their hopes depend,
 "Here too his grateful Forrester may join,
 "And wish that Sport so truly term'd Divine.
 "Mean time swift rising with an eager Speed
 "He quits the Earth and mounts the neighing Steed;
 "Whilst in their Looks his Followers seem to say
 "Ah why goes Whitenose to the Field today?
 "Fiery and rash his haughty head he rears,
 "He knows no Danger, and he feels no Fears;
 "But paws the Pavement with impatient Feet
 "And snorts & trembles with impetuous Heat:
 "Why should *he* go? while Pluto's Paces please,
 "And still secure his Safety and his Ease?
 "Or He, to whose indisputable Claim
 "Old Forrester resigned his deathless Fame
 "Tudor! to whose superior Shape are join'd
 "A dauntless Courage and a gentle Mind
 "Bright as the Sun, and flecter than the Wind. }
 "Touch'd with this true Description of his Worth
 "My Lord commands the gen'rous Courser forth
 "See how all Eyes on his perfections gaze
 "While calm he comes unconscious of the praise,
 "Unmov'd to hear his matchless Might extoll'd,
 "His Value rais'd above the price of Gold;
 "His Symmetry of Parts by some admired
 "His Qualities of Mind by all desired,
 "His Father's Vigour in his Feature known
 "And ev'ry Limb expressive of his own.
 "Wonder of Nature! in whose Form complete,
 "Such faultless Beauty, Birth & Meekness meet:
 "As none with thy bold Rider can compare
 "Fatigues of Body or of Mind to share;
 "So to thy Prowess ev'ry Horse must yield,
 "First at the Goal, as foremost in the Field:
 "Who canst with equal Ease and equal Grace,
 "Skim the smooth Turf or speed the sprightly Chace

"Safe to thy Care my Master I confide,
 "And cede to thee my Glory & my Pride.
 "Till the poor panting Prey appears in View
 "Each eager Sportsman ardent to persue;
 "(While Echo—Huntress once of Cynthia's Train
 "Repeats the pleasing Harmony again.)
 "Then shall our Owner's heart with Pleasure bound
 "To hear thy Praise from ev'ry Tongue resound:
 "And now—when all have gain'd their glorious Ends,
 "That Death upon whose Life their Sport depends,
 "Haply his Hand caressive may repay
 "The pleasing Labours of thy well-spent Day;
 "His hand—to which my utmost wish aspires,
 "The only Boon his Forrester desires,
 "That friendly hand in Confirmation given
 "That I may live the Term allow'd by Heaven."

Here ceas'd the Steed and vanish'd from my Sight,
 Starting I wak'd, amaz'd to find 'twas Night;
 But soon as Reason's recollective Pow'rs
 Review'd the roving of my latent hours,
 I rose convinc'd of what before I thought,
 That Life grows precious when 'tis dearly bought;
 That though bereft of every Chance for Joy
 The Pleasure of Existence cannot cloy;
 Since then my Dream so clear this Truth had prov'd,
 That Life, by ev'ry living Thing is lov'd;
 Each to itself of such Importance grown,
 Homeward I hasten'd to preserve my own. —

I saw a Man in the Strand to day so like Hogarth's Rake turned Madman in the last Print of the Series,¹ that one would have sworn he had sate for it.

Mr Hogarth once told me² that the human Eye never increased in Bulk from the Day of our Birth to that of our Death: this I have had frequent Opportunities of observing the Truth of since I had Children, and I see it is that which makes one think that Babies have such fine Eyes to what grown folks have; the Truth is their Eye is larger in Proportion as their Faces are smaller.

One Day as I was looking on a large Map of the World divided into two Hemispheres & hung over a Chimney, I observed the Ecliptick describing the very Line which the great Mr Hogarth calls the precise Line of Beauty:³ what a Confirmation is it of his

¹ 'The Rake's Progress', engraved in 1735.

² She had known him in her girlhood, and posed, when she was fourteen, as his model for 'The Lady's Last Stake'. Hayward, ii. 309.

³ In *The Analysis of Beauty* (1753).

Hypothesis, & how happy wou'd he have been to have heard that the Sun in his Course—or the Earth for 'tis no matter which—mov'd in that very Direction which he mentions as the most perfect Line of possible Grace—the waving Line as he so often terms it. but poor Hogarth was dead before I found it out, & nobody else had the Wit it seems.

How much prettier is Johnson's little Epitaph which he intended for Hogarth than that which Garrick wrote & put upon his Tombstone. This is Johnson's.

The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew th' essential Form of Grace;
Here clos'd in Death th' attentive Eyes
That saw the Manners in the Face.¹

The Fortune Teller painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds is a Portrait, I once saw the Woman in the Streets who sate for it.

I was much surprized when Johnson related to me the following Fact: he had been at Club over night, and there was Talk of Sir Joshua's Portrait of the two famous beautiful Friends M^{rs} Bouverie and M^{rs} Crewe:² he had drawn them in a pleasing Landschape, and

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 239–40. Garrick, in December 1771, sent his original draft for criticism to Dr. Johnson, who objected to the third stanza, and suggested as a model (*Letters*, No. 269):

'The Hand of Art here torpid lies
That

{	wav'd traced	th' essential form of Grace:
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Here Death has closed the curious eyes
That saw the manners in the face.
'If Genius warm thee, Reader, stay,
If Merit touch thee, shed a tear;
Be Vice and Dulness far away!
Great Hogarth's honour'd dust is here.'

(Corrected from the original by Dr. R. W. Chapman.)

Garrick adopted the suggestion of two stanzas, but ignored the model, and sent Johnson an independent second effort on December 22, with three alternative readings for the first stanza, and two for the second, besides alternative couplet readings (*Catalogue of R. B. Adam Library*, I, 'Letters of Garrick', pp. 6 ff.), none of them exactly like the final form adopted for the monument in Chiswick churchyard, which reads:

'Farewel! great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart.
'If thou hast genius, reader, stay,
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear,
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.'

² Exhibited in 1769. The portrait, now at Crewe House, shows the two ladies seated, Mrs. Crewe in profile, leaning pensively on her hand, and gazing with lowered eyelids at the tomb

pensive Attitudes with the well known Motto *Et in Arcadia ego*. at the Bottom of the Picture. Says Mr Johnson what is to be understood by that Motto I beg to know—it does not seem to convey any particular Meaning:—Not a soul in that wise Club could tell—one said it meant nothing but an Arcadian Scene, and that the Beholder looking on was supposed to cry out—*Now I am in Arcadia!* & such Stuff: but in short none of them knew that the Thought was borrowed from N: Poussin who places three Shepherds & a Nymph or two in a showy Landschape with a Tomb in the Back Ground and a Death's Head on it with this Motto—*Et in Arcadia Ego*—*Mors loquitur* of Course: Mr Johnson who despised Connoisseurship exceedingly, might reasonably have been suspected of Ignorance on such a Subject—but Reynolds himself to borrow the Motto, when he understood not the meaning—Oh Fye!¹

It puts me in mind of a foolish Eton Boy² who said one day to Lady Lade—Madam my Gammon runs very near the Hock, What says She is the meaning of that my Dear—I cannot tell replies the Lad gravely—this was scarce worse than Sr Joshua.

Johnson once said speaking of Sir Joshua Reynolds—there goes a Man not to be spoiled by Prosperity.³

Sir Joshua had ordered us early to sit one Day—my Friend Miss Owen⁴ & myself, we were sadly behind our Time, and walked up to him—he was very deaf—with our hands joined pray-pray-fashion—Ay says he you come into the *House Petitioners*; but I shall *return* you the *sitting Members*. It was at y^e Time of a general Election.

There was Talk one Evening about Catherine Macaulay; Baretti abused her as usual—She mends however says Reynolds archly—at the picture's right, and Mrs. Bouverie, centre, turned toward her, expressively extending her hand toward the inscription on the tomb. Since the tomb is there, Sir Joshua was certainly not guilty of the stupid misconception imputed to him; but the adaptation of Poussin's idea is not happy, since the ladies are in no sense Arcadian, and the suggestion of arrested light-heartedness which Poussin's standing shepherds give is lacking. Leslie and Taylor (*Life and Times of Reynolds*, i. 260, 325) say that Reynolds got his idea from a picture of Guercino's, a sketch of which they had seen in his Roman notebook, representing 'gay frolickers' stumbling over a death's-head with a scroll issuing from its mouth, inscribed 'Et in Arcadia ego'. It seems more likely, however, that he took his immediate inspiration from Poussin's more famous picture, with its tomb, which he appropriated, and its reflective spirit, which he deepened.

¹ Leslie and Taylor (*ibid.*, p. 325) give a version of this story which represents Reynolds as quoting to Dr. Johnson the King's comment on the picture: 'Oh, there is a tombstone in the background. Ay, ay, Death is even in Arcadia.' For a full discussion of the motto, and its shift of meaning between Guercino and Poussin, see E. Panofsky, 'Et in Arcadia Ego', in *Philosophy and History* (1936), ed. Klibansky and Paton.

² The Lad wanted Money. Mrs. Thrale.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 286.

⁴ Miss Margaret Owen, her distant cousin, who had spent the preceding winter with her. 'Children's Book' (entry for December 13, 1776); *Letters*, No. 512.

her last Performance was *Loose Thoughts*, and now She is publishing a *Modest Plea*.

Baretti¹ had a comical Aversion to M^{rs} Macaulay and his Aversions are numerous and strong: If I had not once written his Character in Verse² I would now write it in Prose for few People know him better: he was—Dieu me pardonne as the French say, my Inmate for very near three Years; and though I really liked the man once for his Talents, and at last was weary of him for y^e use he made of 'em; I never altered my Sentiments concerning him—for his Character is easily seen, & his Soul above Disguise. Haughty & Insolent and breathing defiance against all Mankind; while his Powers of Mind exceed most people's, and his Powers of Purse are so slight that they leave him dependent on all,—Baretti is for ever in the State of a Stream dam'd up—if he could once get loose—he would bear down all before him. Every Soul that visited at our house while he was *Master* of it, went away abhorring him; & M^{rs} Montagu grieved to see my Meekness so imposed upon, had thoughts of writing me on the Subject an anonymous Letter, advising me to break with him. Seward³; who try'd at last to reconcile us, confessed his Wonder that we had lived together so long; Johnson used to oppose & battle him, but never with *his own* Consent: the moment he was cool he would always condemn himself for exerting his Superiority over a Man who was his Friend, a Foreigner and poor: Yet I have been told by M^{rs} Montagu, that he attributed his Loss of our Family to Johnson: ungrateful & ridiculous! if it had not been for his mediation, I would not so long have borne trampling on, as I did for the last two Years of our Acquaintance. Not a Servant, not a Child did he leave me any Authority over; if I would attempt to correct or dismiss them, there was instant Appeals to M^r Baretti, who was sure always to be against me in every Dispute. with M^r Thrale I was ever cautious of contending, conscious that a Misunderstanding there could never answer; as I have no Friend or Relation in the World to protect me from the rough Treatment of a *Husband* shou'd he chuse to exert his *Prerogatives*, but when I saw Baretti openly urging M^r Thrale to despise my Requests, and to cut down some little Fruit trees my Mother had planted, and I had beg'd might stand: I confess I did take an Aversion to the Creature, & secretly resolved his Stay should not be prolonged by my Intreaties, whenever his

¹ Hayward (i. 103–8) quotes through '*even Butchers weep*', p. 46. ² See below, p. 474.

³ William Seward was the only son of Mr. Thrale's rival, the brewer Seward, of the firm of Calvert and Seward. William was a literary dilettante.

Greatness chose to take huff & be gone. As to my eldest Daughter, his Behaviour was most ungenerous; he was perpetually spurring her to Independance: telling her She had more Sense, and would have a better Fortune than her Mother;—whose Admonitions She ought therefore to despise; that She ought to write and receive her own Letters *now*, and not submit to an Authority I could not keep up if She once had the Spirit to challenge it: that if I died in a Lying In, which happened while he lived here; that he hoped Mr Thrale would marry Miss Whitbred,¹ who would be a pretty Companion for Hester, and not tyrannical and overbearing like me.—Was I not fortunate to see myself once quit of a Man like this? who thought his Dignity was concerned to set me at Defiance—and who was incessantly telling Lies to my Prejudice in the Ears of my husband and Children? When he walked out of the house on the sixth day of July 1776—I wrote down what follows in my Table Book.² 6: July 1776.³ This day is made remarkable by the departure of Mr Barette; who has since Oct^r 1773 been our almost constant Inmate, Companion, and I vainly hoped—our Friend. On the 11th of Nov^r 1773. Mr Thrale let him have 50^s and at our return from France 50^s more besides his Clothes and Pocket Money: in return to all this—he instructed our eldest Daughter—or thought he did—and puffed her about the Town for a Wit, a Genius a Linguist &c. at the beginning of the Year 1776 we purposed visiting Italy under his Conduct; but were prevented by an unforeseen and heavy Calamity:⁴ that Barette however might not be disappointed of Money as well as of Pleasure, Mr Thrale presented him with 100 Guineas⁵ which at first calmed his Wrath a little, but did not perhaps make amends for his Vexation: this I am the more willing

¹ Whitbread the brewer had three daughters: the eldest married James Gordon, Jr., of Moor Park, Herts., in 1789; the second, Emma, married Lord St. John of Bletso in 1780; the third married Captain George Grey in 1795. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvi. 531.

² See Introduction, p. xi.

³ Barette, in a marginal gloss to his copy of Mrs. Piozzi's *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, now in the British Museum, said that it took place on June 4. He also says that he had been with them for five and a half years, and had never received a shilling, although in his *European Magazine* libel (xiii. 316) he admits the 100-guinea gift. See also below, n. 5. For Barette's story of the break, both in the notes referred to and in his published account in the *European Magazine*, see Boswell's *Life*, iii. 96, n. 1; also, *French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson*, pp. 248–55.

⁴ The death of young Harry Thrale on March 23.

⁵ Confirmed by Johnson's letter of December 21, 1776, to Boswell: 'He [Barette] has got five-and-twenty guineas by translating Sir Joshua's Discourses into Italian, and Mr. Thrale gave him an hundred in the spring' (Boswell, *Life*, iii. 96–7); also by Barette's letter of May 10 to his brothers: 'Before starting he gave me a hundred guineas, and there is an end of all the benefits I had expected to reap from him, if we had taken the journey' (Collison-Morley, *Barette*, p. 293).

to believe, as Dr Johnson's not being angry too, seemed to grieve him no little, after all our Preparations made. Now Johnson's *Virtue* was engaged; and he I doubt not made it a Point of Conscience not to increase the Distresses of a Family already oppressed with Affliction.—Baretti however from this Time grew sullen and captious; he went on as usual notwithstanding, making Streatham his Home, carrying on Business there when he thought he had any to do, and teaching his Pupil at by Times when he chose so to employ himself; for he always took his Choice of hours, and would often spitefully fix on such as were particularly disagreeable to me, whom he has now not liked a long while if ever he did. He professed however a violent Attachment to our eldest Daughter, said if She had died instead of her poor Brother he should have destroyed himself, with many as wild expressions of Fondness. Within these few Days however when my Back was turned, he would often be telling her that he would go away & stay a Month, with other Threats of the same nature; & She not being of a caressing or obliging Disposition, never I suppose soothed his Anger, or requested his Stay: of all this however I can know nothing but from her, who is very reserved, & whose kindness I cannot so confide in as to be sure She would tell me all that passed between 'em: & her Attachment is probably greater to him than me, whom he has always endeavoured to lessen as much as possible both in her Eye & what was worse—her Father's—by telling him how my Parts had been over praised by Johnson, & over rated by the World; that my Daughter's Skill in Languages would even at the Age of fourteen vastly exceed mine, & such other idle Stuff which Mr Thrale had very little Care about; but which Hetty doubtless thought of great Importance: he this as it may, no angry Words ever passed between him and me, except perhaps now & then a little Spar or so when Company was by in the way of Raillery merely; Yesterday however when Sir Joshua & Fitzmaurice dined here, I addressed myself to him with great particularity of Attention, begging his Company for Saturday as I expected Ladies, & said he must come and flirt with them. &c. my Daughter in the mean Time kept on telling me that Mr Barretti was grown very odd and very Cross, would not look at her Exercises, but said he would leave this House soon, for it was no better than Pandæmonium: accordingly the next Day he packed up his Clokebag which he had not done for 3 Years, & sent it to Town; & while we were wondering what he would say about it at Breakfast, he was walked to London himself, without taking leave of any one Person, except it may be the Girl;

who owns they had much Talk, in the Course of which he expressed great Aversion to *me* & even to *her* who he said he once thought well of. Now whether She had ever told the Man things that I might have Said of him in his Absence, by way of provoking him to go, & so rid herself of his Tuition; whether he was puffed up with the last 100 Guineas & longed to be spending it—*all* *Italiano*; whether he thought M^r Thrale would call him back, and he should be better established here than ever; or whether he really was Ideot enough to be angry at my threatening to whip Susan & Sophy¹ for going out of Bounds altho' *he* had given them leave—for Hetty said that was the first Offence he took huff at—I never now shall know—for he never expressed himself as an offended Man to me, except one Day when he was not shaved at the proper hour forsooth, and then I would not quarrel with him because nobody was by, & I knew him be so vile a Lyar, that I durst not trust his Tongue with a Dispute: he is gone however, loaded with little presents from me, and with a large Share too of my good Opinion, though I most sincerely rejoyce in his departure, & hope we shall never meet more but by Chance. Since our Quarrel I had occasion to talk of Him with Tom Davies, who spoke with horror of his ferocious Temper; & yet says I, there is great Sensibility about Baretti, I have seen Tears often stand in his Eyes—Indeed! replies Davies—I should like to have seen that Sight vastly when—*even Butchers weep*.

The distinguishing Characteristick however of Baretti's Conversation was Violence, as may be collected from the three or four following Anecdotes.—

A young Gentleman² Son to my Uncle Sir Lynch Cotton complaining one Day of his Father's want of Tenderness & Attention in not endeavouring to get him some Place or grant him some Allowance I know not what.—

Ouf Ah—what Fathers there are in the World says Baretti on a sudden—and nobody to give them a Cup of boyling Oyl!

When M^{rs} Chambers was reported to be guilty of Infidelity Baretti protested he should as soon suspect the Virgin Mary.

Of Lady Diana Beauclerc he was saying a thousand fine Things, I mention'd her bad Character³—Oh yes says he I know She is a

¹ Susanna Arabella and Sophia Thrale, the sixth and seventh children, who were, respectively, six and four years old at the time.

² Probably Harry Cotton, the sixth son.

³ She had, in 1768, made a public confession of adultery with Topham Beauclerc, had been divorced from her first husband, Viscount Bolingbroke, by act of Parliament, and had married her lover two days later.

Strumpet; had She not been so, She would have sate in Heaven next Jesus Christ.

A young Gentleman & Lady newly married were lamenting their Dependance on their Uncle & Aunt, who would not give them leave to come out of Town some Day that I had asked them hither—Why says Baretti do you not go down on your knees upon the Floor in their Presence, and having made there a solemn Vow to live for the Future upon Bread & Water—rise up with a Vigour and fall upon them with heavy Blows.—

Baretti used to read here with vast Avidity—do you remember all you read said I one day—Scarce a word replied Baretti but it produces a general Effect: if you dip your Hand into the Tub at the Door, you gather up no Water but your hand remains wet.

Will:¹ Burke was tart upon Mr Baretti for being too dogmatical in his Talk about Politicks: You have says he no Business to be investigating the Characters of L^d Falkland or Mr Hampden—you cannot judge of their Merits, they are no Countrymen of Yours—True replied Baretti, and *you* should learn by the same Rule to speak very cautiously about Brutus & Mark Antony; they are *my* Countrymen, and I must have their Characters tenderly treated by *Foreigners*.—

Baretti could not endure to be called or scarcely thought a Foreigner; and indeed It did not often occur to his Company that he was one: for his Accent was wonderfully proper; and his Language always copious, always nervous, always full of various Allusions, flowing too with a Rapidity worthy of Admiration & far beyond the Power of nineteen in twenty Natives—he had also a Knowledge of the solem Language & the gay; could be sublime with Johnson, or Black Guard with the Groom, could dispute, could railly—could quibble in our Language—I brought Mr Thrale a Bill to discharge one Day—a special hand at a Bill says he!—if says Baretti She is good at *Billing* you must pay it.—

Baretti has besides some Skill in Musick with a Base Voice very agreeable besides a Falsetto which he can manage so as to mimic any Singer he hears. I would also trust his knowledge of Painting a long way: These Accomplishments, with his extensive Power over every modern Language make him a most pleasing Companion while he is in Good humour, and his lofty Consciousness of his own

¹ Hayward (i. 93-5) quotes from this point through 'the ferocious Italian', p. 48.

Superiority which made him tenacious of every Position, and drew him into a thousand Distresses, did not I must own ever disgust me till he began to exercise it against myself, and resolve to reign in our house by fairly defying the Mistress on 't. Pride however though shocking enough is never despicable: but Vanity which he possessed too in an eminent degree, will sometimes make a Man near sixty ridiculous. France however displayed all Mr Baretto's useful Pow'rs—he bustled for us, he cater'd for us, he took Care of the Child, he secured an Apartment for the Maid, he provided for our Safety, our Amusement, our Repose—without him the Pleasure of that Journey would never have balanced the Pain: and great was his Disgust to be sure when he caught us as he often did, ridiculing French Manners, French Sentiments &c.¹ I think he half cried to Mrs Payne the Landlady at Dover on our return because we laughed at French Cookery, & French Accommodations. Oh how he would court the Maids at the Inns abroad, abuse the Men perhaps! and that with a Facility not to be exceeded, as they all confessed by any of the Natives: but so he could in Spain I find, and so tis plain he could here: I will give one Instance of his Skill in our low Street Language.—Walking along a Field near Chelsey he met a Fellow who suspecting him from Dress & Manner to be a Foreigner said sneeringly—Come Sir will you shew me the way to France? No Sir says Baretto instantly, but I will show you your Way to Tyburn.

Such however was his Ignorance in a *certain line* that he once asked Johnson for Information who it was composed the Pater Noster,² and I heard him tell Evans the Story of Dives and Lazarus as the Subject of a Poem he once had composed in the Milanese Dialect—expecting great Credit for his powers of Invention—Evans owned to me that he thought the Man drunk, whereas poor Baretto was both in eating and Drinking—a Model of Temperance.

Had he guessed Evans's Thoughts, the parson's Gown would scarcely have saved him a Knouting from the ferocious Italian: Somebody observed when he play'd at Chess with Omiah, You would [have] thought Omai the Christian, and Baretto the Savage.—

¹ Miss Reynolds said to Johnson: 'Perhaps he [Baretto] had a kind of partiality for that country, because it was in the way to Italy, and perhaps their manners resembled the Italians.' Johnson replied 'No he was the showman, and we did not like his show; that was all the reason.' *Johns. Misc.* ii. 290.

² Boswell (*Life*, v. 121) and Malone, on the authority of Reynolds (*Prior's Malone*, pp. 394, 399), confirm this story.

when he sat for his Picture I used to say I would have these Lines written under.

So burns the vengeful Hornet—Soul all o'er,
Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still for Gore:
Bold Son of Air and heat; on angry Wings,
Untam'd, Untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings.—

Pope's Iliad.¹

I once thought of writing the Characters in Verse of all the Friends whose Portraits² hang round our Library; I finished but two or three of them—here is one however.

I was about to write the Character in Verse *here*, but there are two or three and twenty Lines of it I perceive, so the Leaf will not hold it.—Mr Baret's Character must therefore be deferred, till I find Leisure and Inclination to write them all—I will give the good and the bad of each impartially, and intend to paint my own Portrait among the rest.—

I have recorded some of my Mother's bon Mots, I must now have a touch with my Daughters:

We were at Bath in May 1776—Some Gentleman at the Rooms one Evening asked Hester what *She* thought of them, & whether She had ever seen such;—he was a plain looking Man—Yes Sir said the Girl I think *this* Room very like the South Sea House,—and *this* Company, very like the Clerks.

Another Evening of the same Month—She was not then 12 Years old—I shewed her Catherine Macaulay at the Ball; & now said She I have seen the two great literary Ladies Mrs Montagu—and Mrs Macaulay: & I have seen—that one of them wears *Black Wool* in her Ears, and that the other wears *White*.

The same Spring we had Lodgings on the North Parade; Mr Thrale slept on the 1st floor, Johnson on the 2^d Hester on the second floor too in a Room between my own and my Maids and some dirty Irish Family lodged in the Parlours—this House says Hester is like the Tree in Sophy's Fable Book; the *Eagles* inhabit the *Top*, the Fox possesses the Middle, and the Pigs wallow at the Bottom.

Somebody was telling in Sussex of a Woman who wrote with her Toes, *what* does She write says Seward—not *Manuscripts* at least Replies Hester archly this was in Oct^r 1776.

Hester begun studying Musick, when Miss Owen recollecting

¹ Bk. 17, ll. 642-5.

² By Reynolds. See below, 470-6.

her Master said these Burney's are Irish people I'm sure; Mac Burneys¹ they used to be called & were remarkably tall Folks, *High-bernias* then to be sure cries Hester merrily—this was at the latter end of 1776 when She was just turn'd twelve Years old.

Her Dancing Master was used to come at vexatious hours—He will be here to day² now said She just as the Peaches are putting on the Table—but *that* added She archly, I suppose is my *Desert*.

I will write down her first Attempt at Verses, & have done; She will be thirteen next September, and then they will be no Rareties; if I had not thought these past Specimens of her Wit tolerable in themselves I would not have inserted them—but *Burke* would have given a Crown apiece for the Quibbles, and as for the insolent Speeches they are very happy ones let who would have said them. The Verses are a Song from Metastasio.

When the Rivers haughty Wave
Breaks from forth its wonted Bed;
Scarce th'affrighted Swain can save
From the Stream his little Shed.

Though he stop one open Shore
Where the Currents swiftly glide,
At a hundred Places more
Rushes the victorious Tide. —

These Verses of hers at twelve and a half are better than my own Translation of the Spanish Sonnet in the Novel of the Curious Impertinent³ done at thirteen, as for Example

Since frail Woman's made of Glass
Can my Friend be such an Ass
To use brittle Ware like Brass?
Knowing what may come to pass.
Why hazard the Jewel you might defend?
Why strive to ruin what none can mend?
Why pine with needless Pain?
When Generous Jove on Danae pours
Resistless Love in Golden show'rs
He shall not sigh in vain.

It is my Opinion they are likewise better than what follows from

¹ Charles Burney's father, James, changed his name from MacBurney to Burney after Charles was born. The grandfather came from Great Hanwood, Shropshire, and the family was brought up there and in Shrewsbury, which was also Miss Owen's home. But she has twisted the local legend, which derived the family from a James MacBurney who came to England from Scotland with James I. Seeley, *Fanny Burney*, p. 1.

² 1 June 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ One of the *Exemplary Novels* of Cervantes.

the Spanish of Quevedo—it was a Task I remember, & done invita Minerva in the year 1758.—these however are quite literal

Old Orpheus lost his Wife one Day
Where should he seek her but in Hell!
The likeliest Place to find one's Wife.
As honest Orpheus knew full well.
Singing he sought her all the Way
And could it surpass your Belief,
Had he sung on from Morning till Night
At the Thoughts of so sweet a Relief.
The Beasts that still crowded around
His Voice and Intent to admire;
Much wonder'd his Skill he'd employ
To fetch his Wife out of the Fire.
Pluto too though he gave him his Wife
Thought his Song so uncommonly clever;
That in Friendship he dropt him a hint
How he surely might lose her forever.
T'was therefore that as they return'd
And fancying She stopt on the Road;
He turn'd round at this lucky Excuse
Miss'd his Wife and continued his Road.
Thrice happy old Orpheus say I
For to bury two Wives is not new;
But twice to get quit of the same
Is a Pleasure experienc'd by few.

I was intimate when about fourteen with a Young Lady then very eminent for Beauty and in the full Bloom of it; She was 18. in short it was Fanny Wynne¹ who for Admirers counted every Man She saw almost & justly too. on the 1st of April 1758 therefore I got a new neat large Bandbox and writing the following Verses upon a Sheet of Gilt Paper laid it in the Box, then tying the Box up nicely with red Tape & sending it directed to Miss Wynne by a Chairman. I fancied myself the most cunning of Mortals: I kept my own Counsel as it is called, & when She repeated the Lines to me for I soon followed my Bandbox, did not give her the least hint that they were mine—She never knew it to this Hour here are the Verses.

To a Lady on April Fool Day 1758.

With the Simple 'tis a Rule
Once a Year to make a Fool;
And Horace' Self as well you know
Loves to fool it—a prospòs.

¹ Later Mrs. Henry Soame. See below, p. 794 and n. 3.

Oh then how great my Wisdom's Fame
 When I shew fair Fannia's Name!
 Fannia! by the Gods design'd
 To make a Fool of half Mankind.
 Glory of her Ancient Race,
 Envy of Each beauteous Face!
 Happy he who once a Year
 Can make a Fool of such a Fair
 But the happiest Lot will fall
 To him who fools her—once for all. Corydon.

The Summer of the same Year Lambert the famous Scene-painter was ill—I sent the following Lines in a feigned hand to his & my Friend Herbert Lawrence¹ who never knew they were mine

Is Lambert sick Apollo said,
 Haste Lawrence haste to Lambert's aid!
 For tho' his grateful Shepherd pays
 The Life he gave—with deathless Praise,
 Tho' in each Sun his Virtue glows
 While in each Stream his Bounty flows;
 Tho' his unruffled Mind is seen
 In his Calm Fishponds pale serene:
 One luckless Stroke may ruin all,
 The Scene may Change and Lambert fall.

As² this is *Thraliana*—in good Time—I will now write Mr *Thrale's* Character in it: it is not because I am in good or ill Humour with him or he with me, for we are not capricious People, but have I believe the same Opinion of each other at all Places and Times.

Mr *Thrale's* Person is manly, his Countenance agreeable, his Eyes steady and of the deepest Blue: his Look neither soft nor severe, neither sprightly nor gloomy, but thoughtful and Intelligent: his Address is neither caressive nor repulsive, but unaffectedly civil and decorous; and his Manner more completely free from every kind of Trick or Particularity than I ever saw any person's—he is a Man wholly as I think out of the Power of Mimickry. He loves Money & is diligent to obtain it; but he loves Liberality too, & is willing enough both to give generously & spend fashionably. His Passions either are not strong, or else he keeps them under such Command that they seldom disturb his Tranquillity or his Friends, & it must I think be something more than common which can affect him strongly either with Hope, Fear Anger Love or Joy. His regard for his Father's Memory is remarkably great, and he

¹ A surgeon and apothecary.

² Hayward (ii. 188–91) quotes the following, through 'perfect Gentleman', p. 53.

has been a most exemplary Brother; though when the house of his favourite Sister¹ was on Fire, & we were alarmed with the Account of it in the Night, I well remember that he never rose, but bidding the Servant who called us, go to her Assistance; quietly turned about & slept to his usual hour. I must give another Trait of his Tranquillity on a different Occasion; he had built great Casks holding 1000 Hogsheads each, & was much pleased with their Profit & Appearance—one Day however he came down to Streatham as usual to dinner & after hearing & talking of a hundred trifles—but I forgot says he to tell you how one of my great Casks is burst & all the Beer run out.

Mr Thrale's Sobriety, & the Decency of his Conversation being wholly free from all Oaths Ribaldry and Profaneness make him a Man exceedingly comfortable to live with, while the easiness of his Temper and slowness to take Offence add greatly to his Value as a domestic Man: Yet I think his Servants do not much love him, and I am not sure that his Children feel much Affection for him: low People almost all indeed agree to abhor him, as he has none of that officious & cordial Manner which is universally required by them—nor any Skill to dissemble his dislike of their Coarseness—with Regard to his Wife, tho' little tender of her Person, he is very partial to her Understanding,—but he is obliging to *nobody*; & *confers* a Favour less pleasingly than many a Man *refuses* to confer one. This appears to me to be as just a Character as can be given of the Man with whom I have now lived thirteen Years, and tho' he is extremely reserved and uncommunicative, yet one *must* know something of him after so long Acquaintance. Johnson has a very great Degree of Kindness & Esteem for him, & says if he would talk more, his *Manner* would be very completely that of a perfect Gentleman.—

Mr Pepys the Master in Chancery addressed the following Verses to Mr Thrale last October 1776—on his Wedding Day.

Give me to bless Domestick Life
 With sweet Repose secure from Strife;
 (Cries every Pedant in a College)
 A Wife not over-stockt with Knowledge;
 This—every Fool who loves to quote
 What Parrot-like he learn'd by rote;
 And every Coxcomb whose Pretence
 To Wisdom marks his want of Sense,
 And all good Huswives skill'd in Darning
 Who rail with much Contempt at Larning:

¹ Lady Lade.

And all who place their Sovereign Good in
 The Composition of a Pudding
 Repeat with such Triumphant Air
 Such deep Sagacity—you'd swear
 That Knowledge among Woman kind
 Was deadliest Poyson to the Mind;
 A Crime—which venial if conceal'd
 Like Theft at Sparta,—if reveal'd,
 The Guilty stamps with such disgrace,
 No Culprit dares to Show her Face.

But tell me You, who dar'd despise
 These vulgar Maxims—who from Eyes
 Which well might grace the loveliest Fair,
 Turn'd not because bright Sense beam'd there;
 But—vent'rous Deed!—in Marriage sought
 A Mind with Stores of Knowledge fraught;
 Tell me through all these thirteen Years,
 Through varying Scenes of hopes and Fears;
 Could Ignorance more faithful prove?
 Could Folly's Self more warmly love?
 Then long may this Auspicious Morn
 At each still happier Year's Return
 Tell—what thy Sweet Experience shews,
 That Head and Heart are friends—not Foes.

Mr Thrale and I were married in the Month of October 1763 at St Anne's Church Soho—My Mother and Sir Tho^s Salusbury being present, from whom I received a Bond for ten Thousand Pounds, and had besides other very considerable & reasonable Expectations—founded on almost daily Promises, besides the Consciousness that I was his Niece, & only near Relation. He however married again, and left his Estate from me at the Instigation of his Lady whom God forgive—and I brought to my Husband—who deserved more—only the aforesaid 10,000^l and my Father's Estate of 700^l a Year beside Legacies from my Mother and my Aunts which have hitherto amounted only to three Thousand Pounds—I said Mr Thrale deserved more, and so he did, for his kind Behaviour in never once reproaching, but rather endeavouring to console me for a Loss so considerable as the Estate and favor of my Uncle, thrown away too chiefly by my own misconduct, and Compliance with my Mother's desire of breaking with him immediately upon my Father's death: Mr Thrale however always treated my Mother with the greatest and most affectionate Respect—She constantly liv'd with us, and at last died in our Arms, surrounded by our Children, little fearing the Misfortune which afterwards befell us in losing our amiable and promising Son. It is perhaps

remarkable that my Mother & I had never been twelve *hours* apart from each other till I married, nor ever more than twelve *Days* apart afterwards. Mr Thrale was originally *her* Choice for me, not mine for myself, however we never differed either on that or any other Occasion—her Pleasure was my Delight, her Will my Law, nor had my husband & I been ever *alone* together without *her* for five Minutes till after the nuptial Ceremony was past. I wrote the following little Ode two Months after our Marriage to a little Robin Redbreast who used to sing at my Window for a few Crumbs every Morning.—Mr Johnson says the Verses are very pretty, & much in Lord Lyttelton's Style. a good one says he—for a *Lady*.

Ode to a Robin Redbreast written at Streatham Dec^r 1763.

Gentle Bird a Moment stay
Nor so soon amid the Throng
Of feather'd Folk the Woods among,
Sweetly sing or wildly stray;
Gentle Bird a Moment stay—
Harmoniously a while to cheer
The Sorrows of the drooping Year,
Hoary Winter to beguile,
And stretch his frost-fix'd Features to a Smile;
Gentle Robin stay a while!
With thy sweet thy artless Lay,
Still hail the slowly-rising Day;
And if Ceres' Gifts can charm,
Or Gratitude thy Bosom warm,
Still to claim thy wonted Meed,
At my Window still to feed,
Still within my Sight to play
Gentle Bird a Moment stay:

2.

While the Lark's loud Note
Tears her trembling Throat
Ambitious of Renown;
While the Bullfinch borrows
His Artificial Sorrows
No Joy, no Grief his own:
While Philomel alone
To the swiftly-gliding Moon
Tells her Silence-soothing Tale:
Do thou to ev'ry conscious Gale
That breathes on Streatham's verdant Vale,
Of Nuptial Bliss record the Sweets,
And sing of Streatham's calm Retreats;
Her long drawn Walk, her piny Grove,
Where Happiness has deign'd to rove,

Where Love and Peace, & Friendship join,
 A Wreath for Hymen's Brows to twine;
 Where You like me have most Delight to prove
 The Joys of rural Life—and sweet connubial Love.

3.

Friend to Meekness, Foe to Strife!
 Model of Domestick Life!
 Let our flutt'ring Friends whose Fires
 Wanton Spring alone inspires
 Die at December's Touch so rude,
 And sink at thoughts of Solitude;
 While with calm Content our Guest
 Winter to us no Fears can bring;
 To him whose Mind with peace is blest,
 Each Month is May, each Season—Spring.
 Though faintly glimm'ring on the Sight
 The Snows in ill-form'd Hillocks rise;
 He whose pure Conscience is as white
 Secure external Frost defies.
 Sweet Warbler then, still charm these Plains,
 Nor envy Philomela's Strains
 While Thyrsis first of Shepherd Swains
 Thy genuine Song approves:
 Encourag'd by his partial Praise,
 My weaker Voice I strive to raise,
 And tune for him my Sylvan Lays
 Through Streatham's vocal Groves.

The End.

Mr Pepys, whose Verses on our Wedding Day are written out two or three Pages back, is one of my great favourites, and I am very sorry Johnson hates him so; but 'tis no wonder, his Character is so very artificial—his *Manner* at least—that it disgusts a Man who has seen all sorts of Tricks and who can be pleased with nothing but Nature: they had a Dispute Yesterday however about Ovid, and I fully intended writing down the particulars of the Conversation, as many very striking Things were said; but one of my Girls was sick in the Afternoon, and I forgot every Word of it, carrying in my Head only this single Idea, that Pepys talked from Bouhours Book,¹ and therefore all Johnson said was lost upon him, for how can you convince a Man who is not uttering his own Opinions but those of another?

Mr Pepys however is a Man of Virtue, a Man of Learning, a Man pious, frugal, charitable and kind: has a great many Anecdotes, to enliven his Talk, and dresses gayly to set off his Person, his

¹ *La Manière de bien penser.*

Person though is still mean, and his Talk artificial; his Struggles to gain Admiration are too apparent & he is admirably described by the same Words with which Menage¹ describes M^r de Costar; C'est (dit il,) le Galant le plus pedant, et le Pedant le plus galant qu'on puisse voir. His Verses on M^{rs} Greville² and M^{rs} Crewe I think are very *smart* ones, and have a Turn remarkably elegant at the End.

Sweet Greville! whose too feeling Heart

So oft to Love betray'd,

With Sappho's Ardour, Sappho's Art

For Calm Indifference pray'd:

Who can endure a pray'r from You

So selfish and confin'd?

You should—when You produc'd a Crewe

Have pray'd for all Mankind.

M^r Pepys told me the following Story which I believe is not *yet* got into any *Fest Book* but *this*; and it is a true one. One Day when he had been out all Morning his Maid at his return let him know that Lord Beauchamp had been at his Lodgings, and desired he would lend him Three Oxen and a Hogshead: Sure you misunderstood him says Pepys; Yes Sir replies the Girl his Lordship said *I* could not understand him, but *you* would find out what he meant in a Moment.—it was a Theocritus and a Horace.—

This Story is something like one which M^r Seward told me for a Fact & said he had it from the Bookseller's Boy. Bishop Hinchliffe when he was at Bath in the Spring 1776 sent his Servant to Leake's Shop on the parade for *Smallridge's* Sermons; The Fellow losing the Name by the way, asks for *small religious* Sermons and the Bookseller after examining his Catalogue for the *smallest* sent him Sterne's.

Pepys one Day told me the following Story which struck me much: A restless old Gentleman had invited some Friends to Dinner—they came, and so did the Time of Conversation: but still as Talk grew diffused the Master of the house would suddenly advert to some Picture in the next Room, which he must needs have them look at, some Temple in the Garden, or Race-horse in the Stable which was worth their Examination: One of the Company at length quite wearied with perpetual shifting of the Scene when his Tale grew interesting, or his Argument successful; cried out—Oh there is a covered Waggon going by:—Dear Sir let us all get into it;—we can then talk, and change our Place at the same Time.

¹ *Menagiana* (4 vols., Paris, 1715), ii. 76.

² Author of the *Ode to Indifference*, and mother of Mrs. Crewe.

M^r Pepys one Day brought me the following Epigram which says he is I think quite to your Taste, and not very generally known—'Tis written by S^r Henry Wooton and runs thus—I do like it as well as he does.

Silence in Love betrays more Woe
Than Words though ne'er so witty;
The Beggar that is dumb you know
Deserves our double Pity.¹

The Famous Sonnet of Sir H: Wooton beginning. Ye meaner Beauties of the Night² is likewise exquisitely pretty, and I shall never forget Baretti's Critique upon it as I think it was a capital one—and for a Foreigner—astonishing. The last Stanza says he ought to be the first, for it is now A Climax down Stairs, beginning with the Stars; and ending with the Roses. Baretti indeed valued himself on his Poetry, which might be excellent in his own Language; I never saw anything of his writing though except the following Madrigal which he one Day sent to my Daughter, and which I imitated in Verse in a Quarter of an hour for a Wager of Six Pence that I would do it into Rhime sooner than She would into Prose.

Sonetto.

Un Asino che avea tanto intelletto
Quanto puo averne un Animal suo pari,
Venuto alla Citta per suo diletto
Si fece ad osservar gli umani Affari.

2.

Vide le Donne mettersi in Assetto
Ed abbellirsi che pareano Altari;
Vide marciar li Scioperoni in Letto,
Vide sull' oro vigilar gli Avari.

3.

Vide nel Foro la legal Tempesta
Sbatter di quà in là ragioni e fatti,
Vide Malati in duol, Medici in festa.

4.

Vide Poeti vaneggianti e astratti
Indi — scrollando l'orecchiuta Testa,
Oh che Bestie! diss' egli che bei Matti!

Here's now the Sixpenny Translation done in a Quarter of a hour.

An Ass who had as much at least
Of common Sense as any Beast;
Come up to Town to take his Pleasure
And scrutinize Mankind—at Leisure.

¹ Does not appear in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*, or in any modern collection. The style makes the attribution extremely doubtful.

² 'On his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.'

He saw the Ladies at their Toylet,
 Intent upon their Face—to spoyl it;
 Like Heathen Altars widely spread,
 Surpriz'd he view'd the spacious head;¹
 Idlers he saw in Bed o' scratching,
 And Misers o'er their Money watching;
 He saw the Lawyers half at Blows
 About Dame Rudd and the Perreaux:
 The Coughing Train he *heard*, and then saw
 Doctors enjoy the Influenza;²
 Poets besides, or dull or raving,
 And now his long-car'd head up heaving,
 Surely said he these silly Elves,
 Are greater Beasts than We ourselves.—

Now to return to Mr Pepys. He told me one Day a comical Thing concerning his quitting Eton School: Doctor Barnard under whom he was educated, had it seems a way of talking to the Boys who were taking Leave of him at once so tender and so full of Admonition that many of them had been known to shed Tears at parting—says Pepys to his Companion who went home the same Day, I dread going up to the Doctor lest his Advice should affect me, I am afraid of being made to cry.—believe me replies his Friend I am more afraid than You—for I have the Misfortune to *cry loud*.

Another Eton Story of his used to divert me—but I don't think it will read well.—A Boy who had been taught to know the planet Mars at sight valued himself no little on his Astronomical Skill; so one Evening Pepys heard him instructing one of the *Blunts*³ concerning the Planet Mars forsooth, but unable to stop at Truth Oh says he I know them all quite well—that is Mars I tell you—that *there* is Bacchus—and this *here* Apollo, Dear me! cries the Boy that he was teaching, and pray now which is *Virorum*?⁴

A Westminster Boy once told me the following Anecdote which he knew for a Fact—a Derbyshire Boy, one *Munday* was caught out of Bounds by the Master with a Pot of Porter in his hand:—he

¹ This was in the Year 1775 or 76 when the Perreaux were hanged for Forgery, & when the Ladies wore their Heads dress'd so wide that the Breadth at the Top was to be exactly equal with the Breadth of the Shoulders. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² There was an Epidemic Cough too that Winter called the Influenza. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ A Blunt is a Cant Phrase for a Dunce at Eton. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Explained by the *Eton Latin Grammar* or *Brevissima Institutio*, originally compiled by William Lily, in 1512, and used as the prescribed text for teaching Latin in England for over two hundred years. The rules for nouns, in the section on syntax, begin: 'Propria quae maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum; Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; virorum', &c., and the section was often referred to as *Propria quae maribus*. Cf. below, p. 647. Fielding makes a jest of this schoolboy learning in *Joseph Andrews*, Bk. 2, chap. 11.

dropt the Pot, & taking to his Heels cried—Sic transit Gloria Mundi.

It was Mr Pepys who first told me the now well-known Story of Capability Brown¹ meeting Lord Chatham at Staines, they had dined together and chatted freely about Gardening, Politicks—every thing: when they were going to part—says Lord Chatham—Go you and *adorn* England!—Brown replies instantly—Go you and *preserve* it.

Murphy says that Capability Brown as he is called, has a good Share of Wit; at some Country Town where Mr Murphy was on the Circuit he found himself retain'd in a Cause against Brown; and on going up the Town Hall & perceiving himself pressed upon by the Crowd, he turned to him and said, I wish Mr Brown you would have *clumped* Your Javelin Men, and made a Serpentine Walk along the Hall, for there is no Stirring: With Regard to the Javelin Men replies Brown I say little—but as to the Walk—mine is a *plain Path* Mr Murphy, 'tis you Lawyers that make it Serpentine.—

Mr Pepys told me a Story today of an odd kind—I must absolutely record it. A Lady of some Fashion Miss Osborne her Name, was visiting at her Friend's Seat in a distant County; and was after a very few days Residence observed to lose her Spirits, and sink into a State of Melancholy: when being roundly taxed with it by her Friend in private, She resolutely confessed that her Mind was disturbed by a strange Thing which had lately happened to her every day, and recurring constantly at the same hour, kept her in constant Anxiety I hear said She a Voice just at two o'Clock repeating in a Dolorous Tone these Words “Once I was happy, and now I am miserable.”” The Lady of the house insisted on being a fellow-listener the very next Day—when lo it was only the squeaking of the Jack, to which her moody Imagination had set those Words.

This Story reminds me of another I heard from a friend in the Sea Service many Years ago—he knew it to be true.—A Lieutenant in the Navy—grown old without further Promotion, had been long confined by ill health at his Lodgings in the Strand, and Mr Pratten who told the Story was almost his only Visitant. one day the old Lieutenant let him know that his Mind had been lately disturbed in a strange Manner by hearing a poor Man under his Window every day repeating these Words at a certain hour as if address'd to him, Who remembers Admiral Mohun?—which Words said he, now my health gets stouter, I will surely call him to an Account for—Pratten could make nothing of this Complaint,

¹ The famous landscape gardener.

so changed the Conversation; but what was his Astonishment to see his Friend in a short Time suddenly start up, and running into the Street catch hold of an oldish Beggar, and interrogate him in a fierce Tone—with a Well Sir! and suppose *I* remember Admiral Mohun—what then? I don't know I am sure Sir replies the fellow—I sell my little Memorandum Books, and gives no Offence to nobody. his Cry was only Who buys a Memorandum Book?—which the sick Officer's Imagination had translated into who remembers Admiral Mohun? from whom it seems he had formerly been supposed to have obtained his Commission in some way—I know not what—not quite honourable.—“Thus Conscience doth make Cowards of us all!”¹

I once said speaking of Mr Pepys that he was like a Candle that would not light kindly; there was a perpetual Struggle in him between Brilliancy & Obscurity:—I love him however for his good Qualities.—

There was a curious Piece of Mechanism shewed about for a Shew: Pepys went with a Lady to look at it, and was led to observe to her, that the People who were eminent for Bons Mots resembled the Dragon in the Clockwork who every two or three Minutes spit from his Mouth a Di'mond or a Pearl;—Yes interrupted Mr Evans² who was present, and they resemble the Dragon in this Too, that they draw up the same Bon-mot as he does the Jewel, and make it serve again and again.

Fitzherbert begged of Charles Townshend one Day, to take him in his Chariot to the Treasury whither he was going, and bring him back home: I will take you there reply'd Mr Townshend but cannot bring you back as I am engaged to another Gentleman—Oh that is better far says Fitzherbert—piqued, for then the same Wit will do backwards and forwards.

Fitzherbert one Day walking idly along London Streets saw written up *Good boy! d Beef hot every Day*: in a merry humour he rubbed off the Top of the *h*, and left it standing thus *Good boy! d Beef not every day*.

This was Cox the Dancing Master—not Fitzherbert.³

It was on the 10th Day of August 1770. that I saw Mr Fitzherbert for the first Time, he pleased me mighty well but I expected more Wit, more Flash than I found in him; Johnson says that it is by

¹ *Hamlet* III. i. 83.

² Mr Evans is Rector of St Olave Southwark. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ An afterthought added between the lines.

having *no* Wit, & pretending to none that he has gained such considerable Ground upon the World, that 'tis now half a Disgrace not to be acquainted with Fitzherbert: he added a peculiarity of Character which doubtless contributes to forward his *Reputation—Reception* I mean; & that is, that no Man is less welcome to Fitzherbert either for his Virtues or for his Vices; he is as willing says Johnson to shew Friendship to Sam: Johnson as to Dick Swift¹—to *Rousseau* as to *Saint Austin*.

Fitzherbert had a Box that opened on the Side; what an elegant one it is says Garrick! why answers the other it is *so* difficult now to get a *Side Box*² you know, that I have e'en bought one of my own.

A Gentleman³ was teizing Fitzherbert with Cant how much he loved his Son—who lived a hundred Miles off; how he longed to see his Son, & how sorry he was he could not see his Son and such Stuff—Why take a Post Chaise and go to his House; & then you'll *see him* says Fitzherbert.—this went about the Town for so *dry* a thing—I don't see much in either of these last Stories—but here they are.

Fitzherbert related a Bon Mot of Johnson's one Day when I met him at Nesbitt's Dinner;—*any* Man may relate another's Wit said Pottinger, let's have some of your own pray: you are mistaken sir replies Fitzherbert, it is not every Man that *can* relate a Bon Mot, and Tom Davies spoyl'd this very one last Week—I heard him.

This was the Bon Mot—that is if I can tell it—Boswell had long wished to get acquainted with Johnson, & had press'd Davies to introduce him, but Davies durst not: meeting him however accidentally in the Shop, Boswell resolved to introduce himself—and coming towards him said *modestly* Sir I have long wished for the honour of conversing with so great a Man, but have always been apprehensive You would not like me because I was a Scotsman, now I *could* not *help coming out* of Scotland—you know: No Sir replies Johnson I see none of you that *can*.⁴

Poor Davies it seems told the Story thus; I could not you know

¹ Dick Swift was a famous Robber about that Time. *Mrs. Thrale*. He was transported for fourteen years on April 20, 1765. *Gent. Mag.* xxxv. 197.

² i.e. at the theatre.

³ Mr. John Gilbert Cooper. Cf. *Boswell, Life*, iii. 149, n. 2.

⁴ Cf. *Boswell's Life*, i. 392, and the *Boswell Papers*, x. 200. The character of Boswell is never clearly delineated in *Thraliana*. But that Mrs. Thrale had an acute perception of his ruling passion is seen in two of her marginalia: 'Curiosity carried Boswell farther than it ever carried any mortal breathing. He cared not what he provoked so as he saw what *such a one* would say or do'; 'Bozzy was like a man in Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, I forget his name, who brings people together for his own sport, and they sometimes quarrel, but make it up so often that he is at length happily persuaded of his own benevolence.' Hayward, ii. 124, 126.

help being a *Scotsman*, no Sir says Johnson I see none of you that *can*.— This was spoyling the Bon mot indeed.

On the 3^d of January 1772 this famous Fitzherbert hanged himself,¹ leaving Mankind much astonish'd at his Conduct: And now says Johnson see what it is to have a diffus'd Acquaintance and not one Friend.—Mr Fitzherbert was a Deist, so I supposed he hanged himself according to his own Principles—very properly—he was a benevolent Man; I remember his Charity to a notorious Wretch; Why says Johnson do you encourage such a Fellow? because says he I hold that when a Man has lost 19 Parts of His Character, he will take Care of the 20th

Now will I write out a miserable Performance of my own—for this Book is to hold all sorts of Stuff—it is an Ode written when I was between sixteen and seventeen Years old, in which I fancied—God help me—I had imitated the eminent English Poets as well as Addison himself. As I read it over this Moment I resolved once to burn it, but recollecting that my poor Father had in his foolish Fondness given Copies to a Friend or two, I thought it might as well have a place here—I see 'tis too bad to mend—so here it is—
“ “with all its Imperfections on its Head!” ”²

Irregular Ode on the English poets—New Year's day 1759.

I.

High on a chalky Cliff whose height
O'erlooks a fertile Plain;
From whose broad Top the aching Sight
Sees stretch'd in vast Expanse the Azure Main
Britannias' Genius sate:
And while on England's happy Land
She turn'd her eager Eyes:
How thick She cried our Valleys stand!
What pleasing Prospects rise!
The Wood-crown'd Hill, the widely-spreading plain,
The Pastures rich in closer Bounds confin'd;
The sweet Cærulean Pea, the golden Grain
That willing waves in warm September's Wind;
The verdant Slopes which scattr'g Flocks adorn,
And sparkle to the Sun each dewy Morn,
At Home their Ease, abroad their Fame
My children thro' the World proclaim
The favour'd Sons of Fate.

¹ Horace Walpole writes (*Letters*, v. 362): 'Poor Mr. Fitzherbert hanged himself on Wednesday. He went to see the convicts executed that morning; and from thence in his boots to his son, having sent his groom out of the way. At three his son said, Sir, you are to dine at Mr. Buller's; it is time for you to go home and dress. He went to his own stable and hanged himself with a bridle. They say his circumstances were in great disorder.' ² Cf. *Hamlet*, I. v. 79.

2.

Why then must still the Name of Great be mix'd
 With Murder Sound profane!
 And why must Glory's glitt'ring Fane be fix'd
 On the fresh Bleeding Bodies of the Slain?
 Oh rather let Renown
 Here ascend her Throne;
 On Liberty founded,
 By Plenty surrounded,
 With Simplicity wise and with Innocence great;
 And whilst Torrid Climates their Harvests deny,
 And parch with the heat of a rigorous Sky,
 While the moss-grown Sickle stands
 Rusted to the Reapers hands;
 While clad in Arms each mighty Lord
 Wields the wide-destroying Sword,
 While Fame to Regions far remote
 Conveys each dismal dying Note;
 Filling with Sounds of Sad Despair
 The Rocks and Caves and Desart Air
 Be this the Muses Scat!

3.

Nor longer envy Rome her Tyber's Coast!
 Nor Greece her soft Castilian Stream!
 Our Rocky Avon's Shores shall boast
 As great a Bard, as bright a Theme.
 For sprightly Wit, for solid Sense,
 For Liberty and Eloquence
 In Ages past our happy Land
 Stood as a Record of Renown;
 Ages to come she still shall stand
 Till weight of Empire pulls her down:
 Nor has her Fame, nor Genius known Decay
 From hobbling Chaucer—down to tuneful Gray.

4.

First Spenser came; a comely courteous Knight
 Who first to sooth our rude rough Tongue did try;
 His Numbers still do please each British Wight
 Who beareth due Respect to Chivalry:
 So the soft Maïd doth still in Secret sigh
 For him who first did cause her Love-sick Smart;
 Which never shall remove until She die,
 His Image is imprinted in her Heart,
 Ne can a Second Love oblige it to depart.

5.

But see the Lightnings flash, the Thunders roll,
'Tis Shakespear rushes on my Soul,
He waves his wondrous Wand!
At every Touch some new-made Forms obey,
And ghastly Spectres homage pay
To his creative hand.

Or when our softer Passions he would move
With Juliet's Charms or Romeo's Love
How melting sweet the Lyre!
But when bold Henry's battles swell the page
Who can describe his noble Rage
Without a Muse of Fire?

Again! by Shakespeare's magick Pow'rs
These glittering Thrones, these cloud-capt Tow'rs
Shall flit like empty Wind!
Shall burst like Bubbles in a Stream
And like the Conqueror's aery Dream
Leave not a Wreck behind.

6.

Hence vain ambitious Folly!
And you who tell each Tale in fetter'd Rhime,
While Milton more sublime
Can fill the fixed Mind with Joys more holy:
Hail heav'n-instructed Bard!
How Echo rings yon' ragged Rocks among!
Responsive to thy Song!
Surpass'd alone by that which Man ne'er hears,
The Musick of the Spheres;
Which doth at length thy matchless Strains reward.

7.

But hark! harmonious Dryden strikes the Shell,
Each Passion he can raise or quell;
Our Eyes in flood with Laughter stand
To see him play the fool so well,
Or correspondent to Command
With real Grief, and heart-felt Sorrow swell;
For who but he such tender Tales could tell?
In words that melted as they fell?
What Passion cannot Dryden raise or quell?

8.

To scourge the wicked, and the wise to mend,
Raise falling Virtue, and her Cause defend,
See Pope appear; who could alone explore
Worlds then unknown, and Paths untrod before:

Mark the nice Spot where Vice and Virtue join'd,
 And fix the ruling Passion of the Mind;
 Then stoop to celebrate Belinda's Name,
 And consecrate his own—eternally to Fame.

Nor¹ has the Muse forgot to sing
 Nor has She yet forsook her fav'rite Isle;
 Some modern Bards there are, can strike the String
 And force from Phœbus an approving Smile
 Why then ingrate
 Complain of Fate
 As wanting in poetick Fire?
 While easy Marriott tunes the vocal Lyre,
 While Gray—that great Original we own,
 And gentle Mason sits sublime on Nature's peaceful Throne.

The first of April 1769 was the Coldest Day that had been felt since the first of January—odd enough!

The first of May the same Year 1769: was as remarkably hot, The Trees in full Verdure, the Dust flying and one's Friends kicking out their Carpets, & running into the Country.

Among the various Tricks a Monkey can learn, Rope dancing is supposed the most difficult, but no Instruction can make Pug tye a Knot.—Human Creatures can tye a Knot by then they are four Years old.

There is in North America I am told a small Animal called the Tettee which feeds on Scorpions, after first twisting off the Tail, & so securing the Sting—the Creature is of the Squirrel Kind. M^{rs} Otway often saw them on the Musquitoe Shore.²

Quere whether Animals have Sensation after their heads are cut off? we all know they have Motion; the Question is if such Motion is Convulsive, or caused by feeling.

It is observed by Salmon,³ after having described the various Regions of the Earth with their most remarkable Manners, Customs, Ceremonies &c. that no Nation has been yet known, civilized or uncivilized, the Inhabitants of which have found themselves able to support Life without some Art of Intoxication—Strong Liquors, Opium or Betel—Suivez as Rousseau says, la Chaîne de tout cela.⁴

¹ The last section is written on a slip of paper pasted to the foot of the page.

² A section of the coastal region of Nicaragua.

³ In *The Universal Traveller* (1754).

⁴ 'Ou est l'homme assez stupide pour ne pas voir la chaîne de tout cela?' *Emile, Œuvres complètes*, ed. Hachette (1911), ii. 16.

Mr Johnson once made me observe that none but Animal Substances were ever said to be nasty.¹

The Turkey Stone is I am told an Animal, not a mineral Substance, a Bone in short, which lying long in the Vicinage of Copper has acqu[i]red that beautiful Blue Colour which is surpassed only by the Sky.

It was on the 3^d of January 1770 I first went over Black Fryars Bridge in a Coach, but it was very frightful as the Balustrades were not above half up.

The City Kitchens were all upstairs, so certainly as that the Cry within Temple Bar was *Milk above Stairs* in opposition to that without the Bar, which has always been *Milk below Stairs*.²

On the 2^d of March 1770. I had a large Pike sent me; it weigh'd 30^{lb} 3 ounces, and measured in Length three Feet seven Inches and a half, it was nineteen Inches round, in the thickest Part, and was caught in a Pond in Sunning hill Park the Seat of Mr Crutcheley who made me the Present; I never saw a Pike so large, but I asked Sir Robert Cotton³ & he said he thought there were larger in Combermere—seeing however is believing.

The heart of a Frog will not cease to beat says *John Hunter* for four hours after it has been torne from the Body of the Animal Poor Creature—Il a bu jusqu'au lies la Coupe amere & douce de la Sensibilité,⁴ might Jean Jacques observe in this Place.

The Word *Lusivee* as used for the American Animal so called, seems to be only a Corruption of the French Name *Loup Cervier* I see the Creature corresponds with that mentioned by Buffon,⁵ What could Buffon mean by saying Cows shed their Horns?⁶ is there any Country where they do shed them?—surely I think not.

Why will Buffon so roundly affirm the Impossibility of taming a Hyæna? I have myself seen one so tame that I stroaked it, and

¹ Cf. Johnson's remarks on this subject in the *Tour to the Hebrides, Life*, v. 216.

² The kitchen in the basement superseded the ground-floor kitchen gradually. Some City houses certainly had basement kitchens, notably that of Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square off Fleet Street, which was probably rebuilt on an older foundation, of the preceding century, before Johnson occupied it in 1749. *Johnson's England*, ii. 136.

³ Her cousin, who succeeded his father, Sir Lynch, on his death in 1775.

⁴ *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, Pt. 6, Letter 11: 'on m'a fait boire jusqu'à la lie . . .'

⁵ Buffon, according to the *O.E.D.*, applied the name *serval* both to an Asiatic lynx, and to an American lynx resembling it, deriving the name from *Fr. loup cervier*.

⁶ Buffon, *Œuvres*, ed. Flourens, ii. 436 (cited by L. F. Powell in Boswell, *Life*, iii. 484). Cf. Mrs. Thrale's comment on Goldsmith's similar error below, p. 344.

made the Child who was with me stroke it; I observed that he wagged his Tail like a Dog at the approach of his Master, who said he often lay by the Fire of Afternoons among the Family—but on Mornings he was chained up for a Shew. The Man called him Billy, his Shape and Colour were much like those of a spotted or streaked Pig, and his Tail of a Twirl in the manner of Swine's Tails,—but his Caresses were the Caresses of a Dog, and I particularly minded that he licked his Master's hand.

Once at a Shew of wild Beasts the Man made us examine a Panther so gentle that she purred like a Cat, and rolled, and rubbed herself about her Keeper in the manner Cats use; see Gentlemen & Ladies says Mr Cross—Here's the fierce Animal mentioned in Lilly's Grammar, *Nec vult Panthera domari*;—& see here I will pull her Tongue out before you, & you shall count her Teeth Gentlemen.—My Father was so pleased that he gave the fellow a Crown.

I went to the Tower with my Father & Dr Collier—there was a Farmer Lad & Wench from the West of England looking at the Lyons with us—Doctor Collier was shortsighted & going too near the Den, the Beast put his Paw out, & the Wench set up a Shriek—Let'n bite'n says her Looby Lover—a'can't hurt we. The Doctor whipt away from the Danger, & this Nonsense of Let'n bite'n, grew into a Family Joke at our house.

Doctor Collier told a Story of a Fellow coming to Salisbury one Time with a Shew of Beasts, but as his Collection was not a full one, he held up a Cat at last by the Hind Legs, and pinching it cried out Lyons and Tygers have I seen, but a fiercer little Animal than this have I never seen.

The French seem strangely behind hand in their Menageries I was shewed a White Turkey for a Rarity at Chantilly—*blanche comme la Neige* says the Fellow, and their Golden Vulture had his Feet rotted off by the Cold: The old Pelican at Versailles however was curious, I never saw but that Pelican in my Life.

The French are foppish, and will be foppish, no Philosophy can cure them: Tournefort¹ is so distressed in the Greek Islands—& finds it so *odd* a thing that his Partridges are not larded, as they are larded at Paris; Maupertuis² wishes to converse with the Orang

¹ In his *Relation d'un voyage du Levant* . . . (1717).

² See Letter 5, 'Sur l'âme des bêtes', *Œuvres* (1756), ii. 219. It is an answer to Descartes' theory that animals had no souls.

Outangs, which he thinks would greatly enlarge our Knowledge of human Nature, and Abbé la Chappe¹ in the midst of the horrors of Tobolsky thinks all might be endured if he had but un Cuisinier de Paris.—

M^{rs} Fossey² of the Taphouse belonging to our Brewery told me this strange Fact on the 18: Jan: 1770. that She yesterday gave fourteen Shillings for a Hind Quarter of Lamb to be dressed at the expence of one of the Men belonging to the Brew house; who each give a Dinner every Saturday during the brewing Season—the Dinner the Cooper—who is not counted either very rich or very liberal—gave last Saturday, is as follows on the other side the page—I wrote it down from her Mouth as a striking Proof of the Opulence in which our low People live

	£	
a Salmon which cost - - -	1 : 13 : 0	
two fore Qu ^{rs} of Lamb cost - -	1 : 1 : 0	
Eight Wild Ducks 2/6 each -	1 : 0 : 0	
Three Puddens Value - - -	1 : 0 : 0	
Ragouts to y ^e Value of - - -	1 : 12 : 0	
	<hr/>	
	£6 : 6 : 0	

This Entertainment was washed down by Port Wine and Rum Punch, so God a mercy Cooper—I confess his Dignity amazed me.

The World may be said to be divided into the following Ranks or Orders of People; 1st the Savage Nations, which making no provision for the future hunt or fish for their Food, 2^{dly} the Erraticks who following the Sun, live on the produce of their Flock—Mutton and Milk, 3^{dly} the Agricolists who plough the Land, reap the Harvests, grind the Corn, *et sic tandem* as Linneus says—*Panis conficitur*.³ the fourth Rank comprehends all Commercial and civilized Life—the Cooper abovemention'd—and She who writes the Account of him.—

Regnard a French Wit of the Siecle de Louis XIV travelled with literary Companions, & erected on the North Coast of Lapland a Stone with an Inscription more Sublimely striking than any thing I ever read yet as I saw it but once I cannot remember it,—but after Gallia nos genuit—Gangem vidimus, and more that my Memory has wholly lost—comes the last glorious Line—

Hic tandem stetimus, ubi nobis defuit Orbis.—

¹ In his *Voyage en Sibérie, fait en 1761 . . .* (1768).

² She is Mr Thrale's Aunt, his own Mother's own Sister. Mrs. Thrale. ³ i.e. *conficitur*.

What can be the Reason that Wit has not yet found its way to Africa? the Hottentots themselves are surely capable as we are, but Wit seems to be like Fire it will blaze away when once it is begun, but it must first be lighted—perhaps too by a pretty rude Collision; when it is once kindled it burns away like other fire fainter and fainter till fresh fuel comes to set it going again.

On the sixteenth of April 1771 it froze exceedingly hard, there was Ice in all the Channels and no appearance of Spring even in the neighbourhood of London.

A Farmer was censuring his Sister for being over forward with a Fellow she was desirous to marry—it has no *Good Look out* says he when the Haystack follows the Cow.

When Fordyce broke in the Year 1772.¹ and so many people were ruined by his and many other Bankruptcies—the great Noise did not begin till a Month or more after the Mischief was done, Oh says I this is only the Thunder after the Lightning.—

They were talking of the Downfall of Sir George Colebrooke who has suffered so much by his Contracts, his Alum &c. ay said I poor Soul

These *Allum* Stypticks with *contracting* power
Shrink his *thin Essence* like a rivell'd *Flow'r*.²

It is observable that even Brutes cannot be happy in Solitude When a Cat is alone she never purs.

Says Johnson to me I have been thinking this Morning what Creature you most resemble & 'tis the Rattle Snake; I am sure you have its *Attractions*, I think you have its *Venom* too, and all the World knows you have its *Rattle*

On the 2^d of April 1774. the Trees are³ bursting out—not into Bloom but into Leaf, one cannot bear a fire in the Room and London is as disagreeable from Heat & Dust as in July.—

The 2^d April 1775 was a Day remarkably warm & fine; The Trees are all in Bloom, some in Leaf, & Summer seems already far advanced.

on the 13th April 1775 we had a violent *Summer Storm* of Thunder

¹ On June 10. Fordyce laid the foundation of his fortune by anticipating the rise in India stocks in 1765. He lost so heavily by their fall at the time of the Falkland Islands dispute that he borrowed the firm's money to cover his losses, and broke for £100,000. He was tried in September. *Gent. Mag.* xlii. 311, 434-6.

² *Rape of the Lock*, Canto 2, ll. 131-2.

³ She is copying a memorandum without revision. See Introduction, p. xi.

Lightning & Rain, the Heat & Storm & every thing reminded one of July.

21st of April 1775 I returned *home* from Southwark to Stretham to lye in: I think it something remarkable that I should fix this day six months ago & be able to keep it so exactly. The Cuckoo sung all the way home.

The Spring 1777 was the dryest and the Summer 1777 the wettest, I ever remember in my whole Life.

The largest Ivy I ever saw was at Caernarvon Castle—it measured as thick in Timber as Mr Johnson's Thigh.

The largest Yew Tree I ever saw is in Wanstead Park, it was as thick as a common Elm.

The Cuckoo sung on the 20th of July 1777. I knew her sing once on the 2^d but that was the latest I ever heard before

I had a black and white speckled Hen once changed entirely white at the moulting Season; She seemed very ill and drooping before the Change, and after her Plumage was milk white, & She was recovered her Illness, She used to hide herself among the Bushes as if ashamed of the alteration, which had indeed a very particular Effect. This Accident, joyn'd to some Observation inclines me to think whiteness rather an Imperfection wherever it is found; If for example any Fowl is unhealthy the Colour of the Feathers after seem inclinable to turn White, & Blackbirds Swallows & Woodcocks have been found of that Colour in many Parts of England when Illness has retarded their Passage, or injured their Constitution—Mice and Rats have also been known to turn White from Blows, bad health or Misfortunes—and indeed—to look no further—our own Hair grows white as we all know merely from Age, Grief, Sickness, Fright or some evil Accident befalling us: it is further observable that in the Torrid Zone there are few if any white Animals, in the Temperate Zone whiteness seems to be always an Effect of Decay—and in the Frigid Zone the Foxes, the Bears, the Deer—*every thing* is white: I go still further—Human Creatures—which are black under the Line, get fairer in more temperate Latitudes, and the Scotch Highlanders we all know to be eminently white of Complexion—Horses as well as Men and Dogs grow grey with Age, but if they are naturally white or Cream Colour—does, anybody think well of them? did ever white Horse win a Plate? or ever white Cock gain a Battle?—Newmarket is conscious of the contrary. in Vegetable Substances—has a white Rose the same Degree of

fragrance as a Red? and in Minerals is not Silver less precious than Gold? To return to Animals are not People with white Hair and Eye Brows reckoned foolish, and in effect did one ever hear of a great Man who was eminently white? are not Children fairest while they are Infants?—and does not the Complexion gain Colour as the Body & Mind gain Strength?—so much for my hypothesis concerning Whiteness,¹ which Linnæus carries still farther when he holds the original Human Pair to have Been Black, and the Europeans to be only an accidental Variety.

I raised a Pheasant once under a hen;² She took wing from being pursued by a Dog at 3 Months old, & I lost Sight of her till the Winter: when She returned at the frosty Season & fed every Day with our Poultry, flying off after She had satisfied herself, & returning again next Day till the Cold Weather was past—and then She came back no more.

I asked M^r Lever what he took to be the common Longevity of domestick Fowl, and I found he had no guess—I immediately took an intention to Observe it; I have accordingly kept a Cock & hen o' purpose; the Hen is past 10 Years old now,³ She lays and sits as usual, but her Spurs are grown so long they incommode her Walking: The Cock is still very gallant, and Master of all the Cocks I keep, but though he will suffer no other Bird on his Side the House to tread a hen except by stealth, yet he does not seem to do it well himself, for I have not raised one Chicken of his kind this Year, though he has two Hens of the same Sort which go almost constantly with him.

It seems odd enough however, that most Creatures except of the Human Species are prolifick to the very last Stage of their Existence; I had a Cow died in Calving when she was 22 years old, and my Mother's favourite Pointing Bitch brought fifteen Puppies when She was fifteen Years old, & died of Age that Year. I think a Dog which has done any Business, as Hounds, Setters, &c: seldom turn 15: I once kept a favrite Spaniel Bitch to 18 Years old, but then she had been saved the Pains of Pregnancy by Castration in her Youth.

I have lived so much, and with so intimate a Correspondence among Quadrupeds that I think higher of their Intellects than most people do. it is always confidently asserted that the Wit of Dogs

¹ See the briefer but closely similar passage in her published letter to Johnson, dated June 24, 1775. *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, i. 253. The text of her letter may have been altered to include this lucubration. Cf. below, p. 711, n. 4.

² This was in the Year 1776. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

and Horses are not improveable by Education which I utterly deny. a Dog bred in Doors and talked with familiarly, has ten Times the Sense, I could almost say Conversation of a Dog kept in a Kennel, or suffered to run about unnoticed: they are likewise capable of imitation, and do actually imitate each other very often: with Regard to Virtue & Vice they apparently differ, some being easily broke of bad habits and some unconquerable. Some possess that Quality which in each other we call *humanity*, and some do not. I myself saw the following instance of a Dog's disposition to kindness. I was at the Seat of my Uncle Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton at Combermere Abbey, where there is an extremely fine Piece of Water—we were sailing to a Summerhouse at some Distance, and those Dogs that were not admitted into the Boat would absolutely swim after us; among the rest Miss Cotton's favourite, a small Thing between the Spaniel and the Lapdog kind, much against his Lady's Consent—who had sent him back from the Yatcht—would trust to his Swimming & follow his Friends, but in a Quarter of a hour he grew weary & cry'd, and we were consulting how to relieve his Distress; when Gunner, my Father's Newfoundland dog whom he had brought from abroad as a present to Sir Lynch—took the little Creature in his Mouth—I saw him,—and swam on with Him so to the Summerhouse.

I once knew another Dog who had been bestowed on a family that did not like, and had a mind to lose him; They lived in Duke Street Westminster, and the Dog, born in College Street, had never been out of London in his Life—add to this that he was a Puppy not a Year old when the Family tried this Experiment, in order to get rid of him as he was an ugly Cur, and at the same Time not disoblige the Person who gave him to them: The Maids took him in the Post Chaise to Fenny Stratford, where they left him shut in a Room while they proceeded on their Journey, but what was my Surprise—for I knew their Scheme,—to see poor Tray come back to Duke Street the very next Day hungry & tired as well he might, he had travelled forty three Miles an end; Miles he had never seen to my certain Knowledge.—A next door Neighbour took a fancy to the Dog, & I believe he ended his Days in Westminster where he begun them.

Trees, I mean Timber Trees, as they increase in Age encrease in Circles, and by those Circles their Longævity is determin'd in the manner of Wrinkles on a Cow's horn: these Circles however come on it every Year one, whilst the Tree grows; but when the most

experienced Timber Man cuts an Oak, he cannot I believe tell with certainty how long it has stood after it had *done* growing; which is a vast while I believe, and I am of Opinion it increases in hardness during that Interval, tho' not in Bulk. I have expressed myself here very awkwardly and strangely somehow: The Circles are *internal* not *external*; The Tree grows from *within*, and forms a sort of shady Circle denoting every Years growth, which however can be known only when the Oak is fallen—it was formerly supposed that the Oak lived in all 300 Years—

One Century it grows, and *one* it stays

Lord of the Wood—and in *one* more decays.

My Uncle's first Wife,¹ Heiress of Offley Place in Hertfordshire, where I pass'd my Youth—and *hoped to pass my Age*—was particularly fond of an old Ash Tree in the Park which was remarkably large & straight—and she called it *her* Tree: in a great Storm which happen'd in the Year 1760. ten Months after her Death it fell, and I wrote the following Poem upon the Subject—The Lady deserved all I said of her, and had She lived ten Years longer I had been happy!—but her *Successor*!²

Verses on the Fall of the Great Ash Tree in Offley Park
in the Year 1760.

I, who erewhile beneath the Beechen Spray
Tun'd my rough Reed and pour'd my artless Lay,
Taught Forrester's Complaints in Verse to flow,
And touch'd his Lord with pity for his Woe;
To wilder Notes now swell the Sylvan Lyre,
Genius of Offley—aid me and inspire.
A towering Ash, well worthy nobler Strains,
Long reign'd supream o'er all the neighb'ring Plains,
Superior on the verdant Summitt stood,
Pride of the height, and Glory of the Wood;
Erect and strong, sublime in sylvan State
Nor fear'd the Blasts of Fortune or of Fate,
While high in Air he rear'd his branching head,
And round his ample Trunk the twisting Roots were spread.
Now by the blust'ring Winds and Tempests torn
See where he lies—neglected and forlorn;
Stretch'd on that very Spot dethron'd he lies,
Whence his proud Top aspir'd to scale the Skies,
A sad Example for the Great—to see
How vain the Vaunts of Earth born Majesty.
Alas my Plant! no more thy guardian Powr
Shall screen soft Females from the driving Showr,

¹ Anna Maria Penrice, first wife to her uncle Thomas Salusbury.

² The Honourable Mrs. King, his second wife. See below, p. 303.

No more thy Branches prove a sure Defence
 To the clean Robes of rural Innocence.
 Near thee no more when Clouds the heavns deform,
 And the Grove shudders at th' approaching Storm,
 The nimble Doe, to seek her tender Fawn
 By Fear emboldned bounds along the Lawn,
 Trips lightly by—nor prints the pliant Grass,
 Trips lightly by, but marks the chosen place;
 On the close Covert casts a sidelong Glance
 Careful to watch if any Foe advance;
 Lest some hot human hand too idly mov'd,
 Should taint with Touch impure—the pledge belov'd.¹
 No more thy lengthy Leaves shall lend their aid,
 To the poor Peasant panting in the Shade,
 Who well refresh'd reviews the Fields he crost,
 “And finds the burning Labour was not lost.”²
 For now the Hospitable Gates appear,
 Those Gates far-fam'd thro' many a rolling Year,
 For welcoming the weary Traveller. }
 And now supported by thy Bulk he stands,
 And counts the Ridges on the furrow'd Lands;
 Or loitring leans upon thy Trunk to shun
 The Insects busy in the setting Sun;
 When Titan's parting Rays the place improve,
 And dart a double Lustre thro' the Grove;
 Far less delight the well-instructed Eye
 Feels from the finish'd Tint and glowing Sky
 When Sol in Claude's warm Landskips we behold,
 Break through the 'Trees, and tinge their Tops with Gold,
 No more upon thy wrinkled Bark reclin'd
 Pensive I listen to the whistling Wind,
 Or when mild Zephyr breathes a softer Gale
 Survey th' abundance of the smiling Vale;
 Where the ripe Wheat the Reaper's hook attends,
 And to the Scythe the bearded Barley bends,
 Where the rude Hinds express their simple Taste,
 By the nice Rules with which their Sheaves are plac'd,
 And in the level Line—and Knot fast ty'd
 Fix their just Fame, and place their honest Pride.
 But when the Plains no more rich Gleanings yield
 And the light Shade flies transient o'er the Field,
 When the Heat quivers on the fallow Grounds,
 And the stanch Pointer beats the Flinty rounds;
 Who scorns with Head up held the sultry Heat,²
 And treads the Stubble with unfeeling feet;

¹ The Doe will never touch her Fawn again, if you once take it into your Lap & fondle it in the House—She will if you put it again by the accustomed Tree—stand at a Distance and seemingly lament it, but never suckle it more. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² This was written before the Act for preserving the Game by forbearing to shoot any till after the first of September. *Mrs. Thrale.*

How happy then beneath thy Shade to shun
 The fervour of the fierce meridian Sun!
 Far off to see the dazzling Splendours play
 While ev'ry Flow'r reflects a double ray,
 And the bright Stubble glittering in our Eyes
 Forms a gay Contrast to th' unclouded Skies
 While the refreshing Turneps vivid Green
 Revives the Sight, and variegates the Scene.

These Lays a listning Hamadryad heard
 And sudden to my wondring Sight appear'd;
 Fairer than Passion paints the Nymph belov'd
 Or Helen's Charms by Homer's pen improv'd;
 Fairer than when beneath bold Titian's hand
 A radiant Beauty breathes at his Command
 While soft expression, and attractive Grace
 Live in each Line of Cythera's Face
 Fancy, and Verse—and Titian's Tints would fade
 Plac'd by the Bloom of this Immortal Maid.
 A Silver Girdle bound her slender Waist
 Array'd in neatness, and a verdant Vest,
 A verdant Cawl confin'd her auburn Hair,
 Which parting on the Forehead left it bare,
 An Oak's broad Branch in her white hand she bore,
 And verdant Sandals on Her Feet She wore.
 So looked the Nymph less human than Divine,
 Her Form enchanting as her Face benign,
 Her voice like Philomel the Silence broke
 And thus with sweet Serenity She spoke.

“Alas how wretched is the Race of Man!
 “Of Life and length of Days how idly vain!
 “A Breath their Being, and their Time a Span!”
 “As Sisypheus's Stone must still recoil
 “To mock his poor unprofitable Toil
 “So vain to seek what heav'n has still denied
 “To mad Ambition's Pow'r, or Learning's lofty Pride.¹
 “And You Oh Stranger know—whose modest Lyre
 Implor'd my Aid² thy Doric song t' inspire;
 When Death implacable and powerful Night
 Wrapt Anna's Vertues from weak Mortals Sight,
 “Veil'd her bright Form from our pursuing Eyes
 “And plac'd untimely 'mong her kindred Skies
 “I left this Tree, till then my fix'd Abode,
 “And wander now the Genius of the Wood.
 “Then shrunk her favrite Plant, his Leaves grew pale,
 “Bow'd to each Blast, and sigh'd to ev'ry Gale;

¹ I can't think what She should say this Stuff for; it seems to have no Connection with the Poem, nor any thing to do with either the Tree or the Lady. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² Genius of Offey in the sixth Line I suppose. *Mrs. Thrale.*

“ “For his fair Patroness ten Months he pin’d,
 “ “His faithful Heart consum’d, his head declin’d }
 “ “Then feebly fell, faint yielding to the Wind.¹ }
 “ “Oh hadst thou heard of Anna’s noble Ways
 “ “Thy Oaten Pipe had burst beneath her Praise;
 “ “Polite in Arts, in Erudition strong!
 “ “To celebrate her Fame how weak thy Song!
 “ “Her Fame to future Ages shall extend,
 “ “Steady to Truth, to Human kind a friend:
 “ “Like her lov’d Ash her boundless Bounty spread,
 “ “And stretch’d her Saving Arm o’er evry head;
 “ “Rejoyc’d when Merit met his due Reward,
 “ “Wept with th’ afflicted and their anguish shar’d;
 “ “Yet while their Pangs would force a Female Groan,
 “ “She bore with manly Fortitude her own:
 “ “None with more Skill explor’d the secret Thought,
 “ “None sooner saw, or later blam’d a Fault,
 “ “For Vice She griev’d, the virtuous few She priz’d,
 “ “Ador’d its Maker, but the World despis’d.”²

This trifling Performance brought Tears into my Uncle’s Eyes, and Money into my Pocket for having celebrated so artfully I will own the virtues of a Woman he rememberd with Gratitude and Esteem. He read ’em to every body he saw I believe, and in a few Weeks I received a letter by the General Post with Bath upon the Mark, containing many Prose Compliments, and the following civil Verses on the Subject: as I knew nobody at Bath then but my old Maiden Aunts and Doctor Oliver the physician, I fancied—for there was no Name—that they came from him; but by the hand writing, and Friendship there was between her and Doctor Collier, I have since perswaded myself that they were written by Sally Fielding who translated the Dialogues of Socrates—be that as it will—here are the Verses.

To Miss Salusbury.

1

No weed in Nature’s Garden grows
 Botanick Writers say;
 To whom the Bryar puts forth a Rose
 The Thorn a Flow’r of May.

2

The Thistle’s self despis’d by some
 Is work’d by Nature’s hand:
 Wove is the Turband in her Loom,
 And flows at her Command.

¹ this Line my poor dear Father made for me. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² I like the Character on reading it over exceeding well, it is a strong Likeness of the dear Lady tis intended to resemble. *Mrs. Thrale.*

3.

A Nation¹ just to its true Worth
 The curious Network trace
 With splendid Stars they call it forth
 Fair Honour's Side to grace.

4.

Nature's choice Works 'tis thine to spy,
 The Sylvan Ash to raise
 Tho' mean esteem'd in human Eye
 A Monument of Praise.

5.

To him who paints the humble Mead
 And taught the Ash to tow'r;
 You search the low and 'spiring head
 And dignify each Flow'r.

6.

Apollo as we find of Old
 In Books of ancient Line;
 Was the first Botanist of old
 And so esteem'd divine.

7.

Yet he no sprightlier Plant could shew
 To crown the Poet's Lay:
 Than what of right belongs to you
 The Ivy and the Bay:

8.

Hence let the Ash exert her Claim
 A new ennobled Tree;
 With Bay and Ivy twine to frame
 A recent Crown for thee.

These Verses are nothing extraordinary God knows, but I dare say they are hers; though there seems to be no great Attention to Grammar in them considering she was an able Scholar both in the Latin Language and the Greek. Doctor Collier taught her with prodigious Assiduity, and loved her with great Tenderness; I have heard him say that he has held the Book while she has repeated a thousand Lines at a Time without missing one. He lived much among the Fieldings, and said they all had Parts above the common Run: one of the Girls—*Bee*² Fielding he always called her; had an exquisite hand upon the harpsichord, and was otherwise finely

¹ The Scotch. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Beatrice. *Mrs. Thrale*. The members of the family who grew to maturity were Henry, Catharine, Ursula, Sarah, Beatrice, Edmund, and the half-brother, John. Of these, two besides Henry achieved recognition: Sarah as a novelist, and John as justice of the peace for Middlesex.

accomplished, but Sally was the Scholar: I have since heard from M^r Johnson That She was accused of drinking, but it was new to me, I never from Doctor Collier heard any thing but good of her. He used to mention Harry Fielding's behaviour to her as a melancholy instance of narrowness; while She only read English Books, and made English Verses it seems, he fondled her Fancy, & encourag'd her Genius, but as soon [as] he perceived She once read Virgil, Farewell to Fondness, the Author's Jealousy was become stronger than the Brother's Affection, and he saw her future progress in literature not without pleasure only—but with Pain.

I have fancied lately that there was something of this Nature between Sir Joshua and Miss Reynolds;¹ he certainly does not love her as one should expect a Man to love a Sister he has so much Reason to be proud of; perhaps She paints too well, or has learned too much Latin, and is a better Scholar than her Brother: and upon more Reflection I fancy it must be so, for if he only did not like her as an Inmate why should not he give her a genteel Annuity, & let her live where and how She likes: the poor Lady is always miserable, always fretful; yet She seems resolved—nobly enough—not to keep her Post by Flattery if She cannot keep it by Kindness:—this is a Flight so far beyond my power that I respect her for it, and do love dearly to hear her criticize Sir Joshua's Painting,² or indeed his Connoisseurship, which I think She always does with Justice and Judgment—mingled now & then with a Bitterness that diverts one. He is not a covetous Man in any Sense I believe, but seems proud to give, proud to spend, and even proud to be cheated—which

¹ This passage, through 'a bitterness that diverts one', was published in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 6. The trouble between them is well known, although Miss Reynolds's temperament, which Fanny Burney describes as marked by 'an habitual perplexity of mind and irresolution of conduct, which to herself was restlessly tormenting, and to all around her was teasingly wearisome' (*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, i. 332), was probably more to blame than Reynolds's jealousy. Johnson, who was devoted to her, dictated a letter to her brother, which runs in part: 'If you ask me what I suffer from you, I can answer that I suffer too much in the loss of your notice; but to that is added the neglect of the world which is the consequence of yours. If you ask what will satisfy me, I shall be satisfied with such a degree of attention when I visit you, as may set me above the contempt of your servants, with your calling now and then at my lodgings and with your inviting me from time to time with such parties as I may properly appear in.' *Johns. Misc.* ii. 456. Reynolds's only known letter to her is a withering bit of sarcasm, concerning his house at Richmond, which he allowed her to use: '... tho' I am much older than you I hope I am not yet arrived to dotage as you seem to think I am, voluntarily to put myself in the situation of receiving the favour of living in my own house instead of conferring the favour of letting you live in it.' *Letters of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, ed. Hilles, p. 79. On his death he left her £2,500 in the Funds for life. The bulk of his fortune went to his two nieces, Mrs. Gwatkin and Miss Palmer. *Johns. Misc.* ii. 457, n. 1.

² He likewise criticized hers, saying that her pictures 'made other people laugh and him cry'. Northcote, *Reynolds*, ii. 160.

however I don't mean as a peculiarity—many low People oddly come to Fortune are so too. but then why should he who is niggardly to nobody, who leaves 200^l in a Draw'r and forgets it—an unlocked Drawer I mean, who lets his Man Ralph maintain his Wife and Family in the house by Connivance; and does a hundred things of the same sort; why should he refuse his Purse and even his Civilities to a Sister so amiable & so accomplished as Miss Reynolds?—I cannot find it out.—Sir Joshua is indeed sufficiently puffed up with the Credit he has acquired for his written Discourses, a Praise he is more pleased with than that he obtains by his Profession; besides that he seems to set up as a Sort of Patron to Literature; so that no Book goes rapidly thro' a first Edition now, but the Author is at Reynolds's Table in a Trice: M^r Johnson, who is naturally disposed to find every thing *right* in the moral World from a Perswasion that it cannot be much better I believe—says that Sir Joshua came into his fortune too late to arrive at general Knowledge by the regular Progress of Study—and so says he he calls the World about him, and catches with Avidity at all Literary Conversation. Of late however since he has found his Friend delight in the Company of Infidels he rather thinks somethings wrong I believe, but Sir Joshua is now quite above caring what he thinks of the matter; *his* Thoughts are tending how to propagate Letters written in his Praise, how to make himself respected as a Doctor at Oxford,¹ and how to disseminate his Praise for himself, now Goldsmith is gone who used to do it for him. *He* was while he lived the Person Sir Joshua seemed to have most Friendship for; he lent him Money, loved his Company, and a *little* lamented his Death. Truth is Doctor Goldsmith loved him in return, a favour he paid to but few—we must remember however that Reynolds did not stand in his way, but enjoy'd the Bloom of a Reputation perfectly consistent with his own. Poor Doctor Goldsmith! Lord bless us what an anomalous Character was his—We must here record a few traits of it.

Graham of Eton had spent the Afternoon in Company with Johnson & Goldsmith; they had been very agreeable I suppose, so when Graham was got warm with Wine and Kindness—Sir says he I should be vastly happy to see you at Eton, where I would shew you every Civility in my Power. Sir, replies Goldsmith I am extremely obliged to you.—Nay *Doctor Minor* cries the other—dont think I mean *you*.² Very fine indeed grumbles Goldsmith, now this is a fellow to make one commit *Suicide*.

¹ He received the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford on July 9, 1773. *Alumni Oxonienses, 1715-1886* (1887-8). Cf. below, p. 300, n. 4.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 270.

One Day when Murphy and many more Wits were called to a Dinner at Davies's—Tom Davies—who swears by Johnson—was rejoicing to hear he was come safe to Town—from Lincolnshire I think—he had been a Summer¹ at Langton's—Ay Ay—come set your Bells a ringing do says Goldsmith—what can be the Reason though that nobody makes a Bustle when *I* come in or out of Town.—

Goldsmith dined at Lord Shelburne's and proud enough was he—pray my Lord says he to the new Patron, what can make People call your Lordship *Malagrida*?² for by what ever I have heard *Malagrida* was a very *good sort of A Man*.

I was from home one Day when D^r Goldsmith called—he sate a while in the Room he was shewed to, but soon crossed the Stairs head to my Apartment—not a Bed Chamber—where my Things were set for dressing: there did he examine every Box upon the Toylet, every Paper upon the Card Rack, every thing in short with an Impudence truly Irish.

It being observed that D^r Goldsmith was greatly disconcerted by a smart Repartie, so much indeed that he would forbear to attack if he at all expected Defence; True interrupted Johnson our little Goldee would like best to be witty on a deaf Man.³

It was observed that D^r Goldsmith by expressing Uneasiness at the Success of Kelly's Comedy paid a Compliment to the Authour whose Fame was the Cause of his Jealousy.—He paid him no Compliment at all says Miss Horneck, did he not go with my Sister & me to the Puppet Show; and was so hurt at our Praises of one of the Puppets, who handled a Spontoon with surprizing Dexterity; that after some Minutes visible fretting, he cried out in an Agony

¹ His only recorded visit to Langton in Lincolnshire took place in January or February 1764. Boswell, *Life*, i. 476.

² *Malagrida* was the newspaper name for L^d Shelburne as *Jemmy Twitcher* still is for Lord Sandwich. *Mrs. Thrale*. Gabriel Malagrida, the Italian Jesuit who was burned at the stake in Lisbon in 1761, was accused of plotting against the life of the King of Portugal, who, however, was unable to secure a conviction of him on that ground, and turned him over to the Inquisition, which convicted him of writing heretical books. *Gent. Mag.* xxxi. 476, 478; xxxii. 255. Shelburne, who as Secretary of State, in 1766, attempted to reverse North's policy and conciliate the colonies, was likewise regarded as a traitor to the King, and thus won his nickname, first given to him in the *Public Advertiser* on September 16, 1767. *Jemmy Twitcher* was the character in the *Beggar's Opera* (III. v) who betrayed his friend Macheath as Sandwich did Wilkes.

³ The original version of this story was set down on September 16, 1770, in an early commonplace-book, and survives in a fragment in the Rylands collection (*Eng. MS.* 629). Cf. Introduction, p. x.

of Envy—Why give *me* but a Spontoon now and I'll play as good tricks *myself*.

Doctor Beattie, author of the celebrated Book on Truth,¹ was much the Subject of Conversation, the whole Company concurring in the Praise of so able & useful a Writer; Here is much ado about nothing, cries Doctor Goldsmith why the Man has written but one Book, and I have writ several. So you have Doctor replies M^r Johnson but there go many Halfpence remember—to one Guinea.² Well says Goldsmith to be sure there is no disputing with Johnson; for if his Pistol misses Fire, he'll knock you down with the Butt end.—this last Stroke I thought a pretty good one, & gave the D^r credit for it in my Mind; but looking one Day into an exploded Play of Cibber's³ I saw the very Expression.

Somebody had abused Johnson & Goldsmith in the papers—calling them by the names of the Pedant & Constable in Love's Labour lost: Goldsmith was in the utmost perplexity—ready to cry:—what Folly says his Friend to be vexed thus about nothing.—what *harm* can it do a Man to call him Holofernes? it may do you no harm to be called *Holofernes*, replies the other—but I don't like to be *Goodman Dull*.⁴

The two Doctors were roving together about the Town in an idle humour, and having strolled into Westminster Abbey as they walked through the Poets Corner—M^r Johnson turned to his Companion and said

Forsitan et Nomen nostrum miscebitur illis.⁵

they proceeded in their Walk, and having called on a Friend that way, were led to pass Temple Bar, when Goldsmith recollecting their Jacobitism & looking up to the Traytor's Heads said to M^r Johnson

Forsitan et Nomen nostrum miscebitur illis

this was the best thing I ever heard of Goldsmith's Conversation Wit.

¹ *An Essay on the Nature and Sublimity of Truth* (1770). Beattie was introduced at Streatham on his visit to London in 1771, by Dr. Johnson, who told Boswell in the following March: 'We all love Beattie. Mrs. Thrale says, if ever she has another husband, she'll have Beattie.' Boswell, *Life*, ii. 148. See also below, p. 1083 and n. 2.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 269–70.

³ In Act I of *The Refusal, or the Ladies' Philosophy*, Witling says: 'now your Fire's gone, you would knock me down with the Butt-end, would you?' *Works* (1777), iv. 22. The play ran for only six nights, in February 1721, because of the unpopularity Cibber had incurred over the *Non-juror*. Baker, *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), iii. 196–7.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 270.

⁵ Ovid, *Ars Amatoria*, iii. 339.

Doctor Goldsmith was certainly a Man extremely odd: the first Time he dined with us, he gravely asked M^r Thrale how much a Year he got by his Business? Who answered with singular Propriety, we don't talk of those things much in Company Doctor—but I hope to have the honour of knowing you so well that I shall wonder less at the Question

M^{rs} Montagu¹ says She was vastly struck with him the first Time they met: it was at some great Table I forget what—but Lady Abercorn was there—a Lady of about seventy six or eight Years old—and the Company remarking how Young She looked, were led to mention her Age & apply to the D^r—I am no great Judge says Goldsmith, for I never saw an old Woman before; except I mean an Applewoman or a Beggarwoman or some such Body—*Ladies* always look *young* I think, for they are finely dress'd up—so I can't tell whether this *Lady* looks well of her Age or no—'tis a new Species to me.—

One Sunday that He & M^r Johnson dined at the Chaplain's Table; some body quoted this Line from Virgil

Premit altum Corde dolorem.²

Ay says Doctor Goldsmith I know how that is by experience; for when my Play³ was hissed two Years ago, I looked as merry as I do now, and went to the Club at night, and laughed and sung I remember the Song of the Old Woman toss'd in a Blanket, and yet says he, —(the Parsons began to stare:)—and yet says he, when all the Company was retired except M^r Johnson & myself, I fairly burst out o' crying with Vexation.—So you did indeed Doctor says Johnson; but I thought till now it had been a secret, I am sure I would not have told it for the World.⁴

The Doctor was a Man eminently ugly, but wonderfully fond of his Person; they told him Kelly's Play was applauded—his was hissed—yet he did not seem to fret much—after a Pause he was heard to say—" *A handsomer Fellow than Kelly however—*" " what was the amazement of his Friends to see he was sitting over against a Glass.

'Tis a strange thing now says Goldsmith one Night at the Club, that I should be defeated so in this Argument; for I talkd it all over this Morning by *myself* and had the better of you all to nothing.

¹ This paragraph was published by Hughes in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 7.

² *Aeneid* i. 209.

³ *The Good-Natured Man*, presented in 1768.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 310-11.

The Doctor told the following comical Story of his own odd Vanity—" "I went with Lord Clare to an Inn, he called about him with an Air, and ordered one Dish after another, at last says he I thought I would call for something—that I might look important—Sir says the Landlady when my Lord has done Speaking I will listen to you: this says he did mortify me vilely." "

The Doctor's Curiosity was as drôle as his Vanity: he saw a great Cedar Chest in my House once—& nothing would serve him but know what was within: I was from home it seems—his Visit was to Johnson. what makes you so uneasy says Mr Johnson—why says he I long to pick the Lock of that Chest so—do dear Mr Johnson look if none of your Keys will undo it—when I came home & heard this Folly, I opened the Chest immediately & shewed him it was empty—Marplot¹ does nothing more ridiculous upon the Stage.

Somebody talked of the Archbishop—Cornwallis—praising the Suavity of his Manners & Elegance of his Taste—. I see nothing of either says Goldsmith, I dined with him once and he treated *me* only as if I were a *common Man*.

Such Tricks as these however only made him despicable, but the real ill Will he manifestly bore to every equal, & every Superior made him hateful; he actually seemed to rejoyce in Johnson's temporary Depression from Illness, and whispered Mr Thrale who never loved him afterwards—that Johnson would never more be the Man he was. This was bad indeed when one considers that it was Mr Johnson who first drew him out of Obscurity, and set him upon a height that made him giddy. His ill Will however was not confined to those he was obliged to—Somebody said Goldsmith likes Mr & Mrs Thrale vastly—he never abuses them: no replies Johnson but he would be glad to hear they were parted tomorrow Morning, never to meet more. Such is the account I can give of Dr Goldsmith, whose Sentiments were so pious & whose Writings were so elegant. A man made up of Contradictions—Knowledge & Ignorance, Artlessness and Design, Delicacy & Grossness. Poor dear little Dr²

Doctor Goldsmith said here one Day, in a merry Humor that every young Person setting out in Life should learn to love Gra[v]y, I have says He known a Man disinherited merely for not loving Gravy;—I loved Gravy well enough—yet I got myself disinherited

¹ In Mrs. Centlivre's *Busybody*.

² 'Adieu' is here written and then erased, probably because she thought of another story about him overleaf.

—The Wound is still open I perceive for it bleeds again at my writing out a Poem which I wrote to please my Uncle in old Days and called it by the pompous Title of

Offley Park. 1761.

While Bards distinguish'd in these rhyming Days¹
 Can soar triumphant on the wings of Praise;
 In lofty Odes their loyal Spirit show
 Or tune their Grief to Elegies of Woe;
 My oaten Pipe obscure in Offley Grove
 Still sings the Praises of the Place I love.
 Oh could I one approving Whisper gain,
 And please the Patron of the local Strain,
 For him alone should burn the partial Fire,
 Live in his Name, nor till his Fame expire.
 To tell the Beauties of the Sylvan Scene,
 Assist me Fancy—faery-finger'd Queen,
 Come in loose Robe of lucid White alone
 Slightly upon thy slender Substance thrown,
 Or take fresh Tints from ev'ry falling Ray
 Chameleon-like, in varying Colours gay.
 Or as unseen you take your favrite Stand,
 And wait the Wonders of your Wilson's² hand,
 Touch his transparent Lakes, & pendant Trees,
 Whose dancing Shadows tremble to the Breeze;
 Till the deluded Gazers with Surprise
 Mid Albion's Snows see glowing Suns arise,
 And warm Italia wanton in their Eyes.
 Oh come a while and sooth my rustic Song,
 Who boast the Country³ whence your Wilson sprung;
 Hear me the Charms of our lov'd Haunt rehearse,
 And to each transient Season tune the Verse:
 Smooth flow the Lines when April Showrs descend,
 And their weak heads the bashful Snowdrops bend;
 When the pale Plumb foretells a fruitful Year,
 And blushing Almonds cloth'd in Pink appear;
 To warmer Flights my Mind oh Fancy lead,
 When sportive Summer paints th'enamell'd Mead;
 She roofs the rural Cott, She strews the Grain
 In glitt'ring Handfuls o'er the fertile Plain;
 While each pleas'd Infant brings the boasted Store
 With early Pride to deck his lowly Door.
 She smiles serene, bright blooms each op'ning Leaf
 The Shrub's full Verdure and the Yellow Sheaf;
 Green Spots and Gold diversify the Vale
 And fraught with fragrance flies each tepid Gale.

¹ The Time of George 3^d's Accession & his Marriage.—*Mrs. Thrale.*

² Richard Wilson, the landscape painter.

³ Wales. *Mrs. Thrale.*

Rich Autumn next our grateful Praise demands,
 Who shows her Bounties with unwearied hands:
 Consults the Taste of Insect and of Man,
 And makes all Creatures happy while She can.
 'Tis then with Head high held above his Peers,
 Pride of the Park the pamper'd Stag appears,
 With early Arts to sooth his Master bred,
 And taught betimes to bow the branching Head;
 Fierce in the Covert, servile at the Board,
 Stern to his Fellows, supple to his Lord.
 By ill earn'd Plenty puff'd his haughty Mind
 Prompts him to reign the Tyrant of his Kind:
 He shakes his shining Sides, his swelling Neck
 Proclaims the Fav'rite eminently sleek;
 And now elate all Justice he defies,
 Seeking by Force to seize each beauteous Prize;
 Till tir'd with Tyranny the generous Herd
 Rouze all their Strength, by Love and Freedom stirr'd;
 Then first opposed, he whets his Horns in vain,
 To guard by Rage his still oppressive Reign;
 In Death he groans, in Sobs his Grief he vents,
 And less his Life than Loss of Pow'r laments.

But blest the Man who with unequal'd Ease,
 Can court each Season, and each hour can seize;
 Let Summer, Spring and Autumn disappear,
 Not Winter's Self at Offley seems severe;
 Now Fancy to thy Charge and swift redeem
 An Age long past—from Time's too rapid Stream
 'Tis thine alone Time's Torrent to oppose,
 And snatch the fleeting Moment as it flows;
 The rest redundant down the Mountains roll,
 There slumbring stagnate in Oblivion's Pool.
 Haste then bright Goddess give the known Command,
 And o'er my Temples wave the magic Wand;
 Let antique Modes of ancient Kings arise
 And regal Offa¹ wait our wond'ring Eyes.
 See him the artful Otter's Wiles explore,
 Or lance the Javelin at the foming Boar;
 Through drifted Snows pursue the Wolf's cold Track,
 Or rouse the Roebuck through the thorny Brake;
 Or when sharp Winter hangs on ev'ry Thorn,
 And drooping Doves th'inclement Season mourn;
 Peck from their ruffled Plumes the falling Snow,
 And perch unsteady on the slippery Bough;
 See the stern King their wretched Lives require,
 See one obedient to his Will expire,

¹ Offa's Palace is said to have stood nearly where Offley Place now stands—from whence its name. *Mrs. Thrale.*

While the too constant Mate still hovering nigh,
 Bereft alike of Will and Powr to fly;
 Falls the sad Victim of his skilful Aim
 And falling strives her Anger to proclaim,
 The Pitying Muse her virtuous Rage records
 And kindly lends the faithful Turtle words.

"Tyrant she cries, thy former fatal Stroke
 "Transpierc'd my Vitals—and my heart Strings broke;
 "The second Shaft Alas! was wing'd in vain,
 "Which but releas'd me from a sharper Pain.
 "Ah what avail the Laurels thou hast won,
 "The Dyke¹ far levell'd, and the Picts o'erthrown;
 "Can these from Midnight Terrors guard thy Breast
 "When murder'd Ethalban² destroys thy Rest;
 "Or pale Adelfrid's faded Form appears,
 "Her folded Hands still wet with falling Tears;
 "Her Visage wan with unavailing Grief,
 "Her Eye cast down—despairing of Relief;
 "As round thy Knees the wretched Suppliant clung,
 "When Life and Love inspir'd her Angel Tongue:
 "In vain to sooth her sordid Sire She try'd,
 "In vain She fainted at thy ruthless Side,
 "Ambition prompted—and the Lover died." }

Here ceas'd the Dove, for slowly creeping Death
 Benumb'd her Senses and bereav'd her Breath:
 Then first the Monarch felt the fiery Smart
 Of late Repentance and her poyson'd Dart;
 Then first was spread St Alban's lying Fame
 T'appease the Murder'd with a Martyr's Name,
 Whilst o'er his Tomb a costly Convent rose
 To nurse the sons of Ease with soft repose;
 Whose Sanctity at good St *Alban's* Shrine,
 Might from their King avert the Wrath divine:
 Thus vain he strove his cruel Crimes t'atone,
 By sculptur'd Edifice and massy Stone;

¹ Offa's Dyke is well known: the Traces are still visible. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² See Mathew Paris. Offa King of Mercia invited young Ethalban only Son to the King of the East Angles, & promised him his Daughter in Marriage when he came however old Offa was tempted to murder him; as he was himself Heir to his Brother Ethelbert when once the Son Ethalban was remov'd: he therefore proposed to his daughter fair Adelfrid, that she should dispatch her Cousin on the Wedding Night—but she refus'd. the old King then pretended to change his purpose, & charging her not to tell her Husband he had ever had any such Design they were wedded that very Day—in the Night however he caus'd the Prince Bride groom to be assassinated & Adelfrid dy'd of Grief—her Death touch'd his Conscience, & he erected the Convent known since by the name of St *Alban's* as an Act of Penance—the Name is shorten'd from *Eth Alban* to whom it was dedicated. *Mrs. Thrale*. Wherever she got this story, it was not from Mathew Paris. See his *Chronica Majora*, Rolls Series, 57, 1, 354–63. In his account, the murdered king was Ethelbert himself; and the church of St. Albans, erected by Offa, c. 793, was said to be a memorial to Britain's first Christian martyr, St. Alban, who died in 304.

Where lazy Monks maintain'd luxurious State,
 And smil'd—regardless of their Country's fate:
 Nor fear'd her Fall, nor aided her Defence
 Secure in prostituted Prayer's pretence.
 While Tyranny controul'd the barren plain,
 Exulting Dulness held Religion's Chain
 And Poverty proclam'd—twas Superstition's Reign. }
 Where Fancy hast thou led me? pause awhile;
 Nor let such horrid Scenes my Sense beguile!
 Can Offley Park one gloomy Thought inspire?
 Where the pleas'd Eye has only to admire;
 Where lavish Nature puts forth all her Pow'r
 And gives fresh Charms with ev'ry changing hour.
 See the first efforts of the timid Dawn,
 In glittering Stripes divide the dewy Lawn
 Till the slow Mists ascend, the Prospect clears,
 And tipt with Crimson each tall Spire appears.
 Hark! how the wakeful Lark's wide-warbling Throat
 With Rapture pours his peace-presaging Note,
 And calls to Liberty and Love and Joy,
 His joynt Participants of Harmony.
 Oh may he still escape the fatal Snares,
 Which guilty Man for Innocence prepares;
 And to his Nest with equal Peace return,
 To cheer the Charmers that his Absence mourn.
 Nor Morn alone delights our Eye or Ear,
 Nor Noon less charms the curious Traveller;
 What Time the Sun-reflecting Road he sees
 Ascend the verdant Slope by just Degrees,
 Till by thy Aid¹ at length it seems to rise
 And at due Distance scale the Sapphire Skies.
 While Phœbus o'er each Field unrivall'd reigns,
 And the faint herbage sickens on the plains;
 Where Flocks uniting for their mutual Aid,
 Each lends his Fleece to fill the friendly Shade.
 Their common Wants require their common Peace,
 Flocks follow Nature and shall Man do less?
 While thus the gasping Earth is parch'd with heat,
 Swift bear me Fancy to my lov'd Retreat;
 Where aged Oaks their sable Branches spread,
 And form an awful Umbrage o'er my head;
 Some Sky-topt Turret less'ning on the View,
 To close at length the long-drawn Avenue. .
 Scarce had I breath'd my Wish, methought I stood,
 Deep in the dark Recesses of the Wood;
 My Pipe no longer to my Lips applied
 Hung negligently pendent by my Side,

¹ Fancy's. *Mrs. Thrale.*

The Bees that murmur'd in the mossy Dell,
 The distant *Wesher* with his tinkling Bell;
 The sharp'ning Sickle my sooth'd Ear subdu'd
 And thus my Thoughts their pleasing Train pursu'd.
 Sure in this shadowy Nook, this green Resort,
 Imagination holds his aery Court:
 Bright Fancy fans him with her painted Wings,
 And to his Sight ten Thousand Pleasures brings.
 His glancing Eye, his Heav'n-aspiring Mind
 Pervades the Deep and mounts the winged Wind:
 Obedient Comets roll at his Command,
 And the Cold Gates of Death confess his op'ning hand.
 While yet I spoke, a Gleam of trembling Light
 Shot thro' the Trees, and play'd before my Sight
 Touch'd ev'ry Sense and fill'd me with Delight.
 Not more enraptur'd feels the lab'ring Swain
 Who traverses at Eve the misty Plain,
 When the kind Glowworm's glimm'ring Fire he spies,
 And cautious follows with attentive Eyes;
 Till some known Object on their way they meet,
 With surer Steps to guide his weary Feet.
 Nor less attentive I, nor more amaz'd,
 As blindly follow'd, and as guiltless gaz'd.
 Saw the young Light from Tree to Tree remove
 Till a new Dawn illumin'd all the Grove:
 When thus a female Voice the Silence broke,
 And with authoritative Accent spoke:
 "Mortal behold! and what thou seest—relate,
 "Nor ought diminish from the Words of Fate;
 "That Task perform'd, thy trivial Strains give o'er,
 "And let these Groves repeat thy Songs no more."
 I look'd and lo! a venerable Band
 Full in my Sight had fix'd their sacred Stand:
 Various their Ages—various was their Dress,
 Some stiff in Steel, some rich in Robes of Peace:
 A Star,¹ their Merit's Emblem and Reward,
 Distinguish'd those who Sov'reign's smiles had shar'd;
 A Crimson Sash o'er each straight Bosom flow'd,
 Where wove in Gold the Name of Spencer glow'd.
 In Act to speak, the foremost of the Train
 Advanc'd some Paces on the hallow'd Plain:
 His Figure such as when th'unerring Line
 Boasts the true Stroke of Holbein's firm Design,
 In ev'ry Look his generous Spirit shone,
 And thus the visionary Sage begun.
 "Whence comes it Stranger—when your Voice you raise,
 "With Offley's Charms t'adorn your Sylvan Lays;

¹ as K^{nts} of the Bath. *Mrs. Thrale.*

"No Lines recount the great Possessor's Fame
 "Which adds fresh Lustre to fair Offley's Name:
 "Can you behold the Field-bespangling Morn,
 "Yet slight the Virtue which those fields adorn
 "Or while your heart the Milk-Maid's Song admires,
 "Neglect the Bounty which her Song inspires?
 "Can you this sacred Structure¹ still survey
 "Which robs Oblivion of so rich a Prey,
 "Nor love the liberal Hand which rais'd the Stone,
 "And Mind that marks all Merit but its own.
 "If strangely dull to Worth you daily feel,
 "The Dead must wake his Glory to reveal;
 "Give me the pleasing Portraiture to take,
 "And love my Memory for his living Sake.
 "With all that Wealth or Friendship could afford
 "Like his, was deck'd *my* hospitable Board:
 "Like him for these I left *my* native Fields,
 "Where the clear Stream both Health & Pleasure yields;
 "And Oh may Mercia long his Name record,
 "Who chang'd his Country to be Offley's Lord:²
 Nor sigh'd to quit his long-embazon'd Line,
 Of valiant Knights, and Heroes half Divine:
 "And you Oh Stranger! tremble not to tell,
 Facts which his Frowns would force you to conceal,
 Whate'er his Words, his Actions prove them true, " "
 He ceas'd—the Vision vanish'd from my View.

¹ The Chancel which my Uncle built as an appendage to the Church at Offley—and filled it with Monuments to many of the Spencer Family who had distinguish'd themselves in the Wars or the Council—their longdrawn Pedigree was also engrav'd after a Copy in Lady Salusbury's Possession & fixed up in this Chancel by her Direction—She was very proud of the old Spencers her Ancestors, and much flatter'd by her Husbands Attention to 'em. *Mrs. Thralc.*

² This Parallel is happy enough; Sr Rich^d Spencer a younger Brother of the Family of Althrop came up to London 300 Years ago to seek his Fortune, which he found in Marriage with a rich & noble Lady of the Court of King Edw^d 4th in 1472. this Sr Rich^d built Offley Place, & left it in the possession of his Posterity till the last of that ancient Line Sr John Spencer dying left only a Daughter who married Sir Richard Gore of Tring; who left only a Daughter that married Sir Henry Penrice, who left only a Daughter who married Sr Tho^s Salusbury, a younger Brother of John Salusbury of Bachygraig in the County of Flint, whose ancient Family is alluded to—in the long-embazon'd line—this Sr Tho^s left no Children, nor any Relations but *me* his Brother's daughter, from whom however he left every thing but 10000^l at the Instigation of his second Wife—Sarah Burrows, Daughter to one of the Masters in Chancery—Oh charming Sally Salusbury! as the Song says; She made him leave his Fortune to distant Cousins—to some of 'em on Condition of their taking his Name after her Death who possesses the whole during Life.—The Lady was Widow to Lord Kingston's Brother The Hon: M^{rs} King. *Mrs. Thralc.* There are many inaccuracies in the Spencer pedigree. Sir Richard Spencer, Kt., fourth son of Sir John Spencer, Kt., of Althorpe, the founder of the Offley line, died in 1624. His son John, the first baronet, died without an heir, and the title was re-created in 1642 for his brother Brocket Spencer. Brocket's son, Richard Spencer, succeeded in 1668, and Richard's son, Sir John, in 1688. He died without issue in 1699, and the baronetcy reverted to his great-uncle, John Spencer, brother of Sir

This little Poem will be easily seen to have been written by way of Flattery to Sir Thomas Salusbury with whom I then lived—he was I well remember exceedingly pleased with it, and made me a handsome present.

Among the many Nieghbours we had at Offley, with whom we kept up a Sort of intimate Acquaintance, there was a Mr Hale¹ of King's Walden who was a *Character* as the Phrase is; he was greatly deformed, & eminent for uncommon ugliness; though very genteel in his Person, & graceful in his Movements—he had a Notion he should have been an Actor equal to Mr Garrick if his great Fortune had not prevented him from going on the Stage; he had many curious Affectations, one was that when Company came to Dinner at his House, he would spend an hour perhaps in a little Parlour alone, studying Attitudes and Phrases to be practised when he addressed the Circle that was waiting: the Ingenuity seemed to consist in never repeating the same Gesture or Turn of Words to any two of the Company, but to go round—with Sir Tho^s Your most Obedient, Mr Such a one how d'ye do &c. The Trick was soon seen through, & People used to wink and watch the Man what he would say to them and how the Phrase was to be varied. he was a clever Man enough too, valued himself on his Literature, and made some pretty Verses. as for Example he translated the *Arria Pæto*² well enough

Chaste Arria from her Breast the Dagger drew,
And said if 'tis in Woman to be true;
'The Wound I gave insensible I bear,
"I's thine Dear Pætus gives the Stab severe.

The following Verses written in Lord Cobham's Gardens however seem to have very little meaning.

Not all like Cobham can enjoy the Dome
Magnificent; the Bust to Friendship due,
The gay Parterre, and all the beauteous Scenes
'That Art or lib'ral Nature can bestow
'To make them please the Mind must be attun'd
By Conscience free and Ignorance of Ill.

I will however write out his Parody on the Soliloquy in Hamlet for Old Acquaintance sake, I remember he was vastly proud of it—

Richard. The baronetcy became extinct on his death in 1712. The Lady Gore who then succeeded to the Offley property was his sister, not his daughter. Her husband was Sir Humphrey Gore, of Gilston. Burke, *Extinct Baronetcies* (1841).

¹ Mr William Hale, father-in-law of Thomas Onslow.

² *Martial Epigrams* i. 13.

Parody by William Hale Esq^r.

To hunt or not to hunt! that is the Question,—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
 The Pangs of Self-denial, or to urge
 With enthusiastick Rage and bold Defiance
 The rapid Chace? To hunt! to ride!
 No more; and by that Ride to say we fly
 From Thought, that Cankerworm to gay Desires,
 From Cares that feed upon the Lamp of Life
 'Tis a Fruition devoutly to be wish'd.
 To hunt, to ride, to ride, perchance to fall,
 For in the mad Pursuit what Falls may come
 When ev'ry Hound each hardy Sinew strains
 And ev'ry Breeze conveys enrapt'ring Sounds
 Must give us Pause! There's the Respect
 That gives the fatal Blow to promised Joys,
 That taints with baleful Blight each blooming Hope,
 Who would forego this Madness of Delight?
 Or silent sit while others boast their Feats,
 When he himself might mount the neighing Steed
 And urge the sprightly Chace, Beneath a Roof
 Who would wear out the tedious doleful Day,
 Oppress'd with Discontent and dire Remorse?
 But that the Dread of Fall precipitate
 That unknown Field where destitute of Aid
 With shiver'd Limb he haply should repent
 His forward Zcal and Fury uncontroul'd
 Puzzles the Will; and makes us rather pine
 In humble Cell, than seek for distant Joys
 Where Pain and Death th'advent'rous Hunter wait.
 But hark!
 The Hunter's Notes on Zephyr's Pinions borne
 Assail my Ears:—
 Already Phœbus gilds the Mountains Brow,
 Great Phœbus Patron of the hunting Crew,
 Propitious shine, and vanish ev'ry Doubt.

Mr Hale was as it is called—a Character: and among the Country Gentlemen some what an odd one: would keep Company waiting for him at houses where he was invited, and alledge in excuse that he had been studying the Part of Othello perhaps, & if it would make his Friends any Reparation he would now or after Dinner—as they chose Recite the Speech beginning

“Most potent grave and rev'rend Signors.”¹

He likewise valued himself highly on his reading; had read with Garrick for a Wager some Time at Tunbridge, and was in short very rich, very sprightly & very near a Madman.

¹ *Othello*, i. iii. 93.

I heard an odd Anecdote to Day of Fordyce the Dissenter, who wrote a few pretty little Essays lately call'd Sermons to young Women,¹ I must record it before it be forgotten.

He was it seems once—some seven Years ago—Chaplain to a Man of War which was in great Distress: he acted agreeably to his general Character which was that of a Man rather eminent for Piety & Moral Virtue: he summon'd the People to Pray'rs, gave his Assistance to the Captain, kept the Courage of the Crew alive, and invigorated the labours of all by Hopes of Happiness either here or hereafter: but when the Ship struck, and he saw one of the Seamen stripping to swim for his Life—Hold a moment Friend says he, You know you owe me forty Shillings—be so good to pay it me now—will you? or at least give me *your Note*.

This Man was Brother to the famous Fordyce the Banker, who has been the Ruin of so many Families, and I fear of the Parson among the rest, though by the preceding Story he seems to have [been] among the cautious ones. There were 12 Sons and one Daughter Fordyce, & all were eminent in one way or other;² one shall scarce hear of such a Nest: some were Physicians, some Surgeons, some Clergy, some in Trade as we know too well, but all had Parts, many had Literature and the Daughter was married by a Baronet for her Wit and Beauty—the Parents were poor, & all the Children had their own Fortunes to make.

I was struck with an odd sort of Country History which I heard when I was in Derbyshire³ of a Family not less fortunate than these Fordyces, though less numerous.

A little Gentleman of 200^l a Year only had three Sons and one Daughter—his eldest Son had when he was 14, an Estate of no less than two Thousand Pounds p^r Ann. bequeathed him by an odd old Man in the Neighbourhood whom his Father's Aunt had married—on Condition he should take the Name of Okeover: which he did. The second Son is now in actual Possession of 1500^l a Year Estate left him by a Godfather no ways related to the Family—and the third Son will have Sir Edward Lyttelton's whole Fortune in right of his Mother who was his Niece. The Daughter—Sister to these lucky Youths is splendidly married: they were not all Children of

¹ James Fordyce's *Sermons to Young Women* were first published in 1766.

² The family, according to the *D.N.B.*, had twenty children, four of whom attained eminence: David, the second son, as professor of moral philosophy at Aberdeen; James, the third son, as poet and preacher; William as a physician; Alexander as a banker. It was David, not James, who died in shipwreck, in 1751.

³ On their way to Wales in 1774.

the same Bed, so it was their Father's¹ good Luck as it appears—he is now living, & enjoys their uncommon Prosperity.

Another odd Character

Doctor Stonehouse² began the World an Infidel, but was inclined to examine into the Evidences of Christianity by attending Doctor Lawrence's³ Medical Lectures: Stonehouse was bred to Physick, and went thither like many more for Information: but speaking there one Day somewhat slightly of Religion—I would, says Lawrence gravely—that Physicians went on as sure Grounds as Divines. The Expression struck Dr Stonehouse so forcibly—that he studied Divinity and fairly took Orders. Then he unluckily dropt among the Methodists, was infected by their Enthusiasm, and turned actually itinerant Preacher. He was soon shewed the Absurdity of this Exploit, and became a Parish Priest, where he did infinite Service by prescribing Med'cines very fit both for Body and Mind; he was not happy however, he had so many Children he said, and they were both a present heavy Burden, and a Source of future Sorrow: about this Time there came out a Pamphlet setting forth the Felicity & Benefit of a numerous Offspring; some Arch Body of his Acquaintance sent it to Dr Stonehouse in a Joke; he read it, and profess'd himself so changed in his Opinion, & so convinced by the Arguments of the Writer that he was now perfectly delighted to see his Wife with Child every Year after he had so complained of his nine Young ones.—The Characteristick of this Man's Mind seems to be ductility—

The fine Mr Gibbon so celebrated for his Book,⁴ and for his choice of Expression in Conversation began the World like other Men it seems, but when he was at the University he used frequently to come to Town, and go to Lewis the Bookseller's in Cov^t Garden, by way of buying Books, and sometimes merely to read or chat in the Shop: here he sometimes met a Romish Priest of great Learning; and as the Master of the House, & the major Part of his Customers were Catholicks, he insensibly became desirous to profess that Faith

¹ This man was Morton Walhouse, of Hatherton, Staffordshire. His eldest son, Edward, who entertained the Thrales and Dr. Johnson, inherited the estate of his great-uncle, Leake Okeover, and took his name, in 1765. The third son was Edward John Walhouse, grand-nephew of Sir Edward Littleton, fourth baronet, whom he succeeded in 1812. He was raised to the peerage in 1835 as Baron Hatherton, of Hatherton. Broadley, pp. 166, 167 and n. 1, 212, n. 2.

² The Sir James Stonhouse whom Hannah More called 'my counsellor, physician, and divine', 'who first awakened me to some sense of religious things'. Roberts, *Memoir of Hannah More*, i. 30; iii. 191.

³ Dr. Thomas Lawrence, Johnson's physician.

⁴ *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, of which the first volume appeared in 1776.

himself, but thinking it might produce a bustle in his Family if he blazed out a Papist at once, he resolved to ask his Father permission to go abroad;—that he might see the World was the pretence, but his Hope was to enjoy in a foreign Land that free Exercise of his new Religion which our own Nation will not permit:—He went through France & Italy, where he resided some Time, and took so thorough an Aversion to the Superstitions with which he saw the Christian Religion loaded, that he resolved to renounce the whole & turn Turk. He studied Mahometanism in consequence of this resolution, and finding no Religion to his Taste—settled in Deism which he now professes,¹ & in which Spirit he wrote his Book called the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. writing out the history of this fine M^r Gibbon so inclines me to transcribe the following Verses, that I cannot resist the Impulse.

Mark how the fruitful Danube flows
 Realms and Religions parting!
 A Friend to all true Christian Foes
 To Peter, Jack and Martin.
 Now Protestant, and Papist now
 And sometimes both or either;
 At length an Infidel does grow
 And ends his Journey neither:
 So have I seen some Youth set out
 Half Protestant, half Papist;
 And wand'ring long the World about
 Some new Religion to find out
 Turn Infidel or Atheist.—²

A young Cambridge Lad, Son to a Shopkeeper in the Town, was to take Orders forsooth & be examined accordingly; The Gentleman knowing his Education did not wish to be strict with him, but asked him gently how many Persons there were in the Trinity—Indeed replies the young Fellow I can't justly say Sir—though my Father makes Shoes for them all—he meant the College.

Bishop Lisle when he came down to his Welch Diocese was somewhat distressed by the innocent Answer of one of our Parish Priests, of whom his Lordship enquired how many *Souls* he might have in his Parish—Indeed my Lord replied the Parson we have never a *Soal* at all—they are all white Flukes. it was a Sea Coast.

The same Bishop when he confirmed in our Neighbourhood saw an old Man approaching the Altar; how old are you my Friend says his Lordship—seventy eight replies the poor Fellow—and have you never received the Sacrament? oh yes sure My Lord—What

¹ He later, however, re-embraced Protestantism. *Autobiography*, ed. Bury, pp. 62–3.

² Her own adaptation of a Latin poem in Cluverius' *Geography*. *Life*, ii. 133, 491.

hen do you come here now for my good Friend—I come says the Man my Lord indeed because I heard say it might do me good for the Rheumatism.

A Country Fellow who was sent on an Errand from my Father's House in Wales was ordered to take the Mule lest he should spoyl a good Horse: he staid however a prodigious long while on his Message; and when on his return he was severely reprimanded for his long Delay—

I have read (says the Fellow) that our Saviour did ride on an Ass, or on a Colt the Foal of an Ass, but by G— he was a better Jockey than I, for I could not get this Son of Ass along and do my best:—*We have* stood still half the Time.

M^r Lort told me today¹ a Thing that made me laugh: a Young Man of his Acquaintance one M^r Allen—resolved to take Orders and made proper Application: The Bishop asked him of course what he had read. why but little replied he to be sure, for says he I had not absolutely determined on my Profession till lately, but an Opportunity happening &c. well Sir cries the Bishop what *have* you read? why my Lord returns the Youth, I have read M^r Soame Jennings's Book, that I have—*quite through*.²

Doctor Parker³ once told a Story not unlike this of a young Fellow at Oxford who went for Ordination to the famous Martin Benson, & returned rejected, and of Course looking foolish enough: how is this cries his Tutor, why were not you ordained as we expected? I don't know reply'd the other, why he asked me some Cramp Questions which I did not half understand, what Questions enquired the Tutor, why says the Boy he asked me who was the great Mediatour between God and Man? and what was your Reply? why says the Young Fellow after a moment's Consideration I named the Archbishop of Canterbury. Blockhead! exclaims the Tutor, did not you know that The Arch Bishop & Benson have a Quarrel? if you had named any other Bishop on the Bench *it would have done*.

I remember my Father telling this Story of a Student at Cambridge: he was to construe with his Tutor the following Passage but I will not write out the whole it began thus however

Apostoli loquebantur ammirabilia Dei.

¹ March 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*. Actually written after June 1. Cf. above. p. 50, n. 2, and Introduction, p. xi.

² The Book mention'd is not an Hour's reading at the most. *Mrs. Thrale*. It was *A Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757). ³ See Hughes, *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 8.

he began accordingly *Apostoli* Oh ye Apostles! *loquebantur*, look about you; his Tutor's patience being soon exhausted, he concluded it for him thus—*Ammirabilia* admirably well construed—*Dei* by G-d.

On the Sunday before Christmas Day 1772 I heard for the first Time Shakespear's Plays quoted in the Pulpit the Passage was from Hamlet

That undiscover'd Country from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns.¹

I told Mr Lort I thought it very odd, but he assured me he had heard a Clergyman very lately quote in his Pulpit the passage from Othello

Who steals my Purse steals Trash.²

I once knew a conceited Parson who always pronounced the Blessing thus—The Peace of God which *surpasseth* all Understanding, and Mr Lort says he once heard a Clergyman read the Burying Service Lesson in the Corinthians instead of—Thou Fool—as it is printed—*Thou thoughtless Man*—very well bred indeed.

Mr Lort told me another odd Thing to Day³ as a certain Fact coming within the Compass of his own Acquaintance. One Bennet⁴—says Lort—a Man I never thought highly of tells me last Week that he intended writing a Dissertation on the Creeds: to which not much regarding him I only made answer Very well Sir. but the Book is come out I see, & after his Dissertation on the Apostles Creed, and that of Saint Athanasius, we are favoured with a Discussion of *Saint Nicen's* Creed as he calls it; and now am I ashamed of having ever spoken with the Man. He is in Orders and has good Preferment.

An Officer in the Army once asked old Major Markham how he could make any Pleasure out of such a Book, it was Pope's Ethic Epistles—why says the Major did you ever try? Not *this very* Book replies the Friend: then take and read it now says Markham, and read the Notes too for that explains the Text: Our Officer sate awhile with the Book in his Hand—why now Major says he after a Quarter of an hour's Study—what Stuff this is—explain quotha—why the Notes as you call 'em only make the t'other more unintelli-

¹ III. i. 79-80.

² III. iii. 157.

³ May 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. above, p. 96, n. 1.

⁴ Possibly Rev. Thomas Bennet, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who published *Twelve Lectures on the Apostles' Creed, delivered in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster* (1775). She may here be copying a memorandum of 1775, without revision.

gible. The Truth was he read fairly down the Page with out ever stopping—Text—Notes and all.

1777.] It was a good April Joke enough this Year to put it in all the News papers—that if People would turn to the 5th Verse of the 4th Chapter in Habbakuk they would find out the true Cause of our War with America:¹ the Wag who amused himself with this Contrivance walked about that morning from Coffee house to Coffee house seeing the Folks borrowing the Bible from each other with a ridiculous earnestness of Attention diverting enough.

A Joke not unlike this made Sport about seven Years ago for the People at Margate. A Gentleman came into the Assembly Room and told the Company that M^r Moore² a Man famous for his Mechanick Powers was come down thither in *the Machine without horses*;—such a Thing had been talked of as his Invention—The people crowded to see M^r Moore and his Carriage when behold he was come in *the Hoy boat*.

The story of the Officer in the last Page puts one in Mind of the Story of the Students who quarrelled about a Sentence in Seneca, which one of them warmly asserted to be in the *Old* the other in the *new* Testament:—Says one of them 'tis in the 1st Chapter of S^t John—See there replies the other, you never read your Bible—there is no first Chapter to Saint John—No answers the first Fool, I know that as well as You; but 'tis in the first Chapter that there *is*.—This was Doctor Johnson's Story.—

Seward once told me that a young Man at Oxford ask'd him thus—prythee Seward—thou art a reading Man—what do people mean by the *old* Testament, and the *New* Testament?—why they are *both Old* an't they?

Baretti asking who composed the Lord's Prayer was as bad as this,—or worse.

On hearing a Methodist Preacher one Sunday at Brighthelmstone M^r Seward said sensibly—This Stuff is silly to be sure, and half shocks one but it may have its Uses—Methodism and Moredant's drops³ do good now & then, when the patient is given over by the Regulars.

¹ The reader may discover the point for himself.

² Francis Moore, the coach designer and inventor. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for July 1769 (xxxix. 365) announces: 'Mr. Moor, the ingenious contriver of the carriage to travel without horses, waited upon his majesty at Richmond with one of them, who was graciously pleased to express his approbation of it.'

³ a Quack Medicine. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Doctor Armstrong went one Day to visit M^{rs} Lenox, it was a very cold frosty Morning—Hell, says he to her would be a good comfortable Place this Weather: it is, returned Charlotte, fit that those who think so should be there.¹

Doctor Leonard Howard, a sad Fellow, and best known by the name of the wicked Parson of Southwark, had run himself deeply in Debt; and being one Sunday to preach to his Parishioners, he made choice of this Passage for his Text.

Have Patience with me and I will pay thee all.²

He accordingly contrived to expatiate a long Time on the Virtue of Patience, and now says he my Friends having told you how fit it is you should have Patience with your Debtors—I leave the *second* Part of my Subject which is—*paying you all* to a more convenient Opportunity.

We were talking of People who read awkwardly not knowing what they were about: M^r Johnson protested he knew two Lads at Pembroke who lived in the same Apartment, and one of him³ told him that the other had been reading Chillingworth for the last Week very diligently leaving a *Mark* always in the place he left off, which his *Chumm* moved a few Pages backward every Day, & so forced him unknown to himself to go over the same Ground without advancing one Jot or ever finding the Joke out. but this is not the best Story I have heard M^r Johnson tell of truly incredible Ignorance—here's a better.

M^r Johnson had two Boys recommended to his Care for examination and further Instruction: the one was sixteen the other seventeen Years old: he found 'em very ready with their Grammatical & Mythological Learning—they had also read some English. Pray Gentlemen said Johnson do you know who dissolved the Monasteries in England? the eldest modestly replied he could not tell,—the other said *Jesus Christ*.⁴

Perhaps he asked 'em in Words they did not understand—I was one Day examining a Lad⁵ in the Roman History, and bid him tell me who *succeeded* Romulus—You might as well says Johnson ask him who *phlebotomized* Romulus—he would tell you as soon.⁶

¹ Probably Johnson's story. Broadley (p. 125) says that Charlotte Lennox was a 'constant visitor at Streatham', but I find no evidence of personal acquaintance.

² Matt. xviii. 26.

³ i.e. *them*.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 303.

⁵ Ralph Plumble, M^r. Thrale's nephew. See below, pp. 101-3.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 293-4.

I used to say that Mr Johnson had the Luck on't; he saw all the Wits and all the Dunces; he told me the following Truths.

A young Gentleman whom he had never seen called one day at his House and after some introductory Civilities informed him that his Father was lately fallen into unexpected Fortune, which he the Son was sole Heir to: that his Education had not been answerable to his present State, and that he now wished to procure himself some *Learning* in order to feel qualified for the Company he was now entitled to keep; & his Business with Mr Johnson was to obtain Directions as to the Method of procuring his new Acquirements—How old are you Pray Sir—19 returns the Youth and my Father will grudge no Expence—I would advise you to go to Oxford, you read Latin Sir with Facility—I can read Latin Sir, as for the *other*—hesitatingly—I never saw any body read with *Facility* I think you call'd it—so I don't know Sir. Mr Johnson begun to look this way & that way—but recollecting himself—I still think Sir you had better go to Oxford,—(You will learn *there* thought he, what facility means:) so to College went our young Hero in a few Weeks: Mr Johnson had now something like the Care of him and engaged Scott of *University*¹ to be his Tutour—Scott however in a short Time found his Pupil so ignorant of common things—though not foolish—as wanting natural Parts;—that he grew weary of explaining to him Things perfectly familiar to every one else. for Example—reading him one Day a sort of Lecture on Natural Philosophy; the Tutour observed that some Animals were Oviparous, some Viviparous, expounding the Terms at the same Time—The Cat for example says Scott—Ay Sir She is *oviparous*—no no replies the other—She brings her Young alive you know—does She returns the Pupil—I thought She had laid Eggs. Mr Scott in short found there was so much to be done of this sort that he said I would wish you Mr Greete as you can well afford it, to look out some decent Person that might be more with you than I can, some Scholarlike Man who would be glad of 50^l p^r Ann: or so, or it might be 100^l by the way of giving you little trifling Informations concerning common Things, & I will look after the rest. where shall I find such a one Sir enquires Mr Greete—Oh numbers would thank you for the Post replies the Tutor, and for the Time they parted. When they met next the Pupil began, with Sir I have been thinking of what you told me and have fixed upon a proper Person and will get

¹ Dr. William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, tutor at University College and (in 1773) Camden Reader in ancient history. He was one of Johnson's executors. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 402, n. 2.

you to propose him The Terms: 50^l will do I suppose—The Gentleman I like best for the Purpose of any I have seen is **Doctor Warton** here we will have done with M^r Greete.¹—

The next Instance of heroic Ignorance that I can truly record is of a Girl 18 Years old, who laid her Bones off her Plate one Day to keep them for M^r Cave's Horse poor Fellow! She was a Mantua maker, & not reckoned deficient.—

One other capital Stroke, but I am not so sure of this Fact as of the others. M^r Embry the Schoolmaster told me that he was reading the newspaper aloud and came to this Passage—The French have taken Umbrage;—pray Sir what Town is that sayd a Stander by? & when he saw Embry stare—I mean what Part of the Kings Dominions is it *in*?

M^r Jackson²—a quondam Chymist, well known for his Projects to destroy the Worm which perforates the Bottoms of Ships—& Husband to the Woman mentioned in Page 58.³ had a Mind to turn Scholar, so got him a Greek Testament & took to reading history—one day he met M^r Johnson at our house, & gravely asked him—for Information whether Scipio Africanus was a Black a moor—No Sir replied Johnson gravely—he was a Roman; I know that Sir answer'd the Man again, but I only beg to know whether he was a *Negro*.

One other triumphant Instance of consummate Ignorance shall close this Account—a young Man⁴ of seventeen Years old, and in one of the upper Forms of Eton School, fell into our hands to be examined for the University; whither Doctor Forster—to his eternal Disgrace—said he was well qualify'd to go.

We set him to read Virgil & asked him who was Tityrus, mentioned in the first Eclogue, he replied a Captain; we asked what he thought of Musa—he said it was a proper Name; How many feet are there in an Hexameter Verse says D^r Johnson—nine—replied the Lad.—You have read Ovid—Oh yes, who was the Goddess of Chastity—Queen Dido cried the Boy. what Prose have you read enquired my Mother—Sallust he replied—Who then was the great Carthaginian General—Pigmalion I think says he—or Agamemnon I forget which.

It was now Time to tell his Friends that he had been ill instructed, and to recommend some private Tuition before we should venture

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 302–3.

³ See above, p. 35.

² Humphrey Jackson. See below, p. 309, n. 1.

⁴ Ralph Plumbe. See above, p. 99.

at College; he therefore was dispatched to Abingdon where he was consigned to the Care of a Mr Bright¹ and we received Letters from him some times with Exercises enclosed: in six Months more we saw him, and expected to find some Improvement, though his Father observed that he had No Taste for Literature; I bought him last Year says he some Books to read—The London Rogue for example or the Tricks of the Town—a very pretty Account of Brothels Gaming houses—Highwaymen &c.—but I don't know how, I could not make him *do* anything,—the Girls however—his *Sisters* took to it kindly enough.

Well! when our Youth returned to us for further examination some body in sport had a Mind to ask him how many Weeks there were in the Year; the Pupil however gravely replied he did not know. I warrant says Bright who was present, and grievously mortified,² he knows how many Cards there are in a Pack—Yes! cries the Lad I know there are 46.—this was the Youth whom I asked who succeeded Romulus—& Johnson said I might as well enquire who phlebotomized Romulus—he is since dead of a Consumption at 21 Years of Age³ and I sincerely believe he could not tell the Time of Day by a Watch or Clock to the last hour of his Life. He never *did* know which was of most Value 2s 6^d or half a Crown,—that I can aver.⁴

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 294. Johnson wrote to the Rev. Henry Bright on January 9, 1770, soliciting him to 'take another pupil, in the same manner as Mr. Strahan was taken. You will, I think, have more trouble with him, and therefore ought to have a higher price.' *Letters*, No. 226.

² The exercises which were sent back after Ralph returned to school were so good that Dr. Johnson doubted his authorship, and Bright, on March 24, 1771, wrote in protest: 'I agree with you that where there is an utter Ignorance of the Latin Grammar, and English Orthography, Such Improvements are not to be made in Ten weeks only, even where is no want of good natural Powers, and ye Scholar's Diligence is unceasing. But the Mistake lies in forming our Estimate entirely from what was seen of Him at Streatham, when he was seen in Disguise only. There was even at that time a Fund of English and Latin Acquisitions about Him, But it could not appear, or be properly rang'd for the Dissipation of Mind contracted amidst the Relaxations of ye School Recess, and ye Perturbation of Spirits he was under.' But Bright's sanguine hopes of his pupil did not lead to a university career. His father proposed marriage for him in July 1771, and Mrs. Thrale, writing to Johnson on the 22nd, said: 'We so laughed last night, and were in such haste to have you laugh with us at a ridiculous though distant hint Plumbe gave of marrying his son Ralpho . . . Marry the Scoundrel! exclaims my Master, Marry the Booby! exclaims my Mother, Marry the Idiot! will Mr. Johnson exclaim likewise; but as he has finished his Studies, you know, and 'tis at least as well as *hanging*.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 539. See also J. D. Wright, 'Unpublished Letters of Dr. Johnson', *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvi, 53-5, 72-4.

³ He died early in March 1776. *Fortnightly Review*, 2nd ser., lxxiv. 275-6. If he was seventeen, as Mrs. Thrale says (above, p. 101) in January 1770, he must have been at least twenty-three at the time of his death.

⁴ One last story about him appears in Mrs. Piozzi's letter of January 28, 1796, to Queeney:

'Tis a Wonder this last named Fellow should die of a Consumption, that is upon poor Lord Elibank's principle; for when he heard of such a stupid Soul he would say—now not having Sense enough to keep Body & Spirit together—see if that Wretch does not die Dropsical.

Sir Lynch Cotton my Uncle was an odd Man as I have seen; impudent yet bashful, full of rusticity which offended, but had humour to divert one, he would say Things nobody else thought on, and would be merry about his own Fortune, his own Children, & his own Vices, with a sort of steady Insensibility, that looked like archness—for Example

His fourth Son went with him and my Father;—who was to introduce them both;—to Dr Markham, then Master of Westminster School where the Lad was to be placed—My Father accordingly recommended him to the Doctor's particular Attention and begged he might be made a Scholar; You intend the young Gentleman for the Church Sir—to Sir Lynch. Yes Sir replies the Baronet—I have 'tis true had some ill Luck lately with my Sons;—I sent one of them to fight the French by Land and he was taken Prisoner, I sent one to fight the French by Sea, and *he* was taken Prisoner—they cost me a pretty deal fitting out too—I am now fitting out this Fellow you see to fight *the Devil*—and if *He* should be taken Prisoner!¹

another Story of the same Man.

His eldest Daughter—of whom he made a favourite—had a considerable Offer; but he would not give her a Shilling, so the Match was broke & the Girl grieved. In about half a Year her Lover married another Lady one Miss Wade, and my Mother wrote him a reproaching Letter Why ay says Sir Lynch in his Reply, Miss Wade is a saucy Jade, but then She had ten thousand Pounds you know—Cacky² had but *nine*—and so thought no more on't.

One of his Sons did his Business for him—he was Auditor for

'Don't you recollect our telling each other how her [Mrs. Plumb's] Son was made to get Burnet's beautiful Oration or Soliloquy . . . by heart? and then when I said Yes, 'tis a Speech over the ruin'd World—No, replied he *that it a'nt now*: 'Tis over the *World in Ruins*; and *Mr. Bright says so himself*.' Bowood Papers.

¹ The fourth son, Thomas, did not take orders. George, the third son, who became dean of Chester, is probably meant. The sailor son was Rowland, who became an admiral, and the soldier was William, who became a lieutenant-colonel. Burke, *Peerage*, under 'Viscount Combermere'.

² Probably the Kitty referred to by Molly Cotton in a letter to Mrs. Salusbury. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530. Burke's *Peerage*, however, lists no daughter Katherine. The eldest given is Elizabeth, who married Colonel D'Avenant.

North Wales—and expected some Reward—you should give poor Tom something said my Mother indeed you should—Well answers the Baronet here's an old Red Wastecoat *will a' have that*,—Poo, Nonsense—that! why Look you says he again when I did my eldest Brother's Business for him I was glad enough to get an old Coat, ay or an old Pair of Breeches.—there was Company by all the while with whom he was not Intimate.

One other odd Trait and I have done with Sir L: S: Cotton. His Wife who was a very weak Creature was engaged in a strange kind of Discourse with one Desborough a Blockhead who thought it grand to be an Atheist, & was haranguing poor Lady Cotton about the Devil, whose Existence he denied; and went on with such frothy Arguments as he had heard other Fools use, I know not what. Sir Lynch was sitting by, franking Covers, and apparently unheedful of their Talk—at last—Well! Well! if there is no Devil; I desire, that we may let alone paying 8 Guineas a Year for our Pew at Duke Street Chapel here, and so save our Money, if we are not to save our Souls.—

Old Mr Langton¹ seems to have been a Character too in his Way: I have heard Mr Johnson relate some very odd things of him: though he was pious I believe and learned, and had quite the manners of an Old Gentleman whose Descent was considerable, and whose notions of Honour were high. He had however no Authority over his Family, the young Ladies² his Daughters in particular thought it so little necessary to pay his Commands any Attention, that they would not come down to Dinner perhaps till the Second Course, & would go out with him to dinner at a friend's house in a Dress he had charged them not to wear. his Servants were full as remiss, for one Day the Son took Johnson into a Room not often used, where the Girls finding them joined the party, and sate down on four Chairs round the Fire to chat: Mr Johnson on that very Day sevennight looking in at The Window saw the Chairs standing which had never been removed.

with all this I have heard that he was positive enough, though supremely wrongheaded; he had dug a Ditch, and the Damms being too low at one End, the Water run over; You should raise the Earth higher there Sir, said one of his Neighbours to keep the Water

¹ Bennet Langton, Sr. They lived at Langton, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, where Johnson visited them in 1764.

² Elizabeth, the eldest; Diana, who married the Rev. Robert Uvedale (d. November 1799), rector of Langton (*Gent. Mag.* lxi. 999–1000); and Juliet (*Letters*, No. 552, and below, p. 170, and n. 6). Johnson described them as '*dowdies*'. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 261.

in, No Sir says M^r Langton I will dig the Ditch deeper *just in that Place*, which will answer the End better, & no body could convince him. His Batchelor Bro^r¹ lived better on two hundred than he did on two Thousand a Year—his Friends twitted him sometimes—Ay replies M^r Langton 'tis easy to be an Œconomist with a Little. His eldest Daughter was a strange Being² I believe, wore her Aprons unmade as I have been told, and said in Conversation—to a Gentleman—that She would be a W[hore]³ but for three Reasons—one that it would endanger her Salvation, one that it would endanger her health, & the other I have forgot, but it was not that She should disgrace her Family; for says Johnson who told it me—No hang her She was *above that*. The Wife of this Heroines Brother or Father⁴ was a *London Lady*, always teizing her husband to go to Town, and never regulating her Family for twenty Years, never buying a Cow, never putting up a Fowl to feed,—never repairing their Furniture or house in Lincolnshire where they always lived because they were to go to London next Year forsooth and see the Players, who made all the Subject of her Conversation, settling the Merits of M^{rs} Cibber & M^{rs} Pritchard in the midst of a Family ruined by Mismanagement, and running to speedy Decay; and in a Neighborhood of Country Gentlewomen who had never seen nor were likely to see them.

The present M^r Langton was of all her Children the Mother's favourite; he had a Taste for Connoisseurship, and despis'd Huswifry I suppose, tho' he did not like to eat so ill as their Family was often

¹ Mr. Peregrine Langton, of Partney, Lincolnshire, who died in 1766. Bennet Langton, at Dr. Johnson's request, wrote a detailed memorial of how his uncle managed to live so well on £200 a year. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 17 and n. 9.

² She quarrelled with Johnson in 1771, over a tardy letter of condolence which he had sent. He wrote to Mrs. Thrale on July 20: 'Sweet meat and sour sauce.—With your letter which was kind, I received another from Miss [Langton], to let me know with what *frigidity* I have answered her; and to tell me, that she neither hopes nor desires to excite greater warmth. That my first salutation *Madam* surprised her, as if an old friend, newly meeting her, had thrown a glass of cold water in her face; and that she does not design to renew our conversations when I *condescend* to visit them, after [Lady Rothes] gets up. . . .

'I have certainly now such a letter as I never had before, and such as I know not how to answer. . . .' *Letters*, No. 262. G. B. Hill guessed the irate lady to be Miss Porter, but that it was Miss Langton is seen by referring to Johnson's letter to her of April 17 (*Letters*, No. 247), obviously the one which inspired her resentment. In it he promised a visit after Lady Rothes's recovery—which supplies the second name. Dr. Chapman tells me that in the original MS. of Johnson's next letter to Mrs. Thrale (No. 263), which refers to the same incident, Miss Langton's name appears: ' . . . what to say to Miss Langton I cannot devise'. That the quarrel was made up is certain, for in Miss Langton's will, which was drawn before Johnson's death and not afterwards revised, she left him £100. *Gent. Mag.* lxi. 91.

³ Crossed out in the MS.

⁴ Confused by a MS. revision. She means the wife of Bennet Langton, Sr.

forced to do for want of it; and when somebody observed that the Chickens were tough—you took the *Leg* perhaps says Langton and we do not here pretend to eat the *Legs*. This¹ Mr Langton however was to have repaired the fortune of the Family and married a rich Wife, for he is pious, learned and elegant, and well qualified to make his Addresses to any Lady: To the Grief and Astonishment of all his true Friends they now behold him tied to a Thing without Beauty, Birth, Money or Talents, widow to an old Scotch Peer² who wanted a Son in his Old Age & took a fresh Lawland Lass for that Purpose with more Probability than Success. She is a Presbyterian too, to make her more fit for Langton, who is a Tory & a high Church man up to the Eyes: but that as he observes is a small Fault, for says he I shall take her to Church and She will go of Course and not *find out the Difference* She does so, and they seem to live vastly happy as can be, and ask their Friends to dine with them— Lords, Ladies, any body—upon a Piece of boyl'd Beef or a Loyn of Veal *only* without anything else: all this with an Insensibility truly admirable. Mr Langton seems to stand in a very odd Light among us.— he is acknowledged Learned, Pious, and elegant of Manners—yet he is always a Person unrespected and commonly ridiculous; When he made his Will we were all bursting with Laughter—Langton's Will was the *Mot de Guerre* and every body was tittering.³ When Johnson & Boswell diverted themselves with an aerial Scheme of settling the Literary Club at St Andrews because they delighted in the Situation, and were fancifully appropriating different Apartments to the different Members—Mr Langton was appointed to the *Garret*.⁴ The Literary Club⁵ was originally composed I believe of these Gentlemen—Sir Joshua Reynolds—the Founder—Mr Johnson, Mr Chaumiere, Mr Dyer, Dr Percy, Dr Nugent Mr Chambers Mr Beauclerc, Mr Langton, Dr Goldsmith and Mr Burke.⁶ I have heard Johnson launch out in praise of this Club

¹ This passage, through 'an Insensibility truly admirable', was published in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 9-10.

² Mary Lloyd, who first married John, 8th Earl of Rothes. She and Langton were married in 1770. *Gent. Mag.* xl. 278.

³ Johnson was moved to Homeric laughter. See *Life*, ii. 261-2. ⁴ Cf. *ibid.* v. 108.

⁵ This use of the name in June 1777 would seem to disprove Boswell's statement that the Club was nameless until the time of Garrick's funeral, in 1779, when it acquired the name of the Literary Club. It was founded in February 1764. *Life*, i. 477; v. 109, n. 5. See also below, p. 188.

⁶ Sir John Hawkins is omitted; and Dyer, who became a member shortly after the Club was founded, and Percy and Chambers, who were not admitted until February 15, 1768, are mistakenly included. *Life*, i. 478, n. 2. Curiously enough, in her *Anecdotes*, Chiamier's name does not appear, although listed here and on p. 188, below.

with an enthusiastic Violence; there never was such a Society he said for Virtue & for Literature, and very angry was he when Sir Joshua's Interest prevailed to have it enlarged by the Addition of many Members—Burke was against it too, but observed that some respect Should be paid to Sir Joshua's inclinations for he was their Romulus;¹ So our Romulus is to open an Asylum is he? says Johnson, the Disputes rose high and the Voices grew loud I could not help expressing my Fears lest their Romulus should be lost in the Storm.—When M^r Johnson had a Mind to torment M^r Thrale he would begin commending M^r Chamier mentioned in this page who he knew my Master hated—I have not yet been able to find out why Johnson loved the Man or Thrale did not, he seems to me a Creature quite Indifferent but I have not seen him often.

I have at last been in Company of old James Harris² of Salisbury with whose Name & Character I was very familiar in my younger Days, There is a famous Joke of Charles Townshend's concerning him which must be mentioned—when he was introduced into the house of Commons—who is this Harris says the Witty Charles—why *James* Harris replies somebody—the great Logician who has written one Book about Grammar and one about Virtue:³ and what brings him here then enquires Townsend—he will find neither Grammar nor Virtue in this house.⁴ I was exceedingly earnest to please M^r Harris and I believe succeeded pretty well, though his Character is a cold one—he puts me in Mind of these Verses of Churchill

Come then cold Monitor half Foe half Friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, and Virtue can't commend;
Candour—who with the Charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best—whene'er she thinks at All.⁵

and his Family—when I asked one of them how M^r Harris liked such a Singer—oh my Papa says the Girl makes it a Rule to say he likes every thing & every body, we never mind him. Burney said properly enough of his last Book called Philosophical Arrangements

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 229–30.

² In the 'Autobiographical Memoir' written in later years for Sir James Fellowes, Mrs. Thrale said she had been in his company in her youth. Hayward, ii. 29.

³ *Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Universal Grammar* (1751), and 'Concerning Happiness', published in *Three Treatises* (1744).

⁴ This anecdote survives in the fragment of her early commonplace-book. See the Introduction, p. x.

⁵ *Epistle to Hogarth*, ll. 173–4, 55–6. Ll. 55–6 have been substituted for

'Come, Candor! by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone.'

that it was the *Pourquoi de Pourquoi*. perhaps I mentioned this before.¹ [June 1777.]

August 13 1777.² Yesterday³ I dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's on Richmond Hill: some agreeable People were raked together, and we intended to have a charming day of it; but Mr Garrick was sick, and Lady Rothes was troublesome; She brought two Babies with her both under six Years old, which though the prettiest Babies in the World were not wanted there at all, they playd and prattled and suffer'd nobody to be heard but themselves—we ancient Maids, steril Wives or disappointed Parents were peevish to see others happier than ourselves in a little Boy who naug[h]ty as we called him—three People there would have been glad to purchase with ten

¹ See above, p. 35.

² The remainder of the first volume of *Thraliana*, eighty-five pages in the MS., was written between this date and the following September 18. Johnson, who was visiting Lichfield and Ashbourne during this period, twice complains of her neglect of him: September 6, 'As you have now little to do, I suppose you are pretty diligent at the *Thraliana*, and a very curious collection posterity will find it' (*Letters*, No. 542); and September 15, 'Instead of writing to me you are writing the *Thraliana*' (*ibid.*, No. 547).

³ This passage, through 'but could not obtain his Wish', was reproduced by Hughes in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 10. On this same day, she wrote to Johnson at Lichfield a more specific account of the affair, which he referred to in his letter of September 15. Hill conjectured that the scene took place at the home of the Langtons, who he supposes were living at Richmond. *Letters*, No. 547 and n. Mrs. Thrale's letter enumerates the guests—the Pepyses, the Patersons, the Garricks, the Langtons, and the Thrales, besides Sir Joshua and his sister, who 'with great composure' put the two children 'under the Care of a Maid, & sent them a walking while we dined; very little to the Satisfaction of the Parents, who expressed some uneasiness lest they should overheat themselves as it was a hot day. In the mean Time Mr. Garrick was taken Ill, and after suffering a good deal from Sickness in his Stomach desired a Table to himself near the open Window: by the Time he was settled, the Children returned; and Lady Rothes, who did not much like they should lose their dinner so, had got some Scraps of the second Course—Cheese cakes & such like ready for them at their Return—She then directed them to go to Mr. Garrick's Table, and eat fair. He was sick before, and I actually saw him change Colour at their approach, however he was civilier to them than anybody there except myself. Pepys—who had heard you give a Specimen of the *Langtonian* Mode of Life at our house, whispered me that he wished them all at the Rope Walk . . . ' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 540. Eventually there were nine children in Langton's family. *Cent. Mag.* lxxi. 1208. Of the oldest, Mrs. Piozzi wrote to Queeney, in February 1812: 'oh dont you recollect tall Mr. Langton's eldest son *little George*? who had a Taste for Fortification, his Papa said,—at 5 Years old—& when they retired to live in Kent, You made dear Dr. Johnson laugh by observing that with such help *Rochester would be impregnable*. Well! Little George is a Tall Man himself, & has a Son 17 Years old by a Relation of Sir Walter James: They met at my House Yesterday & amused me no little. Poor Mr. Langton's Account of his good Father bursting with Greek & with Religion as he Said, & leaving him the Estate—diminish'd 4000*£* o' Year!—and then exclaims the Man—Johnson could say—*Sit anima mea cum Langtono*! A fine Fellow to take a Chance of Heaven with! that has ruined me and my Seven Children . . . & are not you a *Worse* replies the Baronet [Sir Walter James], who now in the 1st Year of your Widowerhood quarrel with your eldest Boy about a Girl who he would marry, but you tear her from him by Threats of leaving Langton Hall away—& marry her *Yourself* tho' but Sixteen Years old!' Bowood Papers.

thousand Pound—Garrick, Thrale,¹ or old Deputy Paterson, who married a second Wife on purpose, but could not obtain his Wish. The Wits wanted to be talking & could not be heard, The Family folks fretted—but Langton & his Wife with a triumphant Insensibility kissed their Children and listened to nothing with Pleasure but what they said. When every body was dispersed & the day over, some said how ill bred Lady Rothes & her Husband were, some said how foolish, to be repeating Bons Mots of Babies among people of Wit & Understanding—I only thought that those who railed at them envied their Felicity, & that they were as wise who were proud of their Children as we were who were proud of our parts; however I could hardly endure the day between peevishness Envy and the perpetual Regret to think that I *once* had a Son—Oh thought I—*Nemo de nobis unus excellat; sed si quis extiterit alio in loco* at least *et apud alios* sit.

1777.] M^r Evans of Southwark is just now burst out upon us in the Character of a married Man; he has it seems been so for these last six Years, but never owned his Marriage for prudent Considerations respecting his Uncle &c: the Lady is I hear a Person of Family who has been content to live the concealed Wife of a Clergyman not much known in the World though a Man of Virtue Knowledge & pleasing Behaviour enough. I am methinks impatient to see a Woman whose Passions, and whose Command of them are both so strong: a Woman who would with a considerable Share of Beauty and of Birth marry a Man who certainly possessed neither Rank, Fortune nor good Looks, merely for the pleasure of securing to herself this Husband of her Heart, when it should please Heaven by removing his Relation to permit her the Enjoyment of him;—for in order to prevent the loss of her Character, he protests he never did for six Years together approach her Person nearer than strict Friendship permits—nor ever Allowed himself a Tête a Tête for fear of Temptations he could not have resisted. so here is Dean Swift and Stella again; and what can one say when one hears such strange Tales, but Plato's old Observation that there are in the World people of all sorts.²

In the Year 1768:—he was not married then—this same M^r Evans told me the following Story: he is a Person of strict Veracity

¹ Both of Thrale's sons had died—Ralph on July 13, 1775, at the age of twenty months, and Harry on March 23, 1776, at the age of nine years. See pp. 318–19, below.

² Johnson (Letter No. 194 and Rambler No. 160) says: "The world," says Locke, "has people of all sorts". The Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs gives it first from Shelton's *Quixote* (1620).

and I believe it with my whole Heart; besides though I never was troubled with the Tender passion, I will not controvert the Testimony of all Ages and of all Nations: there *is* such a Thing as violent Love I suppose, suddenly excited, and sharply felt; though I should fancy not once for 5000, or even 500,000 Times it is imagined by People who wish for the praise of Sensibility.

Here is the Story promised in the last Page.—Evans loquitur.—this is not the Lady he afterwards married.

I was sitting reading in my Lodgings when A Man of good Appearance desired admittance, and in very civil Terms requested my Attention to a very particular Subject: I comply'd, and he began to tell me of a Lady who had commissioned him to offer me herself in Marriage with a fortune of six Thousand Pounds. She had heard me read & preach forsooth, & had fallen passionately in Love with me: I received the Information with Contempt & Anger, said I would not be trifled with, and desired him to have done his harangue. He then begged me most earnestly to have pity on the Lady, said her Health if not her Life depended on my Answer, & in fine said so much that I made him this grave Reply. Sir, it does not suit my Circumstances to marry now; and when it does, I will look me out a Wife whose Passions shall be more under her Command, Let me hear no more either of you or of her.

When I told Johnson this Story, he gave me the two following of his own Knowledge—& his Veracity cannot be questioned—he says a Story is valuable only as it is *true*.

When Garrick had acted Richard for the first three Times—some Overtures were made him by a Lady who sent a female Friend to him with Proposals of Marriage, mentioning her Fortune as high, and her Birth as noble. Mr Garrick and the Go-between had frequent Interviews which he confesses to have encouraged—but on a sudden she came no more—her Absence which was wholly unprovoked disturbed him a while but in a few Months he forgot it. Two Years after he met his Old Acquaintance in the Street; followed, and press'd her so tenderly and so irresistibly for an Explanation that after some Hesitation—Well! Sir said She the Truth is the best Excuse—I will tell it you:—My Friend fell in Love with you playing King Richard, but seeing you since in the Character of the Lying Valet—you looked so—*shabby* (pardon me Sir) that it cured her of her Passion—

This Woman seems made up of Ignorance and Frenzy—did She

¹ The rest of the paragraph was reproduced in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 111-12.

take the Fellow for King Richard? and was it King Rich: She was in Love with? The Lady in the next Page is still more to be stared at; & her husband still more than her—but She was *not* in Love, nor pretended so to be. I can much easier account for *her* Conduct, only the step was so criminal, and might have been the cause of still worse crimes.

This Story was told me by Dr Johnson who had it from the Gentleman himself.

I was loitering says he about the Door of Queen's College when I saw a Chaise stop at the Angel Inn: I soon observed the Lady who came in it look out of the Window and in a quarter of an hour I was sent for to the Inn: I waited on the Lady who talked to me familiarly though with an odd Reserve which greatly affected me; and I saw from time to Time a starting Tear—Her Person was elegant tho' not striking, her Age thirty six; & her Voice had a softness which seemed the Consequence of Distress—we spt together & conversed quite freely, and her Understanding completed her Conquest—But what was my Astonishment when She gravely replied to my Courtship—Sir I sent for you on purpose—there are two Pillows on my Bed—You are at Liberty to follow me thither—& hastily retired as if shocked at what She had said.—I was strangely confounded, but resolved to comply.—Things were accordingly adjusted & in the morning I pressed her with the utmost Tenderness to tell me her Name and Condition—the former She would not disclose, though She insisted upon mine: She further informed me that She was a Married Woman, Wife to a Clergyman who had the sole possession of her Heart: that their Lives were rendered miserable by the want of a Child, as their Fortunes and Expectations were very high, that her Husband had agreed with her on this Expedient, & that if it answered to their hopes and Wishes I might assure myself of 50^l p^r Ann if the Child was a Girl—100^l if a Boy.—the remittance to cease however if I ever revealed the Secret, or sought to discover more than She now thought fit to reveal—adding that we were *never, never* more to meet; that all enquiry on my Side would be fruitless, and that the Annuity should surely stop if ever I told the Adventures of the past Night—We parted with extreme Fondness on my Side, & some Tears on hers, & in ten Months Time I rec^d 100^l without Letter or Note, which Pension was regularly continued for three Years:—My Vanity and Curiosity tempted me then to tell the Story, and hunt after the Lady—& I never more could see my Fairy Money, or hear of my Fairy Mistress.

I will now relate an odd Story from my own Knowledge. A young Lady in Wales of considerable Family, and eight thousand Pounds Fortune, fell in Love with a young Clergyman whose Birth was well enough but having only a small Income her Friends beg'd her not to think of him, & her Guardians refus'd their Consent: when She came of Age however She pressed him to marry her, which he declined having rather a dislike to the Girl, though her Person was not disagreeable: he went abroad for two Years with a young Gentleman as his Tutor, & hoped Miss Wynn's Passion would be cooled by then: She kept it warm however, & when he returned to the Country persecuted him again—he was still deaf to her Sollicitations & She in her Turn was sollicitated by many neighbouring Gentlemen, full as young & handsome & with more Money & Sense, but She always made answer that her *Heart* was engaged though her *Hand* was not: the Parson kept his distance, but Miss Wynn coax'd the Parson's Mother without much Difficulty to let her live with *her* paying twice as much for her Board as She would have done any where else, She made herself excessively useful to the Old Gentlewoman, attending her in her last long Illness with the assiduity of a Servant expecting a Legacy, and with the Affection of a dutiful & amiable Child: The Clergyman himself was touched, & when his good Mother died, he resolved to let her live on in the house, with his Sister, who loved her; & to whom She was half Companion somehow, & half House keeper. They lived on so together for four Years:—Mr Myddelton coming down now & then—but when one Evening after Supper he told her before his Bro^r & some Intimates he had invited, that he would marry her the next Morning; the poor faithful fond Creature dropt down for Joy in a strong & violent Fit: his Caresses recovered her, & they were married the next Day: I visited them when I was in Wales;¹ and heard this Story which I knew before—well confirmed—Surely these are Love Stories enough—The Clergy seem to have had a Share in them all.—I picked up but little on my Tour to my native Land, save this, & a few comical Stories which shall be told over Leaf.

Mr Thrale asked Mr Griffith's House keeper—as her Master was not at home where he should find the Parson of the parish. what says the Young Woman do you mean Jack Roberts? you are come at a bad Time indeed to see Jack Roberts, for he has got a black Eye now fighting with an Excise man for a Girl.

A Gentleman told the following Story at Sir Rob^t Cotton's Table,

¹ 1774. *Mrs. Thrale.*

I thought it like one in the Menagéana ending with un Duc Madame¹—here it is. The late Lord Anglesey, a notorious Cuckold, loved much to jest on others in the same Situation: to a Clergyman of the Herd he called out one Day at Dinner—Parson! prythee tell us what is English for Cornutus—*Anglicé* a Cuckold reply'd the Parson archly.

I likewise heard *this* following Story told at Myddelton's—I might as well have heard it at home though.

George Bodens heard tell of a famous Hump backed Man called Dick Carver having a large Legacy left him, what now says his Friend can poor Dick do with it? Let him give it Horace Walpole returned the Colonel, & he shall prove that he was *not* crook-backed Richard.²

another thing not witty to be sure but comical enough I was at the telling of at Llewenny. Says young D'Avenant³ who told the Story I was one Evening supping alone at my Lodgings & sent my Servant to fetch me a little *Porter*; and after waiting for it longer than I liked my Man appeared with an ill dress'd Companion—I stared, but Thomas soon opened the Cause, by saying indeed Sir I could find never a little *Porter*, but I have brought the least *Chairman* upon the Stand.

My Journey was upon the whole very uncomfortable; I took no Maid, and I had my little Daughter to wait on beside myself—no Female to speak to, nobody to attend the Child or me in case of Illness—I was peevish perhaps of Course, and nothing was quite as it should be:⁴ I saw a multitude of fine *Houses* however, and liked

¹ 'Mad. Loiseau, bourgeoise, étoit à Versailles. Le Roi voyant qu'elle s'avançoit fort près du Cercle, dit à Madame la Duchesse de —, Questionnez-la un peu, Madame. Madame la Duchesse de —, l'ayant fait approcher, lui dit: Madame, quel oiseau est plus sujet à être cocu? Elle lui répondit: c'est un Duc, Madame.' *Menagiana*, ii. 79.

² Reference to Walpole's *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III* (1768).

³ Corbet D'Avenant, who had eloped with Hetty Cotton, Sir Lynch's youngest daughter (who was five years his senior), a few weeks before the Thrales' visit at Llewenny. Broadley, p. 178; D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 493. He was the son of Colonel Thomas D'Avenant, who seems to be identical with the Colonel Thomas D'Avenant who married Hetty Cotton's oldest sister, Elizabeth. Broadley, loc. cit., n. 1; Burke's *Peerage*, under 'Combermere'. The Colonel's first wife was Anne Corbet, who was still living in 1767. A. L. Reade, *Reades of Blackwood Hill*, p. 264, n. 5. Curiously enough, this marriage of Hetty Cotton's connected the families of Dr. Johnson and of Mrs. Thrale, for Corbet D'Avenant was a great-grandson of Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, Leicestershire, who married as a second wife Hester Skrymsher, Dr. Johnson's first cousin. *Ibid.*, pp. 256-7, 262, 264-5.

⁴ She was kept awake by Queeney's tormenting cough, acutely missed her mother, and was sick from pregnancy. Broadley, pp. 164 ff., 171-2, 208.

Hagley the best, but the Leasowes charmed me most as a Place; not that I was quite as foolish as a Man I heard of lately. who when he was asked about Hagley did not seem much delighted—for says he—why 'tis all a *flat*: a *Flat* Sir! cries Pepys who heard him—surely the chief Beauties of Hagley Park are the Inequalities of the Ground—then replies the Gentleman it might only be owing to *the Snow* which filled up the *Hollows*.—The family Monuments pleased me at Hagley, and the Anecdote of Lord Lyttelton taking up the Corpse of his Lucy from some other consecrated Ground, and bringing it home to be interr'd with his own, when he found his Death approaching—made me envy even a Corpse which was the Subject of such Tenderness.—

From this place we went to the Leasowes, where while Mr Johnson & Mr Thrale went up to have a nearer View of the Waterfall, I sat by the Root House, and wrote the following Verses.

1

To Shenstone in his Grot retired
My truest praise I'll pay:
And view with just Contempt inspired
The glitter of the Gay.

2.

From Keddestone's offensive Glare
From Chatsworth's proud Cascade;
From artful Hagley I repair
To thine and Nature's Shade.

3-

When Rubens thus too fiercely burns,
When Lucan glows with Rage:
The Soul to softer Guido turns
Or Virgil's pastoral Page.

When I went to France the Year after, I kept a Journal¹ of all that passed, & so I did in the Welch Tour,² so that there is nothing worth mentioning here, only when I returned I found a bon Mot of mine circulated about the Town and published in all the Newspapers, I suppose Lord Mount Morris carried it over hither, for he sate by me at the Time—thus it was.

A French Gentleman whose Place was near mine at the Opera asked me in a sneering manner how we should do to conquer America, adding that he fancied it would be somewhat difficult:

¹ Surviving in the Rylands collection, and published in 1932 by Mr. Tyson and Mr. Guppy in *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson*.

² Published by Broadley, in his *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. above, p. 3, n. 1.

Perhaps so replied I, now 'tis defended by Englishmen;—I remember 'twas easy enough to take it from the French.¹

Here is a better bon Mot of one M^r Ridge, a Man not much thought on: Macpherson² who some Time ago gave a bad Translation of Homer, was said by some body to have such Skill at Newspaper Abuse that he could write down *any body*, no wonder cries Ridge when he has already written down Homer.—

I will add a Bon Mot of one of M^r Thrale's Electors, & then tell an odd Story or two. I was mentioning the Opposition in 1774, & wondering how Lee could procure so many Votes. Madam says the Man, you have known the Borough twelve Years I have liv'd in it 40. & I know that if Jesus Christ and Saint Paul were to stand Candidates next Election our folks would raise an Opposition in favour of *Barabbas*

This was like a Speech of Baretti's—

Here is a very strange Story but a very true one—the Facts are recent & many of the People—the Heroine particularly—alive.³—I was told it two Years ago but I have had it confirmed to me since.

There is a School for poor Girls near S^t Sepulchre's Church Holbourn, maintained by the charitable Contributions of 150 good Women who see to the management of it and call it the *Ladies* Charity School. the Mother of one of the Girls—a Pauper in the parish was sick and visited by the Clergyman whose Office it was, and who gave it as his Opinion that Poverty was her chief Disease, as She had seven more Children to prey upon her besides the one little Girl who was happily placed in the School. The Parson gave her what he could spare, and made her Case known to the Gentlewomen who manag'd the Charity—among these, *One*, who keeps a great Inn in Smithfield, took the poor Creature home to her for a few Days, & when She had recover'd her Strength a little, permitted her to do Charring Work as it is called, & gave her some Victuals home at Nights for her Family: Soon after She took the eldest Son into the Stables, as a Supernumerary, but gave him Board & Lodging & was good to him: The Mother mean time was still weakly & sickly & pined for her own Country from which She had been absent eighteen Years: having suffered great Hardships during the Life of her Husband who was a labouring Man in & about London

¹ This got into all the Newspapers. *Mrs. Thrale*. It appeared in the *London Chronicle* (headed 'Bon Mot of Mrs. Thrale') on November 25, 1775. This paragraph was reproduced in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozz's Thraliana*, p. 12. ² Author of *Ossian*. ³ 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

and who had been dead two Years. The good Gentlewoman therefore who keeps the Inn, told her she should return to her Parish in Lincolnshire & that a Subscription should be opened among the Ladies of the School to clothe & send her down with her *six* Children for one Girl was safe in the Charity House, and the Boy was diligent, and likely to rise to the Rank of Ostler at the Inn: accordingly a Collection was made, & the whole Family consisting of the poor Widow and her six Children were decently clad, & sent to Lincolnshire from whence She originally came: The Groupe arrived safely, and were thought on no more till in about eighteen or twenty Months Time the Gentlewoman who keeps the Inn rec^d a Letter from her quondam Chairwoman thanking her in the kindest manner for all past Favours, & informing her that She was now happily married to the *Squire of the Parish*, a Man of fifteen hundred pounds a Year landed Estate who desired her—the Landlady of the King's head—to look out a genteel Boarding School for the little Girl at St Sepulchre's Charity house, and a good Trade for the Lad who was hoping to become Ostler, & I have this very day upon enquiry discovered that the young Fellow is actually engaged to an eminent Coachmaker in Long Acre, and that *Miss* has her Clothes already bought & is hastening to one of the great Boarding Schools in Queen Square, where People of Fashion are fond of placing their Girls. The Squire and his Lady kept the other four in the Country with them, two of which are dead; so does this singular Family bear Testimony to all that ancient & modern Writers have told us about the strange Vicissitudes of Fortune. The Mother continues unhealthy still, & it should be remembered that She was 44 Years old when She returned in the Waggon to her Parish: I never heard She was handsome, and suppose nobody ever thought of enquiring till lately. She now keeps her Coach & four however, which She uses principally for the Benefit of Airing, but She is inoffensive in her Neighborhood & not disliked.

Now for the History of M^r Carter.

One Day as I was learning to ride in the Borough, I observed my poor Master to be much oppressed with Grief, and scarce able to give me Instruction: I enquired the Cause and finding it to be Poverty, thought I might be instrumental to his Relief, & enquired the State of his Family and Circumstances, the Man was as modest as he was miserable but I gently drew from him this Confession That he had had 14 Children by a very handsome Wife, that he had endeavoured to provide for them as well as he could by the pro-

fession I found him engaged in, for that being an Ensign in the Army as he was when he married, would not have procured them Bread in the most literal Sense. he had suffered a good deal he said, was deeply in Debt to the Man of the Stables where he taught, who was cruel enough too: he had often seen his Wife seduced, & had sometimes been himself offered Money to seduce her, but I am a Gentleman says the Man, & I hope I have always behaved as such—my Wife has been constant too, and my Children are handsome, but have learnt nothing in the World except to ride—if his eldest daughter was but under a good Roof he said & in safe hands he should be happy—I promised to get her a place, but finding She could neither read, nor write, nor work, nor wash, I found no body would be plagued with her but myself; I took her home therefore—taught her to read myself and taught her her prayers, her Catechisme &c. I then put her to School to learn washing—ironing Lace-mending, clearstarching and such like, paid a Master to instruct her in writing & then took her into my Nursery—to compleat her Education She was encouraged by her Mother however to be saucy, She insisted on the Servants calling her *Miss* forsooth, would not dine at their Table, & in short made them all abhor her, besides that She soon appeared to be a Lyar in Grain. Her Father mean Time gave me a World of Thanks, & her a World of Advice, and wished I would get his eldest Boy into Christ's Hospital¹—Are you free of the City? Mr Carter said I, Oh Yes Madam God be praised, free by my Father's Copy. I then with great difficulty procured a Freeman's Presentation, & thought I had made him happy—but when I was in Worcestershire I received a Letter from poor Carter signifying that he had got a few Friends together to go & swear to the Boy's Birth, Register &c. and that when he came to the Hall the Copy of his Father's Freedom was found dated two Months after his Birth poor Soul—so he was no Freeman at last, and that Presentation I had given him had only drawn him into Expences, and done him no good at all. When I returned to Town I paid his Expences, and set to harrassing every Friend I had in the World. for a *Non freeman's* Presentation: in process of Time I obtained it, the poor Lad we were labouring for however was very ill:—Mr Johnson and myself supported the weight of his Expences jointly—at last it was discovered to be Worms—we therefore applied to the

¹ She wrote to Mr. Thomas Harley, M.P., on May 27, begging for a presentation. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 533. In July they started on their Welsh journey, and Carter's letter reached her on their return trip, while they were in Worcestershire, on September 15. Boswell, *Life*, v. 456. Johnson's letters to Strahan and Taylor, of December 22, 1774, are concerned with securing the presentation. *Letters*, Nos. 368, 369.

famous Man at Knightsbridge—but too late, the Creatures had eat into the Intestines and the Boy died.—Well Well says we—let us bury the Boy, the Presentation will do for his Brother—all the rest were Girls—so we carried the second Lad to receive Admission and were asked for the Certificate, Register &c. None could we produce though, for *this* Brat was unluckily born in Ireland, whither the ill-starred Parents had once been driven—what now was to be done? we told our Story before Dr Campbell¹ who was struck with it extremely, & as he was going to Ireland the next Week promised to look out & copy the Register of his Baptism for us—& send it over. The Child however had been christened by a Dissenting Teacher so no Acc^t of christening could be obtained—& the presentation was become useless:²—By this Time Laura—the Daughter was not to be endured, and indeed her Mother never approved her Situation—so I sent her—paying for the same to M^{rs} Cumyns³ of Kensington as a half Boarder, and clothed her elegantly that She might not be despised. here She was so insolent M^{rs} Cumyns huffed her well & say'd She would tell M^{rs} Thrale. what care I says Laura?—what care *you* when all the Clothes on your Back are of her bestowing!—why so are *yours* I have a Notion replied Miss Laura again—so there we are *even*. 'This could not be borne, & M^{rs} Cumyns turned her going—& I would see her no more.⁴ Mean Time M^r Johnson was hard at work for the Father to settle him a Riding Master at Oxford:⁵ he went down with him—The Heads of Houses encourag'd the Project, & Dr Wetherell in particular patroniz'd him: he would have been content to have set up there as at any other Country Town, but they said there was a Fund established for the purpose by Clarendon⁶—& it should be

¹ Dr. Thomas Campbell, the Irishman, who wrote a diary of his London visit in 1775. He dined with the Thrals on April 20. *Johns. Misc.* ii. 53.

² What an *impenetrable* Blockhead your friend Carter is quoth Baretti, First he is a Freeman, then he is no Freeman, First he is an Englishman, then he is no Englishman;—upon the whole he is nothing but a *Beast*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Mrs. Thrale's girlhood friend, Betsey Thornton. See below, p. 291.

⁴ This took place in May 1775. See Dr. Johnson's letter to Mrs. Thrale of May 22 (*Letters*, No. 395): 'I shall try at Oxford what can be done for Mr. Carter. What can be done for his daughter it is not easy to tell. Does her mother know her own distress, or is she out of her wits with pride, or does Betsy a little exaggerate? It is strange behaviour.'

⁵ Thirteen of Johnson's letters, between February 1775 and March 6, 1776, mention Carter's affairs. *Letters*, Nos. 379, 383, 386, 395, 399, 400, 401, 402, 405, 410, 419, 427, 459. See also Boswell's *Life*, ii. 424.

⁶ On the death of the 4th Earl in 1753, his daughters, carrying out the wishes of their brother, Henry, Lord Cornbury, who had predeceased his father by a few months, gave to Oxford the unpublished life of their grandfather, the great Clarendon, the proceeds of its sale to be used as stated, in recognition of his recommendation, in his *Dialogue on Education*, of the teaching of riding, fencing, and dancing, as a needed educational reform. The life

done in a *Style* forsooth: so the Estimates were made & all went on stoutly, but that the Trustees must be canvassed—That department I undertook, and Sir Thomas Mills at my request never ceased till he had got them all together and had obtained their joint Consent: this however took up some Time, & poor Carter had now been on our hands two Years.—We were now told that there had been Roguery, some where, or gross Neglect at least; for the Fund was empty of Money: Johnson now advised our Protégè to go to Oxford in the way first propos'd;—Yes Sir replies The Man, but my Horses are Mortgaged for the meat they have eaten, and I cannot quit the Borough where I am so deeply engaged in Debt—Our Assiduity thus defeated, our Kindness slackened,¹ and we left the poor Creature to sink at last after all our unavailing Efforts to support him—the Story of such a Man is however worth some of the Money he cost us—& I picked up the following Epigram by the way.

A Riding House was given by Hyde,
Because his Lordship could not ride;
Ratcliffe a Library decreed,
Because the Doctor could not read,²
And thou *Newcastle* soon shalt fix
A Lectureship for Politics.

Here is another pleasant University Epigram occasioned by the following Accident—A young Gentleman had been riotous and was imposed by Doctor Bentham who was a famous Miser—The Doctor gave him for his theme these Words—*Omne ignotum Magnificum*.³ the Youth presented him with the following Verses.

Afraid of pamper'd and high mettled Steeds,
His Nags with Hay alone Avaro feeds;
Bred at his Manger, in his Paddock born,
What *vast Ideas* must they have of Corn.

was published in 1759, but the profits, instead of being so invested, were allowed to accumulate until 1868, when they were used to build the Clarendon Laboratory. The proceeds of the sale of the *History of the Rebellion*, which the family had previously bequeathed to Oxford, were used to build the old Clarendon Press building in 1713. Preface to *Life*; Burke, *Extinct Peerage*; *D.N.B.* Cf. also Boswell, *Life*, ii. 527–8.

¹ She proposed to Johnson, on June 29, 1775, that she should buy Lizard, one of the horses which Weston, the stable owner, was threatening to sell for stable-keep, provided that Johnson could persuade Dr. Taylor to take him on at Ashbourne when he was superannuated. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 539. Johnson discouraged this scheme, and offered instead to help defray Weston's bill. *Letters*, No. 419. The illness and death of little Ralph Thrale in early July helped to defeat her kind intentions.

² Although Thomas Hearne called Dr. John Radcliffe 'an illiterate sot', he was the most successful physician of his day. His bequest to Oxford, princely for the period, built not only the Radcliffe Library (the Camera), but the Observatory and the Infirmary. Mallet, *History of the University of Oxford*, iii. 28 ff.

³ 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.' Tacitus, *Agricola*, § 30.

I know not whether the ensuing Verses are generally remembered—they were made by Dr Trapp on the Kings sending a Library of Books to Cambridge, a Regiment of horse to Oxford.¹

Our Royal Master saw with heedful Eyes
The wants of his two Universities:
To Oxford sent he Troops, as knowing why,
That Learned Body wanted Loyalty;
To Cambridge Books he sent—as well discerning
That that right loyal Body—wanted Learning.

Sir William Brown used to say this Epigram might have been well answered thus.

Our King to Oxford sent his Troop of Horse,
For Tories own no Argument but Force;
With equal Care to Cambridge—books he sent,
For Whigs allow no Force—but Argument.²

The following is a pretty punning pointed bit of Sport.—Sir John Price of Newtown courted the Widow Small, and some smart Wag wrote this Epigram on her Refusal of him

Sir John declares his hopes are *Small*,
I rather think they're none at all;
The Fair one finding this Demur,
Declares no *Price* shall purchase her.—

Sir Thomas Robinson known by the name of *Long* Sir Thomas, teized Lord Bath one Day after dinner to make an Epigram impromptu;—Pulteney took out his Pencil & wrote these Words.

Unlike Sir Thomas let me frame my Song,
Let it be *witty* let it not be *long*.

A Mr Hedges with whom Doctor Young³ was intimate requesting the same favour—an Epigram impromptu; Young borrow'd *his* Pencil and wrote these Lines

Accept a Miracle instead of Wit;
See two bad Lines by *Hedges*'—Pencil writ.

These Lines have since been attributed to Pope, & the pencil given to Stanhope; Johnson says they have been attributed to twenty People, but that they were true as I have here written them down.

¹ On October 6, 1715, Stanhope sent General Pepper to Oxford with a squadron of dragoons, to quell a projected Jacobite insurrection. In September of that year, George I bought the library of John Moore, Bishop of Ely, and presented it to the University of Cambridge. *Johns. Misc.* i. 171, n. 2.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 170-1.

³ Probably confused with Sir William Yonge, who addressed an *Epistle in Verse* to Mr. Charles Hedges, son of Sir Charles Hedges. The younger Hedges was known as an epigrammatist. Walpole, *Letters*, i. 39-40 and n. 6.

I used to like the following Verses vastly upon Garrick & Barry's playing King Lear a l'envie till I heard from good authority That Garrick wrote them himself:

The Town has taken different Ways
T'applaud their different Lears;
To Barry they give loud Huzzaes
To Garrick only Tears.¹

This Spanish—I would say this French Epigram is pretty; I translated it once in a Lying In when I kept my Bed.

Theatre des Ris et des Pleurs,
Lit ou je nais et ou je meurs;
Tu nous fait voir comment voisins
Sont nos Plaisirs et nos Chagrins.²

Bed where first I drew my Breath,
Bed of Love, and Bed of Death;
Thine's the Theatre to show
How near allied are Bliss and Woe.

The following Medical Axiom has an Epigrammatick Turn I'll write down among them

Quod Medicamina non sanat, sanet Ferrum; quod Ferrum non sanat Ignis sanet—this would be applicable enough to the Body Politick just now, at least to one of the *Excrescencies* America: speaking of America puts me in Mind of M^{rs} Montagu saying that General Lee³ should be condemned to be hanged, and that Catherine Macaulay should save his Life by marrying him under the Gallows.

Talking of the Body Politick puts me in Mind of a pretty Pun enough, when Party ran high in 1762—some Puppy observing that the Body Politick stood in need of a very skilful Physician—I hope says George Selwyn archly that they do not yet think of calling in *James* however.

The following Epigram which I made myself on Sir Joseph

¹ The authorship is given to Berenger by Percy Fitzgerald (*Life of Garrick*, i. 321), and to the Rev. Richard Kendal, of Peterhouse, by the *Poetical Register* (1810-11; p. 369). Another stanza, sometimes printed separately, ran:

'A King! aye, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite a different thing,
He's every inch King Lear.'

² Benserade's *A son lit.* Cf. below, p. 213.

³ Charles Lee formerly lieutenant-colonel in the British army, who joined the Americans, held high command, and was subsequently, in 1778, court-martialed for disobedience, after the disaster of Monmouth Courthouse.

Mawbey¹ being caught distilling some Wheat was very much liked when printed in the public Advertiser

Good Joseph of Yorc,
Laid up Wheat for the poor,
And was thought to have some Share of Merit;
Our Joseph more skillful,
Of *Wheat* gets his Still full
And sells his Constituents the Spirit.—

When Sir Joseph spoke in Parliament—Charles Townshend asked—does this Man know his Business?—is he a good Distiller? I believe so says his Neighbour—why d'ye ask—Because he wants one great Requisite—he has not a *Still Head*.

Here is likewise a Political Alphabet published in the year 1771.² it is now³ grown a mighty dull Jest, but it pleased then. Local and personal satire like the Waters of Chalybeat Springs will bear but ill the Changes of Time [and] of Place. All their Spirit evaporates either by keeping or by Carriage. This Nonsense however that follows here was worth Mr Steevens's owning—he told Johnson that *he* wrote it,⁴ whereas it happened to be *only me* as Roxolana⁵ says, & I had then the foul Copy by me. I have lost it now or may be burnt it, but I rather think 'tis only mislaid.—

A, was an Alderman⁶ factious and proud,
B, was a Bellas⁷ that blustered aloud,
C, was a Carrier⁸ of Cant & Sedition
D, was a Duke⁹ that despis'd their petition:
E, was Old England by Evils oppress'd,
F, was the Faction that robb'd her of Rest;
G, was George Onslow—his Malice to scorn,
& H, was a halter to hang Parson Horne.¹⁰
I, was an Imp that insulted the King,
J, was a Jaylor confin'd the curst 'Thing;

¹ One of Thrale's two opponents in the borough election of 1768, who polled eighty-nine votes less than Thrale. *Letters*, No. 201, and n.; *Gent. Mag.* xxxix. 635.

² Actually on August 4, 1769, in the *Public Advertiser*, and on the 5th in the *London Chronicle*. A prefatory letter, signed 'Nurse Love-Child', described it as a specimen of a book for children 'just ready for the Press.'

³ 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Mrs. Piozzi wrote later (1819) that, after she had proved to Johnson that she had written it herself, 'Johnson did not utter a word, and we never talked about it any more. I durst not introduce the subject; but it served to hinder S. from visiting at the house: I suppose Johnson kept him away.' Mangin, *Piozziana*, pp. 152-3. For Steevens's later enmity to her, see below, p. 629, n. 2.

⁵ In Bickerstaffe's *The Sultan*, Roxalana enters in Act I announcing ' 'Tis I.' Reynolds painted Mrs. Abington in this scene.

⁶ Beckford. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁷ Bellas. *Mrs. Thrale*. Deputy George Bellas is meant, and a pun on *bellosus* intended.

⁸ The Lord Mayor. See p. 123, n. 5.

⁹ Duke of Grafton. *Mrs. Thrale*.

¹⁰ He had a Law Suit with G: Onslow. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. p. 123, n. 5.

K, was a Kingdom where none liv'd in Awe,
 & L, was Licentiousness laughing at Law.
 M, was a *Motto*¹ the Owner t'expose,
 N, was a Noodle, who that Motto chose,
 O, was an old Oliverian at Court,
 & P, was a Pig-Stye his proper Resort.
 Q, was the Question admit or expel,²
 R; was the Rabble just ripe to rebel,
 S, was a *Serjeant*³ asham'd of his Friends
 T was a Tool to serve Treas'nable Ends;
 U, was an Upstart disdaining Subjection,
 V, was a Voter at Brentford Election,
 W, was a Widow⁴ would make Wilkes a Wife

but

X, was Xantippe, his living Dear Life,

and

Y, was the Year in which all was o'er thrown
 tho'

Z, was a Zealot who fought for the Crown.

Now I have written this Stuff over, I fancy it was rather publish'd in 1769 than 1771⁵—but I protest I do not know the date of it.

How impudent in Steevens to say y^t it was *his*! he is a sad Fellow.

Here is another Epigram of mine on a Sort of publick Occasion if Epigram it may be called—*that Sting has none*—it was written on the execution of Robert Perreau⁶ 1776. & the fruitless Sollicitations of his Wife and Friends.

No strumpet to kneel, and no Scotchman to plead,
 What wonder Perreau had small Chance to succeed,

¹ The *Motto* Sr Joseph Mawbey chose so pompously viz. *Always for Liberty*—he was a Man of low Birth w^{ch} made it the more ridiculous. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² admit or expel Mr Wilkes. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Serjeant Glynn *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Catherine Macaulay. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ See p. 122, n. 2. The verses comment on the turbulent political situation of 1768–9, centering about Wilkes and the struggle for parliamentary reform. Mawbey had presented Wilkes's petition for reinstatement, against Grafton's protest, on November 14, 1768. The Brentford election riots in December resulted largely from Horne Tooke's ('Parson Horne's') espousal of Wilkes. On July 5, 1769, the Lord Mayor carried a petition of grievances from the Livery of London to the King, and was coolly received. Beckford, Glynn, Bellas, and 'the old Oliverian' (Mr. Oliver) were partisans of the reform measures. Onslowe sued Horne Tooke for libel in early August, because of his accusation of bribery, published in the *Public Advertiser* on July 14. *Gent. Mag.* xxxix. 329–30, 362, 380–2 and the *London Chronicle*, July 1–August 5, 1769.

⁶ The twin brothers, Robert and Daniel Perreau, were implicated by Mrs. Rudd in the passing of forged bonds of one William Adair with the bankers Robert and Henry Drummond. She was acquitted, but they were convicted, and were hanged on January 17, 1776, in spite of petitions offered on behalf of Robert by the bankers of London and by his wife, Henrietta Perreau, to the King and Queen. *Gent. Mag.* xli. 22–3, 44. For Boswell's interest in Mrs. Rudd, see *Life*, ii. 449–50, and *Boswell Papers*, vol. xi.

Bright Butterfield's¹ Beauty ensur'd her Applause,
 And Caroline's² Artifice laughs at the Laws;
 Foul Murder found Refuge in Kennedy's³ Arms,
 And trembling confess'd their all-conquering Charms;
 But Modesty, Merit, and Marriage alone!
 What hope of such Stuff making way to a Throne.

How much more elegant than all this Stuff is Doddridge's
 Epigram on his own Motto—*Dum vivimus vivamus*.

Live while you live the Epicure would say,
 And give to Pleasure every passing day;
 Live while you live the sacred Preacher cries,
 And give to God each Moment as it flies;
 Lord! in my Views let both united be,
 I live to Pleasure whilst I live to thee.

here follows a Sonnet written by Giuseppe Pecio to call Voltaire
 into Italy; Lord Sandys read it here as excellent in its kind, & I
 took a Copy more to please him however than myself,—I do not see
 much in it.

Spir[i]to immortal, che in ogni Studio ed Arte
 Magnanimo, gentil, profondo regni,
 Ugual si⁴ Storie tratti o Scienze in Carte
 Se con Tromba o coturno, amori o sdegni,
 Nell'ozio illustre che a Te il Ciel diparte
 Perche l'Italia visitar non degni?
 Qui non Stranier sarai, in ogni Parte
 Hanno la Patria loro i grandi ingegni;
 Vedrai che adonta dell'aversa Sorte
 V'ha pur qualch' Ombra degli Onori aviti
 E qualch' anime⁵ ancor sublime e forte
 Ah non esser di te piu al Tebro avaro
 Fa ch'ei rivegga ed in te solo uniti
 E Lucrezio, e Sallustio, ed Orazio e Maro.—

Lord Chatham it seems always gave it as an Instance of the
 boundless prejudice of Party, that in the Opposition to Sir Robert
 Walpole, such was the Desire to think well of all that were on their
 Side—Old Sandys⁶ himself was cried up for a Man of Parts.

¹ the Girl who was taken up for poisoning her Keeper Mr Scawen & was acquitted.
Mrs. Thrale. Jane Butterfield, of Cheam, Surrey, who was reported to be the recipient of
 £20,000 under William Scawen's will, was acquitted for lack of evidence. *Gent. Mag.* xlv.
 349, 350, 404-5.

² Margaret Caroline Rudd taken up for Forgery, but turning the force of the law against
 her Benefactors the Perreaux, She escaped herself & was acquitted. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ two Kennedies—Courtizans in high favour, who employed their Charms to the virtuous
 Purpose of saving the Lives of their Brothers condemned for Murder & even pursued upon
 Appeal but pardon'd by the Privy Council at the Intercession of their amiable Sisters.
Mrs. Thrale.

⁴ Read 'se'.

⁵ Read 'anima'.

⁶ Father of the present Lord. *Mrs. Thrale*.

The Verses last written seem to me thin Stuff, but it is very difficult to see either the Beauties or Defects of Foreign Composition or even of Foreign Conversation as I have observ'd, & to talk with Foreigners in our own Tongue is like talking to Children, they delight one now & then, only; but the disgust is continual.

Miss More¹ the Poet begged something which Garrick had worn the last Night of his appearing on the Stage to keep as a valuable Relique; M^{rs} Garrick gave her his Stone Buckles—the last part he played was Don Felix²—She was very proud of her Present and run to shew them her Friend M^{rs} Barbauld—late Miss Aickin³—She looking on them two Minutes, cried out impromptu

Thy *Buckles* dear Garrick thy Friends may now use,
But no Man hereafter shall Stand in thy *Shoes*.

This was pretty enough to be done offhand, it was extoll'd today at Hampton however much more than it deserved. I saw there likewise a sweet pretty little Copy of Verses from a Gentleman to his Wife on the Subject of his giving her an elegant Penknife as a Present—I was not permitted to write it out, & I can remember the two first Lines only

A Knife Dear Girl cuts Love they say,
Mere modish Love—perhaps it may,
But ours &c—

It ends prettily & lightly too speaking of her Kisses

All cutting here would be in vain,
Except to cut—and come again.

Speaking with Garrick of Johnson's partial fondness for Lichfield; he thinks Madam says he, that there is no such other Town—there is no Town replied I which ever produ[c]d two such Men.—Oh replied Garrick I am only the Gizzard Madam, trussed under the Turkey's Wing.

Things sometimes turn out with a Degree of odd Felicity that amazes one; We were at Salthill in our way to Bath and dined at Middlecott's; the other house having had a strange Accident happen in it some time ago, when a large Company of Gentlemen were poisoned in an unaccountable manner. M^r Johnson in a merry humour calls to the Fellow who waited—You are the Man that made the Ballad upon t'other house I warrant where the Sickness was, Are not you? no please your honour replies the Waiter—I

¹ Hannah More was sponsored by the Garricks on her first coming to London, and was Mrs. Garrick's intimate after Garrick's death. Roberts, *Life of Hannah More*, i. 47.

² In Mrs. Centlivre's *The Wonder, a Woman Keeps a Secret*, on June 10, 1776.

³ i.e. Anna Letitia Aikin.

only *sung* it. Why did you know Sir says I to the Doctor that they had a Ballad among them?—Not I indeed cries he in return, I spoke merely by guess & it happened to hit it seems.

Gilbert Cooper¹ had I have heard a strange Knack of knowing People's Occupation by their Countenances—walking through the park one day with my Father, and in a sportive Disposition he guessed at the Employments of all the Men they met: His Companion had for the most part acquiesc'd & acknowledged his power till on a sudden—well now what is this Fellow's Business, I'll bett a Bottle of Claret you know nothing of the matter & we'll ask him says my Father—That! who that in the brown Coat why—with a hesitating Laugh—why that's a Breeder of tame Rabbits—Ridiculous! cries my Father, & was going up to the Man:—Cooper stops him No No I'll ask him myself—& in my own Way; so advancing gravely & with a serious Air, pray Sir says he are Mr Robinson's Rabbits gone home yet?—Mr Richardson's I believe you mean Sir, replies the other, I was prevented yesterday Evening by our Boy's being gone to the play, but they shall be sent today without fail. My Father begins next, I suppose Sir—to the Rabbet Man you are well acquainted with this Facetious Gentleman meaning Cooper—No Sir, replies the Fellow, I never saw *him* before, but I have had the Pleasure of knowing good Mr Richardson many Years.—Pray how long has honest Clark quitted the place Sir?—There's damning Proof for you exclaims Gilbert Cooper; yet he owned afterwards he spoke quite at a hazard.

My Father was one Day riding down by the Side of the Post Chaise in which were my Mother & myself—all going to Offley; and on Northall Common not far from Bell Bar, he overtook a Young Fellow riding an excellent Hack with a Basket before him—so Friend says my Father, you are making haste home with the Turbot, if it don't come time enough to be thoroughly boy'd your Mistress will be desperate cross—Hay! Friend! The Fellow laughed and said so She will indeed Sir, but my Horse trots well thank God: I believe my Lad says my Father again thy Master is miserably henpecked—I'nt it so? come now confess. The Footman who was now about to turn off from the high Road—said—You're pleased to be merry Sir, whose Compliments shall I give to my Master Sir?—Prythee my Lad I know nothing of thee or thy Master Ah Sir! replies the Messenger again then how came you to

¹ The man who called Johnson the Caliban of literature, and whom Johnson in turn dubbed his Punchinello. *Life*, ii. 129.

know the Family so well? and what's more how could you tell what was in my Basket.

My Father was a Man of quick Parts, much Gentleman like Literature, and a Vein of humour very diverting and seemingly inexhaustible: his Conversation was showy however, not solid; few Men were ever more certain to please at Sight; but though his Talk did not consist in telling Stories, it fatigued his Hearers, who as he was not rich—made no Ceremony of letting him see it. His Sensibility—quicken'd by Vanity & Idleness was *keen* beyond the *Affectation* of any other Mortal, and threw him into Hypochondriack Disorders in spite of a Manly Vigorous Person, & of a Constitution eminently strong: his Affections and Aversions were proportionably violent—he adored his Wife, he doated on his Brother, and his anxious Tenderness for me would often pass the Bounds of common or of *uncommon* Attention.—Yet so he contrived that though we could not help being sorry, yet I think we all three felt as if relieved by his Death, which happen'd on the last of December¹ 1762 by an Apoplectick Stroke. His easy his elegant Gaiety however his Desire to oblige, and utter Incapacity to refuse one any Gratification in his Power, must be for ever remembered by me with Gratitude & Delight; while his Jealousies which made me miserable during his Life, are now greatly vindicated by my Observation that every thing has happened in the manner he predicted—though I thought his Predictions dictated—& so they were too—more by Passion than Skill. Dr Young observes that a refined Temper is of all others the most capable of giving Pain to the Possessor; my Father's Temper was refined to an Excess, and he was killed by the violence of the Pain.—

When the first Settlers went to Nova Scotia—my Father—a distressed Man! was glad to be among them:² his Place was Register—I know not of what—& his Salary a Guinea a Day—one of the first showy Houses they built was a Tavern for the Reception of the Officers—on which was written—in imitation of a favourite Tavern in London—**Pontack**. I soon could draw all the Customers from this House said my Father—how so? why by setting up one over against it and writing '*pon tick*'.

There was a great Storm in April 1760. Sir Francis Charlton—a notorious Lyar protested in a Coffee house that a whole Story of his House had *fallen*; I fancy says my Father it was rather a *Story raised*.—

¹ On the 18th. *Gent. Mag.* xxxii. 601. See below, p. 304.

² See below, pp. 289, 293.

My Father was passing through Temple Bar and saw a Holybut lying on the Stall, the grave Fishmonger looking wise at his Door—that Says my Father, is *something* like a Turbot; no Sir says the Man it is a Holybut—well and is not that replies my Father *something like* a Turbot?

My Father did not make good Verses, but here are some written upon M^r Myddelton of Chirk Castle to whom he had a sort of odd Family Aversion—the Verses have accordingly more Spleen than Wit in them.

In Days not Old,¹—but fabling days
 When Elephants had all the praise
 Of Wisdom Sense and Honour;
 A Castle then—ill buckled on,
 Was said to fit Bob Boobyton²
 The Welchmen cried fie on hur!
 But brisk Improvement comes apace
 John³ struts the Heroe of the Race
 From Meanness quite to clear 'em;
 Toasted my Lord o'er smoky Coal,
 His Inkhorn hung at Button hole
 By Isaac⁴ styl'd Sal Merum.
 Their present Genius to discover,
 See pretty Harriott's⁵ *lying Lover*,
 Stiff in Cravat, and prate
 Of Acres, Boroughs, and Expences
 Making to Birth his mean Pretences
 Boasting the Castle Gate.

Doctor Burney told me a comical Thing today I will write it down while 'tis in my head—A famous Bassoon Player was exhibiting at Vauxhall and the Connoisseurs admired, clapping their hands

¹ it is a young Family. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Rob^t Myddelton Grand Father to the present Rich^d who married Miss Rushout. *Mrs. Thrale*. The original founder of the Welsh Myddletons, whose senior branch were the Myddletons of Gwaynyog, was Ririd Flaidd, Lord of Penllyn, a chieftain of the twelfth century. The Chirk Castle branch descended from Sir Thomas Myddleton, Kt. (d. 1666). The baronetcy became extinct with his great-grandson, Sir William Myddleton (d. 1718), and the property reverted to Robert Myddleton, eldest son of Sir Thomas Myddleton's third son, Richard. Robert's brother John inherited Chirk after him. Richard, who married Miss Rushout, was son to John, and therefore nephew, not grandson, to Robert. Burke, *Landed Gentry* (1847), ii. 906. Miss Rushout's name is variously given, in Burke's *Peerage and Landed Gentry*, as Elizabeth and Anne. For the Salusburys' connection with the family, see below, p. 275 and n. 1.

³ John was a Supernumerary Salt Officer. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Lord Bishop of Worcester.—Isaac Maddox BP of Worcester who used to say Jack Myddleton was Merum Sal. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ The present Richard Myddelton courted Miss Harriet Bladen for a long time but afterwards married the Daughter of Sir John Rushout—Harriet Bladen is now Countess of Essex. *Mrs. Thrale*.

and praising the Performance; says a Country Fellow—why now what signifies that foolish Thing—why I could break it in a Minute with my Oak Stick!

When Handel heard Dubourg play a Solo on the Violin with a Flourish & ad Libitum as long as my Arm, he grew uneasy; but after waiting till the Man returned to his Original Tune again—he called out to him in the middle of the Concert, Oh you are welcome home Mr Dubourg.—

Colonel Bodens was saying here one Day that he loved the French Stage where Dancing was added to Musick;—tis good Sauce says he to a good Dish: Saucing Musick with Dancing replies Doctor Burney is like sweetening a Pine Apple with Treacle.

An Astmatical Gentleman was desired to sing,—he was a Man eminently skilled in Musick: Come says Bodens—let us hear a Song sung by the Chelsey Waterworks.

The Violin players run the Treble Notes very high of late: I don't care says an old Musician, they are already got to the Bridge & my Comfort is they cannot get over it however.

Faustina the famous Italian Singer went to the Opera at Paris—they had been singing through a whole Act—when will they come to an *Air* said She?

A Gentleman at Windsor very fond of performing on the Harpsichord called an Eton Boy and said he would play him a Tune: The Performer was going over some favourite passage in the long Piece of Musick he was playing—when the Lad says on a sudden—Pray Sir may I go away now?

Lady Hereford plays on the Vielle¹ to amuse her Friends, but Doctor Parker when he had listened a while, said very gravely—if your Ladyship will give me leave I'll go to the Door & hearken, for I have a Notion 'tis best at a Distance.

When People mean to amuse you, and you serve them thus; what can be more comical, or at the same Time more distressing? Herbert Lawrence once told me that he was at the Reading of old Kennedy's² Play—it was called Antiochus, and opened with the

¹ Hurdy-gurdy.

² The Rev. Dr. John Kennedy, rector of Bradley, in Derbyshire, for whom Johnson wrote a dedication to his book, *A Complete System of Astronomical Chronology* . . . (1762). Boswell tells how Johnson 'entertained us with an account of a tragedy written by a Dr. Kennedy, (not the Lisbon physican). "The catastrophe of it (said he) was, that a King, who was jealous of his Queen with his prime-minister, castrated himself. This tragedy was actually shewn about in manuscript to several people. . . ." *Life*, i. 366; iii. 238-9.

sick Prince and two Physicians feeling his Pulse. one of the Doctors after a Pause breaks out—His Majesty must needs have some strong *Ail!* Let us all have some, cries a Wag in the Company.

Herbert Lawrence is a Man of great good Sense, much Knowledge, sound Morality and rather agreeable Address: his Principles with regard to Religion are some what loose I fear, his Temper is peevish, and his Affections cold. I once had an extremely strong regard for him, but his Behaviour on the Illness and Death of my Son in the fatal Year 1776. shut my heart against him suddenly, and I could never open it to him more. he wrote some pretty Verses and said some clever Things and I have a Loss of his Acquaintance.

The following Song he wrote in my Praise forsooth is not a bad one.

If all that I lov'd were her Face
 From looking I sure might refrain;
 In others her Likeness might trace
 Or her Absence might ease all my Pain:
 Content from her Charms I retir'd
 Nor knew I till then how I lov'd;
 What present my Passion admir'd
 When absent my reason approv'd.
 Then how should I hope for relief
 When all I can see is Disdain;
 No Pity in her for my Grief,
 No merit in me to complain;
 Yet will I not Fortune upbraid,
 Though robb'd of my Freedom and Ease;
 Still proud of the Choice I have made
 Though hopeless it ever can please.

He likewise wrote the Smallpox Song as it is called, I think it very pretty it begins

When the Nymphs were contending for Beauty & Fame,

and is well known to the Musical Folks—Kitty Fell was another of his Performances, and he told me of the following Epitaph in Chester Church Yard on a Woman who kept a *Mug shop* in such a Manner that I always supposed it to be his own. Eccolo—

Under this Clod lies Catherine Gray
 Who's turn'd from Life to lifeless Clay;
 By Clay and Dirt She got her Pelf,
 And now She's turn'd to Clay herself.
 Yet what avails a flood of Tears,
 Who knows but in a Run of Years,
 In some tall Pitcher or broad pan,
 She may be in the Shop again.

Tis no pleasant Thing to see Authors so little able to keep their own Secret; one never hears a Man repeat six Lines but one sees at once whether he is reciting his own Performance or that of another: I know not whether it is so in Music, though I have watched the Turn of Burney's Countenance while he played, and that of Lawrence too very diligently, but never could find out whether what they played was or was not improvise till I asked. The D^r indeed is the most modest of all human Creatures, & it is his actual Profession too; so that Excellence is expected from *him*, but Lawrence or Mathias might I should think discover the Author in the Face, tho' I cou'd not catch them at it, because of my not knowing the Art, nor of course the common Manner during Performance.

Herbert Lawrence said once of poor Captain Conway that he was like a Man who having been drown'd was set Heels uppermost for the Water to run out at his Mouth: so completely displaced and confounded were all his Ideas.—

Another Joke of his though an obscene one is too happy a one to be lost—When the Divorc'd Duchess of Grafton had brought a Bastard by Captain Smith—Lord Ossory was still willing to marry her¹—my Friend Crane wondered, but Lawrence looked grave & said *Crescit sub Pondere Virtus*.—

Justice Welch told some dull Story of a riotous Oyster-Woman whom says he I made at last to cry *Peccavi* however; I remember says Lawrence dryly She cry'd Oysters before.

Herbert Lawrence is my Relation, very distant indeed, but he *is* related to the Cottons, and his Family have been called Cousins by us—not only at Election times but at all Times: he has always been a hanger on upon Garrick and has more Stage Stories than any body: Apropos to Garrick when I dined at Hampton last there was a pompous Reading of some pretty Verses from a Gentleman to *his own* Wife with a Knife—I dare say they were Garrick's own, here they are however, or *some* of them.

A Knife Dear Girl cuts Love they say
Mere Modish Love—perhaps it may
For any Tool of any kind
May sep'rate what was never join'd
The Knife that cuts our Love in two
Will have much tougher Work to do;

¹ The Duke's first wife, Anne, daughter of Henry Liddell, Baron Ravensworth, eloped with John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory, and married him on March 26, 1769—the day after her divorce was enacted. *D.N.B.*, under 'Fitzroy, Augustus Henry'.

Must cut your Softness Sense & Merit¹
 Down to the Size of vulgar Merit;
 And from your single Beauty's Store
 Cut what would dizen out a Score: &c &c. &c²

Of Stage Stories I think the following one curious; Lord Orrery went with Pope to see Mr Garrick play *Lear*: & now what think you? says Lord Orrery; did Betterton do as well? Better surely replies Mr Pope; he did it always in a Velvet Coat, and that was sometimes turn'd up with Gold. One would scarce credit this, yet 'tis true.

Mrs Porter the famous Actress³ told Johnson who told me that Southern was the first Poet who had two Benefit Nights, and that Rowe was the first who had three.

When Mallet's *Eurydice* was performing on one of the early Nights of the Run, the Authour sate chatting among the players in the Green Room; Bless me Sir says Mrs Porter, are you here?—Here Madam why not? Nay, only because when we were acting *Cato*, I remember Mr Addison could do nothing but walk to & fro behind The Scenes all Play Time so great was his Agitation.

The last Tagg in the Tragedy of *Cato* was written by Mr Pope; they are the worst Lines in the whole play I think.

The Wits at Buttons had once agreed on writing the History of Queen Ann's Reign & had resolved that Phœdra & Hyppolitus Smith whom they called Rag Smith should be the Author. Addisor called him from the Room below & proposed the Matter—what says Smith shall we do with Lord Sunderland's Character? when wer thou drunk last Ragg? quoth Mr Addison—and there it ended.⁵

The pompous Scene between *Cato* & *Decius* in Addison's Play puts me always in mind of a comical Story Johnson once told me of a Tory Barber & a Presbyterian Clobber at Litchfield, who wer each eminent for Party Vehemence. One Night The Barber go

¹ 'Merit' seems to be an error by dittography, perhaps for 'spirit'.

² When I was writing these Verses out, I saw them in the Public Advertiser. They at of course no longer a Rarity so I did not finish 'em—they end I remember as one might guess with Cut & Come again. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. above, p. 125.

³ Mary Porter, the intimate of Miss Cotterell, Johnson's near neighbour and friend in his Castle Street days.

⁴ See above, p. 34.

⁵ Johnson, in his *Life of Smith*, tells the same story but gives the history of the Revolution as the subject of the intended work, and the second Earl of Sunderland instead of the third *Lives*, ii. 14. This is the more probable version, since, as Hill points out, the reason for Smith's hesitancy must have been the difficulty of treating the character of the hated and discredited father while the son was Secretary of State, and Addison's superior as well.

drunk it seems & tumbled into a Ditch from whence he could not rise, The Cobbler coming by offer'd him Assistance, which for a long time he continued to refuse from such a *Whiggish Rascal* as he called him—The Presbyterian however persisting in kind Offices—the Tory at last condescended to cry out—Well hang it—say but Down with the Rump—and thou shalt. To return to Cato; is not his Phrase—Bid him disband his Legion, &c. ending with *bid him do this & Cato is his Friend*,¹ very like the Spirit of the Litchfield Barber? for God knows a Man may be as heroic as he pleases, and challenge the seven Champions in the Morning, if he intends to cut his own Throat in the Afternoon. A propos there went about London in the Year 1750 or thenabouts—a Man called Captain Jasper—a blustering Blockhead, who having been driven out of the Army for ill Behaviour, run from Coffeehouse to Coffeehouse experiencing the various Mortifications which an empty Pocket and stained Character will cause: after sitting awhile one Evening in the Bedford—he suddenly started up, & snatching a hat from among the many that lay there, put it on, and with a strutting Air & loud Voice cried out the Man whoever he is that owns this Hat is a Rascal, and I will prove it on him with my Sword.

No body took any heed of poor Captain Jasper who went home to his Lodgings & was found hanging the next Day.

I have heard Johnson say that the famous Mrs Pritchard was a mighty stupid Woman, but so attentive to her Character *in good Time*, that She would not tell a Man what 'twas o'Clock behind the Scenes for fear of Danger, from which the supreme Ugliness of her Person might—with a less Degree of Caution have preserved her.²

I shall here tell a Story of an Italian Actress—it came to me perfectly well authenticated.

Baretti and Guadagni were walking up the Hay Market lamenting the fate of the famous Cuzzona;³ a Singer, who some Years before was in high Vogue; but at that Time was—as they had been told—in Distress. Let us go visit her said one of them, the other

¹ II. ii. 28–32.

² Dr Johnson hated Mrs Pritchard: She play'd *Aspasia* in his Tragedy, & wonder'd He did not *flatter* her I would hardly said he flatter a *pretty* Woman much less Mrs Prichard. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Francesca Cuzzoni, who triumphed on the English stage from 1722 to 1728, and again in 1734. It was on her third visit, which Burney assigns to 1749 (*History of Music*, iv. 308), that Baretti must have encountered her, after his arrival in England early in 1751 (Collison-Morley, *Baretti*, p. 62). Baretti told this same story to Malone on April 5, 1789, a few weeks before his death, adding that 'not many years afterwards, he saw her selling greens at a stall in Bologna'. Prior, *Malone*, p. 391.

consented, and away they went together to Cuzzona's Lodging where they found her dull, dispirited and unwilling to talk. You seem out of humour Madam says Baretti, True replies the Woman and well I may—I have had no Dinner; and why have you not dined then—tis past 6 o'Clock;—Because returns Cuzzona I have not a Penny to buy me any Food. This is cruel indeed exclaims Guadagni but hold; I have in the World only two Guineas; they are in my Pocket, I shall be proud to share them with Cuzzona; take this Guinea and get your self some Victuals; She thanked him & calling in some friendly Wretch who lived with her, Run with this Guinea said She to such a Wine Merchant naming him, & buy with it a Bottle of Tokay Wine—it is a Guinea the Bottle—and bid the Gentleman you buy it of, give you a Loaf into the Bargain, or I won't buy the Wine—in half an hour the Messenger returned with the Tokay—but where says Cuzzona is the Loaf I spokc for? The Merchant would give me no Loaf replies the Lad, he drove me from his Door and asked me if I took him for a Baker; Blockhead! cries the Lady, I must have Bread to my Wine & you know I have ne'er a Penny—prythee go again; The Fellow returns once more with the Loaf; said the Gentleman laughed at his Impudence & threw him three Halfpence which he had so laid out. Cuzzona instantly broke the Bread into her Washhand Bason, & pouring the Tokay upon it eat that for her Dinner & eat it with a wooden Spoon.

No reflection can be made on such profusion—it exceeds Cleopatra's by far.

From Cato to Cuzzona, & from Cuzzona to Cumberland! For Nonsense and Whim—long live the *Thraliana*.

I was travelling says Cumberland as I always do with a Book for Amusement & with pistols for Defence, changing my Chaise & Horses at every Post Town; when one Evening finding it Dusk I neglected to read, & continued musing on one Thing after another, till suddenly I heard a Noise of Stop Stop with Execrations to my Postillion; I seiz'd my Pistol, got it ready in an Instant, & just as the Fellow reached my Window, against which he seemed to be thrusting somewhat of a darkish hue, I presented full in his Face & found it flash in the Pan: but what was my Confusion when the poor Creature recovering his Fright—said Lord Sir what is the matter? I only brought your honour's Book from the Red Lyon where you left it on the Table.—

Poor Cumberland had weak Nerves, & he says this Accident made him ill for a Month.

Mr Cumberland's Delicacy is very troublesome, his Peevishness very teizing, & his Envy very hateful. he looks to me like a Man that had been poysoned, so sallow is his Complexion, & so sunk are his Eyes.¹—Yet his Person is genteel & his Manner elegant; but he professes to be easily galled, & says of himself that he was born without a Skin. Effeminacy is however an odious Quality in a He Creature,² and when joined with low Jealousy³ actually detestable: he is a Man one cannot love.

Cumberland had written two Odes, what says M^{rs} Montagu to me do you think of them? I think said I they are as like Gray's Odes as he can make them, Ay replied She, as like as a little Thing can be to a big Thing, Why to be sure Madam said I he is not the great M^r Gray—he is only the *Petit Gris*.⁴

M^{rs} Montagu made many polite advances, & desired my Friendship in a Way that flattered my Vanity. She is a very high bred Lady, a very conspicuous Character in the World, and her Conversation flows very freely from a very full Mind: She told me today a curious Piece of French Criticism. Some body had translated Pope's Rape of the Lock with Notes—to this Line

As long as Atalantis shall be read⁵—

was this Remark

Ouvrage de Chevalier Bacon⁶

We were talking of Percy's Proposal to print the Spectator⁷ with illustrative Notes and I took occasion to observe how scrupulous

¹ Garrick once said, 'D—n his *dish-clout* face.' Hazlitt, 'Conversations of Northcote,' *Works*, ed. Howe, xi. 298.

² I have a Notion (Dieu me pardonne) that Cumberland is a — he is so over-attentive, so apparently afraid of his Wife, who seems scarce able to conceal her Hatred & Contempt of *him*, while he pays her most diligent Court in hopes every body will observe it some how. N.B.—he is a profess'd Favourite of L^d George Sackville who made his Fortune for him. *Mrs. Thrale*. This passage was partially reproduced in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 12–13.

³ Johnson's letters to Mrs. Thrale confirm this: 'What makes Cumberland hate Burney.' (*Letters*, No. 636); and 'Charlotte Lennox accuses Cumberland of making a party against her play. I always hissed away the charge, supposing him a man of honour; but I shall now defend him with less confidence' (*ibid.*, No. 640.) The names, not given in Hill's edition, are supplied from the originals on the authority of Dr. R. W. Chapman. For No. 636 see also R. B. Adam's *Catalogue*, i. 157. Mrs. Piozzi's annotations (in Tregaskis & Son's copy of her *Letters*) confirm the all but illegible names in No. 640.

⁴ Petit Gris is said of a second-best Squirrel whose Skins we use for Trimmings. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ *Rape of the Lock*, Canto 3, l. 165.

⁶ i.e. his *New Atlantis* is confused with Mrs. Manley's scandalous *Atalantis*.

⁷ The edition of the *Spectator* and *Guardian* which Percy agreed, on May 25, 1764, to edit for Tonson. The *Tatler* was added in March 1765. Percy actually annotated only two volumes of the *Spectator* before turning over the work to Dr. John Calder, secretary to the Duke of Northumberland. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 501–3. For the later history of this edition, see below, p. 943, n. 2.

Mr Addison was & how much he feared to do harm; how Sir Andrew Freeport tho' a stanch Whig till then, begins at the general Disruption of the Club to intend building an hospital for poor Husbandmen &c.¹ and turns half Tory at last, lest his former Notions of giving nothing to Beggars, setting the poor to work &c—might be too closely followed. All this is true says M^{rs} Montague, and Addison was doubtless a good Man as well as a fine Writer; but I have often thought that if an *Angel* was to give an Imprimatur, he would bestow it on none but Johnson.²

It is very observable that M^{rs} Montagu's Friends all speak slightly of M^{rs} Greville, and M^{rs} Greville's of M^{rs} Montagu: Doctor Burney—who lived long among the Grevilles hates M^{rs} Montagu—I mean in his way of hating, whose manners are as sweet as his Musick; and Montagu herself despises that Baby Crewe & her Mother as She calls them most cordially—Tantane Animis &c.³ I long to see if I cannot find the way to love & admire them all. This I know beforehand that the Ode to Indifference⁴ is a most superior Piece of elegant Writing The Occasion of it was however dreadfully unhappy. The eldest Son of M^r & M^{rs} Greville had been inoculated & recovered; one Dose of Physick only remaining to be taken—The Father was ill at the same Time & had some Drops sent in, which the Young Gentleman swallowed by mistake quite up instead of the purging Draught intended for him—this shocking Error produced repeated & strong Convulsion Fits which carried the Boy off in 24 Hours & left his poor Mother half distracted. She soon left England & lived in Lorraine 3 Years: one Evening Lord Eglington who visited her there, having some Conversation with her on the Subject of Sensibility; She, instead of going to bed that Night, sate up & wrote her famous Ode to Indifference.

the Daughter of this M^{rs} Greville, the much admired M^{rs} Crewe, is married to a Man of whom a Lady said pleasantly on somebody's observing the frigidity of his Disposition—Frigid says She! why he is a Pumpkin fricasseed in Snow I think. All this I had from Burney who has lived long amongst them and knows them well—Let us now take a Touch at his Character.

Doctor Burney was first introduced to our Society by M^r Seward in the Year 1776⁵—he was to teach our eldest Daughter Musick,

¹ *Spectator*, No. 549.

² Cf. above, p. 34.

³ Vergil, *Aeneid* i. 11.

⁴ Fanny Burney says that it 'passed first from friend to friend; next to newspapers and magazines; and next to every collection of fugitive pieces of poetry in the English language'. *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, i. 114.

⁵ Boswell, quoting Burney, dates their acquaintance from 1775 (*Life*, ii. 406), but Burney

& attended once a Week at Streatham for that purpose: but such was the fertility of his Mind, and the extent of his Knowledge; such the Goodness of his Heart and Suavity of his Manners that we began in good earnest to solicit his Company, and gain his Friendship. few People possess such Talents for general Conversation, and fewer still for select Society, where no Restraint is laid upon one's Expressions & where Humour and good humour charm more than Wit and Philosophy—tho' Burney is never found deficient in either; and would be called a deep Scholar was he not without Pedantry, as he would be reckon'd a Wit was he not without Malice.—if ever the—Suaviter in Modo, fortiter in Rê—resided in mortal Man, tis surely in Doctor Burney—

A Gentleman was disputing conceitedly enough concerning the narrow Limits of the human Understanding, what *could* be performed by it, and what could *not*; I take it says Burney that a Man's Mind is at last like a Cylinder Organ, It plays as many Tunes as 'tis set to.—

Says Bodens to Burney I love Dancing with Musick it is a good Sauce I think to a good Dish: Saucing Musick with Dancing replies Doctor Burney is like dipping one's Pine Apple in Treacle.¹

When Burney was first made Doctor of Musick, Steele the Surgeon seeing M^r Burney still written on the Door, why don't you write up D^r said he? Why replies the other my honours are so recent, I feel half ashamed of them—Oh but says Steele—You must *brazen* it.

This same *Steele* desired to be introduced to me one Evening at Brighthelmstone; I do not said I chuse to play M^{rs} *Flint* tonight; so we shall strike no Fire.

A Man of merely mechanical Methods of Amusement told me that his Friend when he introduced him to some Company the day before—had given him a private hint that some Pleasantry would be expected from him, be witty therefore my Dear Head, be merry I beseech thee this Afternoon—and I, says the Fellow—remembering the Charge he had given me—When Supper came,—Why I helped myself to the Leg of a Fowl.

himself, in his 'chronological doggerel list of his friends' (D'Arblay, *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, ii. 100), confirms 1776 as the year when

'I acquaintance began with the Thrales,

Where I met with great talents 'mongst females and males.'

Mrs. Thrale's Children's Book (see above, p. xxviii) gives the date of Queeney's first music lesson from him as December 12, 1776.

¹ See above, p. 129.

This nonsense puts me in mind of almost as poor a Joke of my own I think. A young Fellow dependent on his Uncle at whose house I was, begged me to help him to some Tart—holding out his Plate on which he had been eating some Poultry—not on that Plate Sir said I—Oh 'tis not quite *foul* says the Lad; no reply'd I but 'tis *Chicken* I believe.—

An old Justice of the Peace sent his Clerk to enquire into the Merits of some Man's Story before he heard it—the Clerk sent him up soon after; why said the Gentleman would you let this drunken Fellow plague me now I am ill; drunk! Sir cries the Clerk, why when he was below with me he talked quite *profligately* as one could have wished Sir.

A M^r Norman¹ a Timber Merchant retired from Business a mighty insolent talking Fellow, was haranguing the Company the other day about a curious thing he had seen—*A Hydrometer*:—which says he is so called because it was invented by one M^r Hyde some time ago.

When cutting the Country into Navigable Canals was in high Fashion, some of these Projectors endeavor'd to perswade the Lewes Gentlemen to begin one: what do you think of your Projector Sir? says D^r Delap to M^r Shelley?²—I think replies Shelley that he is ignorant of *Hieroglyphicks* and if so you know he must not attempt these matters.

The same M^r Shelley had bought him a Picture at a Sale, the Bambino asleep was the Subject: what did you give Sir said I—twelve Guineas replied M^r Shelley—well said I again it seems to be an *Albano*, No Madam tis a *Reposo* indeed said he.

We were at Horton one Day in Lord Halifax's Garden, I miss a Walk which used to be here said my Mother there was one here six Months ago Madam reply'd the Gardener, but my Lord has *disanulled* it.

My Mother said disanul was always the fine word of a Footman; I sent my Servant one Day to see if the House of Commons was up for some reason; It was just *disannulled* as I came to the Door said the fellow.

I sent my Man to ask how a Lady whose house I was passing

¹ A business associate of John Cator. Mrs. Thrale displays his character in the second of her *Three Dialogues on the Death of Hester Lynch Thrale*. *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvi. 102-5.

² Husband to her cousin, Philadelphia Cotton.

by—did.—he brought me her Thanks in return & that She was *Lunatick* he meant *Rheumatick* it seems.

Coming home one Day my Mother asked our Servant if any body had been there since we were out—only one Gentleman says Thomas & he left no Card—but I know him very well—it was *Doctor Rock*¹

a Taylor retired on a comfortable Sum was desirous to keep good Company, & got by some Chance among People of Fashion one Evening—The Gentleman drank Healths, the last Man had named Lady Juliana Penn, the Taylor came next—Lady Harrington—quoth he; the People burst into a Laugh—I thought so, says the Fellow escaping through the Window—catch me in good Company again—Oh Lord! oh Lord!

Lady Harrington complained that She was to walk at the Coronation with the Countess of Portsmouth. She looks so like a Constable—says She; never so like Madam replies Charles Townshend surely, as when She walks with your Ladyship²

The old Countess of Lauderdale had a favourite Lap dog; a Lady was visiting her who had on a remarkably fine Sable Tippet which were then high prized Things; The Room was warm & She laid her Tippet by, nor ever observed till She was taking her Leave that the Dog had gnawed it to pieces—Did Quarie gnaw it so? says the old Lady Lauderdale gravely; why now it is a *Marcy* that it did not kill my *Doggie*.

The Lady who married the Duke of Chandois in the Year 1767. or thenabouts was Daughter to a vulgar Man a Sir John Major who had been some low Mortal and was suddenly raised to large Fortune, by some concurrence of Events not very uncommon in our Country since it grew merely commercial; they had however lived in a low Way & kept only one Maid. When the Duchess was married the old Servant had a Mind to see her young Mistress in her State of Exaltation, & asked Lady Major—the Mother—whether She might go to Grosvenor Square for that purpose. by all means Susan said the good Woman, but you must pay proper Respect to

¹ Dr Rock was a famous Quack for an infamous Disease; the Gentleman who had called at the Door, was Doctor Parker—Rector of St James's. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² The real point of this story is brought out by Walpole (*Letters*, v. 111), in his description of her 'covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize'. He adds, 'She complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick—"Pho," said he, "you will only look as if you was taken up by the constable"—she told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth.'

her present Condition—She is a Duchess you know; true Madam replied Susan, and what that is particular should be said to a Dutchess? Nothing but *Grace* answer'd Lady Major & they parted. Away Susan trudged it from Tower Hill & sent up her Name at her young Mistresses new Habitation: The Duchess was dressing & sent for her up Stairs—and how do you Susan says She; first says Susan looking around her at the ornaments of the Room: *for what we have receiv'd—the Lord make us truly Thankful!* The Duchess stared, but Susan had heard it was fit to say *Grace* to a Duchess.

When the Douglas Cause¹ was on the Carpet the Duchess of Argyll canvassed the house of Lords in favour of her Son Duke Hamilton; at length addressing the Earl of Northington She received this *Repartie Sanglante*—Madam, Your Grace has Beauty enough to tempt me to *any Sin*, but the House of Lords is too public a Place.

Says Charles Townsend to Lady Essex I am going to write a History—of what says She; of Edward the white Prince said he, & his amours with the Countess of Essex: You had better reply'd her Ladyship change your Subject and give us the history of Charles the Bold.

Somebody said that poor Duke of York is dead now, & nobody cares:—yet he will be a Loss too:—he may perhaps replies Johnson be a Loss—to the Turnpikes²

Lord Westcote told me once that when George the 3^d & his Bro^r Prince Edward were Children, one ten Years old & the other eleven; as they were playing about the Princess's Apartment; She overheard the youngest say—Brother when I am a Man I think I'll keep a Mistress; Fye Edward says the Lady do you know what that is; Why yes Mama a Mistress is to a Wife what a Pronoun is to a Noun I take it—that is a Substitute & a Representative.

When the old Queen of Prussia³ Wife to the great Elector was expiring She profess'd to Leibnitz in whose Arms She died that Curiosity was even at that awful Moment prevalent in her Soul—She longed to see what was next She said.

Dr Sharpe the Orientalist was ill, & Queen Charlotte Consort to George the 3^d hearing of it said why does not he go to Spa? because

¹ The famous lawsuit (between Archibald Stewart and the Duke of Hamilton over the Douglas estates, after the death of Archibald, Duke of Douglas, Stewart's uncle, in 1761) which was decided in Stewart's favour in 1771. The Duchess of Argyll was the beauty, Elizabeth Gunning. ² See above, p. 27. ³ Sophia Charlotte, queen of Frederick I.

he has no Money Madam: She immediately sent him 150^l for his Journey—but the poor Dr dy'd.

The Queen of France Consort to Louis 16th was dancing with young Dillon: feel says She to him how my heart beats after this strong Exercise—but says the Irishman What does your Majesty think becomes of *mine* the while.

The late Duchess of Queensberry begged King George the 2^d would permit her to read Gay's Polly¹ to him, that he might be convinced it contained nothing but harmless Merriment—one Hour's Time in the Closet would suffice She said—I hope Madam replied his Majesty if your Grace would favour me with such a Teste à Teste, that we should be able to spend our Time better.

A Boy who played in a surprizing Manner upon the Hautboy was called to perform before King George the 3^d and beginning with a slow movement which his Majesty took for Bashfulness don't be afraid my little Fellow says he, don't be afraid I say: Afraid! cries the Lad with a wide Stare, why I have played before the Emperour.²

In a Conversation the King of Prussia³ had once with Marshal Keith the latter quoted Scripture: why Keith have you been reading the Bible lately; Yes Sir, replies the Marshal, & whatever your Majesty may think of the Book in general, one must allow that *Joshua* understood a Line of Battle special well.

In a Conference between the Emperour⁴ & the King of France⁵ concerning the Affairs of Europe—Et pour les Anglois said the latter—on n'en peut rien decider, replies the Emperour, ce sont un Troupeau de Lions, avec une veritable âne a leur Tête.

Two Scotsmen went to Sir Robert Walpole to apply for a Place for a Third; Sir Robert would not consent—says Gordon to Campbell, Wully—*whusle to Sir Robert*, Campbell was it seems a very famous Whistler, but the Scots could not in those Days get Places for *Whistling*.

The late Lord Huntingdon carried on in the reign of George 2^d a Secret Correspondence with the Son of James the 2^d commonly called the old Pretender; Sir Robert charged his Lordship with so doing, & held a Paper in his hand while they talked. Sir said Lord Huntingdon I never saw the Man you mention: that replied Sir

¹ The sequel to *The Beggar's Opera*—kept off the stage because Walpole suspected that it satirized him. It was printed, however, and met with a *succès de scandale*. The Duchess, Gay's patroness, was forbidden the court for soliciting subscriptions there.

² It was young Mozart, the Instrument not a Hautbois but a Forte Piano or Harpsichord. Mrs. Thrale.

³ Frederick the Great, a religious sceptic.

⁴ Joseph II.

⁵ Either Louis XV or Louis XVI.

Robert Walpole is no *denial*; I know that you held your Conversations in the *Dark*, and the Letter in my hand contains the Proof of my Assertion. by this Discovery the skilful Minister secured at least L^d Huntingdon's Neutrality in all future Operations against the banished Family.

It was M^r Johnson who told me this strange Story, to inculcate a favourite Maxim of His, that when Truth is to be found we must not content ourselves with a faint or evasive denial.

When Sir Robert Walpole was dismissed from all his Employments he retired to Houghton & walked into the Library; when pulling down a Book & holding it some Minutes to his Eyes, he suddenly & seeming sullenly exchanged it for another; he held that about half as long, & looking out a Third return'd it instantly to its Shelf & burst out into Tears; I have led a Life of Business so long sayd he, that I have lost my Taste for Reading, & now—what shall I do? this Story likewise I had from Gerrard Hamilton who had it from Harry Fox who was present at the Scene.

I have always thought that Gerard Hamilton was Junius,¹ & I think so still; but nobody else does I find,—so I'll think no more about it.

There was a Committee of Grievances to sit & examine the state of the nation it was however deferred because of a Ball at which all the high Opposition People were expected to appear—this says George Selwyn reminds me of a passage in the Rehearsal—

Let us to serious Counsel now advance
Tis very well, but first let's have a Dance.²

Somebody in the Rooms at Bath sitting behind M^r Wilkes's Sister M^{rs} Hayley, said that Wilkes is a very troublesome Fellow, I wish the King had his head—. I am sure replies M^{rs} Hayley looking back, *I* wish he had *half* his Head.

So far had spread the reputation of M^r Wilkes that the Officers

¹ One of her marginal notes to Wraxall's *Memoirs* tells why she suspected him (Hayward, ii, 106): 'I well remember when they [Junius' *Letters*] were most talked of—and N. Seward said "How the arrows of Junius were sure to wound and likely to stick". "Yes, Sir," replied Johnson; "yet let us distinguish between the venom of the shaft and the vigour of the bow." At which expression Mr. Hamilton's countenance fell in a manner that to me betrayed the author. Johnson repeated the expression in his next pamphlet and Junius wrote no more.' In his own day, Junius was chiefly supposed to be Wilkes, Burke, and W. G. Hamilton. Walpole, *Memoirs of George III*, iii. 401. Subsequently, he has been identified with Dunning, Hugh Boyd, General Charles Lee, Lord George Sackville, Barré, Sir Philip Francis, Earl Temple, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and about forty others, less probable. Everett, *Letters of Junius* (1927), pp. 377–87. The identification with Francis is the most widely accepted.

² Cf. above, p. 2 and n. 2.

on board our India ships said that the Chinese would frequently teize them thus. Ah Master John! your Mandarin want to bamboo Wilkie, but Wilkie bamboo Mandarin

Wilkes & Bull were Sheriffs of London 1771. I said it was like the Consulate of Cæsar & Bibulus which the Romans distinguish'd thus *Julio et Cæsare Consulibus* as poor Bibulus like Bull had no Share in the management of publick Affairs

We were speaking of Taste—Good Taste said I is to the Judgment what a Microscope is to the Eye: its Operations begin not till those of the Judgment are ended, it applies itself like that to the Consideration of small Objects only, & like that too it magnifies them much.

Mr Thrale rallies me for saying that Extremes meet; yet they do meet in almost every Instance: Pride & Humility in their extremes how like! Bashfulness & Impudence—scarce distinguishable: in Medical Matters are not Musk & Asafoetida Specificks for the same Complaint? in Natural philosophy is not the Earth cold and uninhabitable alike at both Poles? in Taste as 'tis called do not the most consummate Conoscenti endeavour to imitate Nature and strip away all that lies between the two Extremes? nay what at last did the wisest Man discover except that he was like one ignorant of all things under the Sun?

One is sometimes ignorant of a Thing a vast while merely because one dares not appear so by making any Enquiry—Why have the Apostles—Evangelists I should say; the Ox, the Eagle, the Man, & the Lyon, usually annex'd to their Pictures or Statues? I am sure I never knew till in the Year 1769, loitering in the Library at Brighthelmstone I found in an old Book the following Explanation: the four principal Tribes among the Jews were Judah, Reuben, Ephraim & Dan, & these were the Emblems they wore. Judah for example had the Lyon, Reuben the Man, Ephraim the Ox and Dan the Eagle.¹ These the Christians being loth to lose, applied to the four Evangelists as thus

Hic Mattheus agens hominem generaliter implet
 Marcus in alta fremit, Vox per deserta Leonis;
 Jura Sacerdotus² Lucas tenet ore Juveni
 More volans Aquilæ Verbo petit astra Johannis.³

¹ I have seen & read much since this was written; yet I believe 'tis true & one may observe that the mystic Chariot seen by Ezekiel was drawn by these same Animals and we have 'em again presented to our Imagination in the Apocalypse of St John. 1781. Mrs. Thrale.

² i.e. Sacerdotis.

³ i.e. Johannes.

Jupiter Ammon signifies it seems Jupiter in the Sands: The Libyan Jove for that Reason; his Temple was in the Sandy Desarts of Africa we know. I like this Derivation better than from Cham or Ham.¹

Wednesday comes from Woden's Day, Thursday from Thor's Day Fryday from Frey's Day Saxon all—but Saturday is Saturn's Day Roman, & so all the rest Roman—odd enough.

January is Janus's Month, May is Maia's Month &c till you come to September, which is the seventh Month, & Oct^r the 8th Month, & so on counting March for the 1st as the Romans did; which likewise accounts for their calling June the Youth of the Year.

The Times of the blessed Virgin's Conception and Delivery, how exactly do they correspond with the common Course of Nature; ten Lunar, & nine Solar Months exactly between the 25: March & the 25: of Dec^r

What faults in Conversation for want of a little Turn to Etymology! People talk for example of a bright Capacity nothing so common? yet the Allusion is borrowed from a Vessel—wide or narrow if you will, capacious or not capacious, but what nonsense is a *bright* or a *dull* Capacity!

The same Mistake or such another is made every day about Circumstances which I take it are the Things that *Stant Circum*; yet even Burke has suffered himself to be led away by common Cant, and talk Nonsense about *Circumstances* in his preface to the Sublime and beautiful.²

I was told to day that Joshua and Jesus are the very same Name, I never heard it before, and suppose it not commonly known among Christians—'tis a Shame however not to have known it always—Milton mentions it in the last Book of *Paradise Lost*.³

Mr Lort's Name was so odd a one that I asked him its Derivation; he said it came from De L'Ortie, & that he had once met with an Account of a Namesake of his whose Name was thus set down—Peter Lort, alias Peter Nettle.

Is not the Manufacture called Kersey so called from the Name of the Place it is made at—Kersall?⁴ I think so.

¹ He is the horn'd Jupiter—we see him at Rome every hour. 1791. *Mrs. Thrale*. The name was the result of the Romans' confusing Amon, a Libyan divinity, with Jupiter.

² No such use occurs in the Preface.

³ 'Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call.' *Paradise Lost*, xii. 310.

⁴ The *O.E.D.* derives it tentatively from Kersey, in Suffolk.

Burney says that smoaking a Man by way of Contempt, comes from *se mocquer* French & I believe it does.¹

He says too that swagger comes from Swager German the name of a Postillion in that Language because he swaggers so—This is not so good.²

Burney taught me not to say such a one sings harmoniously or unharmoniously; there must be more than one Voice to make Harmony—Melodiously or unmelodiously is the proper Word.

Cob was once the general Name the general English Word I mean for a Spider, Cobweb is still left from this Root,³ & I believe when Ben Johnson wrote Every Man in his Humour the Word was not quite gone because of all the Company meeting at *Cob's* House which is described to be very dirty & full of Spiders. *Arach* is now the name of a Spider in Cornwall.

The Word Earwig is not derived from Ear⁴ as many Think, but from *Eruca* or *Eruc*, the Latin Word for that Insect.

The Letter commonly called *Ipse and* and *ampuse and* viz &. is a corruption of *a per se and*: spoken very quick; they used formerly it seems to put a single Greek α, for a contraction of and, & so this was *a per se and*.⁵

We have told an odd Story as a Testimonial of Wilkes's Celebrity; let us now tell one as a Testimonial of Richardsons; When his Story of Pamela first came out, some Extracts got into the public Papers, and used by that means to find their way down as far as Preston in Lancashire where my Aunt who told me the Story then resided: One Morning as She rose the Bells were set o' ringing & the Flag was observed to fly from the Great Steeple; She rung her Bell & enquired the Reason of these Rejoycings when her Maid came in bursting with Joy, and said why Madam poor Pamela's married at last; the News came down to us in this Mornings Paper.

Gluttony is so much the favourite Vice of this Age that I heard to day of a Wastecoat marked thus in the manner of a Barometer Full, very full, Bursting,—Apoplexy, sudden Death.

Now for three odd Stories—true ones all.

A Negro Wench brought over by my Great Grandfather Sir

¹ The *O.E.D.* refers the sense to the verb *to smoke*.

² It cannot be so; *Swager* means Brother in law, & is only bestow'd on the postillions from a Temporary tenderness put on to induce those surly Fellows to mend their pace. *Mrs. Thrale*. The *O.E.D.* gives the derivation from *swag*, an obsolete verb, cognate with *sway*.

³ The *O.E.D.* says that the use of *cob* for *spider* came probably by analogy with *cobweb*.

⁴ The *O.E.D.* gives its derivation as from OE. *éarwicga* (ear-borer).

⁵ *Ampersand* (of which *ampusand* is a variant) is a corruption of '*and per se and*'. *O.E.D.*

Tho^s Lynch who was many Years Governor of Jamaica—was seen one Day rubbing her hands & Face with the Snow that had fallen in the Garden; what do you that for says the housekeeper, Phillis? because replies the Girl I have found out now what makes all of you so white, and I am resolved to be like the rest of the Family.

A poor Negro brought over from Carolina was seen one Day aboard the Ship as they approached England drinking immoderately at the Water Cask, and was reproved by Doctor Bathurst who thought he would do himself some harm—Why Sir says the poor Fellow You see there is a Fire within me for the Smoak comes out at my Mouth, I must use some Method to quench it.

A Surgeon—who had been a Sort of Physician to the factory at Algiers & was a Man both of Intelligence & Veracity, said that as he one Day walked up into the Country, he saw a Schique's Daughter deep down in Barbary tending her Father's Flocks with an Arabick Book in her hand. he had likewise seen and perambulated a large Town, where all the Streets were standing, yet not one Inhabitant left in the Place.—The pastoral Life however it should seem still subsists.

I have always thought Sir Peter Lely's Beauties had the Air of a Court Lady harrassed with Compliments and killd with Assiduities; the Look is languid and strongly expresses Fatigue—The other day I heard it argued that it was the Air of a pastoral Nymph.

The three great Characters of Female Beauty are Dignity Vivacity and Softness; the Juno, Pallas & Venus of the Ancients: Most Men I fear would take his^t Judgment too and prefer the Delicacy of the Queen of Love to all the Intelligence of Minerva or Dignity of Juno.

Tis very odd however why poor Women are so seldom beautiful, but I have often observed that Among Charity Girls for example, and even in the Foundling Hospital though so spacious a Receptacle, I never saw yet one eminently pretty Face.

'Tis likewise odd enough why Women of Fashion never have Warts on their Fingers, and why Women are much seldomer near-sighted than Men, and why poor People are much seldomer near-sighted than rich. I can account for none of these Phænomena.

Why do Ladies adorn the left Side of their Heads always in Preference to the other? is it not because it faces the right of the beholder?—awkward & Gauche are synonymous.

^t i.e. the judgement of Paris.

The Reason Children are so often lefthanded is because being carried on the left arm of the Nurse, their Right hand is never at liberty to be presented for the reception of any thing, & this grows into a Habit when they are set upon their Feet.

Some foolish People, of no mean Rank—they were the Glegg's of Gat'n¹ my Relations, carried a' visiting with them their only Son six Years old & near a Natural—says Sir Robert Cotton to the Father, Cousin what does this child say? *Lilly Lolly* is it not? Yes replies The Mother, it *says* Lilly Lolly, but it *means* how d'ye do Sr Robert Cotton.

A Lady was teaching her little Boy how God made the World how God made the Sun, the Moon, the Trees &c. and pray Mamma says the Child after a Pause—Who paid him for his Work?²

Do you love Venison Dick says a Father to his little Son; I love the Jelly of it Papa replies the Child.³

A Lady where I visited was speaking of some Woman who had committed a *Misdemeanour*, and repeated the Word pretty often, till her young Son⁴ who was playing about the Room—said, does the Lady ever come to see you Mama? no sure replied She my Dear—what *Lady* dost thou mean—*Miss Demeanour* Mama said he.

A good Mother was taking a dirty Ballad out of her Boy's⁵ hand which he had bought in the Street, and bid him not read such Stuff—Why says he don't you read them? no truly replied She; why then Mama do read them, indeed you would be *merrier* if you did.

A Mother was making her Little Son⁶ read Nelson's Feasts and Fasts—this says he is a very good Book to be sure Mama, all about our Saviour and the Apostles—but surely it is *monstrous dull Fun*.

I asked my Sophy once at 5 Years old what She would do with fifty Thousand Pounds if She had it—Why says She I would have a vast many Friends, and entertain them with Feasts *as grand*.—

This was rather better than Mathias the Merchant who when my Father asked him what he would have done with all Crasteyn's Money had it fallen to him—*Done* says Mathias! why I would have kept *six more Clerks*.

¹ Gayton Hall, Cheshire. In one of her marginalia to *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, she identifies the child as Dick Wynne, son of a Welsh squire. Hayward, ii. 76. Cf. also *Letters*, No. 553.

² a Story of Dr Collier's. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ little Burney. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Penn Curzon. *Mrs. Thrale*. Penn Assheton Curzon, son of Assheton Curzon, Esq. His own mother, Elizabeth Hanmer, died in 1764, and the lady referred to here was probably his stepmother, daughter to the Earl of Grosvenor. *Gent. Mag.* lxxvii. 891; Burke, *Peerage*, under 'Howe'.

⁵ young Burney. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁶ my own Son. *Mrs. Thrale*.

This same Mathias sate for his Picture; it was drawn by his Brother¹ with large Account Books open before him and a Pen in his hand—for says the Merch^t that Poet there was in the right who said

Nature's chief masterpiece was *writing* well.

The Trader meant the mere Manual Art; and firmly believed 'tis plain that the Duke of Buckingham² thought so too.

This same Mathias thought he must leave London some time and take a Summers Run in the Country he did so, & was driven to read for his amusement, when he came back my Father asked him what Books he had read—I read says he a strange Account of a Beast which however is dead, & I believe there are no more of them in England, it was a horrible one though with a long Tail, & was of the Serpent kind I think; he eat people up, and *churned* them into *Gobbets* the Book says,—What the Devil Beast could this be says my Father? what was its Name Jemmy? The *Blatant Beast*. as I remember replied Mathias—he had been reading Spenser's Fairy Queen.³

This James Mathias was eminently skilled in Musick I asked Dr Burney about that—Yes says he the Man has Knowledge enough, but no more Taste than a Bull.—Apropos I believe Taste is rather an uniform thing, nor can even national Prejudices stifle a good one. Neither Pope nor Shenstone, neither Lyttelton nor Brown can go further in point of Taste for Gardening than did Bacon⁴ in those Days of Darkness, or than does J: J: Rousseau in a Nation so dead to every thing tasteful as the French is.

Mr^s Cholmondeley heard that Durant opposed Thrale as a Member for Southwark:⁵ what a Contest will that be between two Men who have no Taste of Merriment? (said she) Thrale makes no Attempt, and Durant can do nothing towards it but unbutton his Waste Coat.

Of Hawkins Browne I have heard Mr^s Cholmondeley say that for the first hour—after Dinner—he was so *dull* there was no bear-

¹ Vincent Mathias, subtreasurer of the Queen's household, and an amateur painter—a pupil of Allan Ramsay. Farington, *Diary*, i. 100.

² *The Essay of Poetry*, from which the quotation comes, was by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire.

³ Bk. 6.

⁴ Pope's garden at Twickenham, Shenstone's at the Leasowes, Lyttelton's at Hagley, and 'Capability' Brown's gardens, executed for various noble patrons, were pioneer ventures in the natural, 'English' type of garden. Bacon's essay, *Of Gardens*, praises the formal garden of the older type.

⁵ In 1765, when Mr. Thrale was first elected to Parliament.

ing him; for the second he was so *witty* there was no bearing him, and for the third, he was so *drunk* there was no bearing him.

Johnson said always that Browne's Conversation most resembled *mine*; it was says he, a stream of Sentiment—enlivened by Gaiety.¹ I could not resist the Temptation of writing *that* down; ten to one I shall pretend to have forgotten it—& so write it over again in some other Volume of this Collection.—

Sir Joshua Reynolds observed how much Lord Bolingbroke loved a Lace Coat—a Gold one particularly; now says he I hate Gilding—even upon *Gingerbread*, no surely replied Lord Mulgrave, a *King*, a *Queen* & a *Cuckold* should always be Gilt.

Lord Mulgrave says that if Shakespeare was lost, his Brother & Sir William Meredith could restore it; for says he Sir William remembers all the Sense I think, & my Brother all the Nonsense.

Speaking of Ceremony or Precedence, or Etiquette as the present Phrase is, Lord Mulgrave told us that whenever the Felons were carried to Tyburn; those who came out of St Giles's Parish had always the right hand in the Cart.

Lady Lade was mentioning an extraordinary Character which She had picked up: a M^{rs} Gardiner² who possesses an infinite deal of Good Sense, Literature, & even elegant breeding, though She is by Profession a Tallow Chandler on Snow hill. Oh says Lord Mulgrave 'tis the Tallow which gives her the *Smoothness* you speak of, and the Candles confer the *Illumination*.

Lord Mulgrave called to Burke one Day at our Table with a—so Burke you riot in Puns now Johnson's away; this made good Sport for my Lord & for the Company, but Burke changed Colour and looked like Death.³

Lord Mulgrave is a Man of high Birth, high Courage, an inquisitive Disposition and a cultivated Mind: he studies diligently, and always seems to have learned something new since the last Time one saw him: There is however so much of the Boatswain mixed with the Nobleman; such boisterous Merriment and a Laugh so like a *Post horn* as Bodens says; that his Mirth puts an end to that of many People instead of exciting theirs: for my own Part I am not so much

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 266.

² Dr. Johnson's early and faithful friend. She interested him in her favourite charity, the Ladies' Charity School for the training of girls as servants, in the parish of St. Giles, and he in turn interested Mrs. Thrale to become a manager and subscriber. Boswell, *Life*, i. 242; *Letters*, No. 224, n. 3. The school is mentioned above, p. 115.

³ Cf. above, p. 27.

afraid of any Man living as of Lord Mulgrave: one knows he will stop at nothing for a Joke, and one is never invited by his Behaviour to that Security which in a mixed Company can alone promote Conversation: He sometimes will swear too I believe though I never heard him, and that seems to be bringing the Quarter Deck to dinner rather too completely.¹ I will make some Man that dares venture, tell him the following Story some day—Johnson is the proper Person.

Gwynn the Architect was telling a Story—Damn my Soul says Gwynn & stopt; somebody interrupted him & said pry'thee tell thy Story without swearing—I *will* says Gwynn, and so Damn my Soul—as I said before—

Murphy never swears before Johnson, but one Even^e as soon as he had left the Company the Oaths came out very glib—Dear Mr Murphy don't swear so said I; I like it no better than Johnson does.²

Murphy told the following Story today which struck me; as Judge Blakiston's³ Writings are now greatly admird and read even by those who have no Business to make Law their Study, he is it seems for all that very unskilful in producing his Knowledge for the purposes of Conversation. There had been some Law Talk the Day before where he was one: Murphy asked Serjeant Davy what such a one & such a one had said—at last & what did Blakiston say?—Why nothing to be sure replied the Serjeant archly—You know that he must sell out of the Stocks before he can give you Change for a Guinea.

another of Murphy's good Law Stories.

Two Gentlemen disputing on a Law Case—in Company—one observed that he could in support of his Opinion bring unquestionable Authority from—*Burn*; ay but replies the other mine is from *Kill Burn* clear on the other side.⁴

Murphy is a mighty pleasing Man upon the whole; so entertaining, so unassuming, so unaffected, so friendly in his *manner* &

¹ This dims the lustre of Johnson's compliment to Omai, the South Sea Islander, whose politeness he illustrated by saying: 'Lord Mulgrave and he dined one day at Streatham; they sat with their backs to the light fronting me, so that I could not see distinctly; and there was so little of the savage in Omai, that I was afraid to speak to either, lest I should mistake one for the other.' Boswell, *Life* iii. 8.

² And yet Susan Burney reported Mrs. Thrale as saying before Johnson, 'Good G—d! why somebody else mentioned that book to me.' *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, ed. Ellis (1907), ii. 233-4.

³ i.e. Blackstone.

⁴ Richard Kilburn and Richard Burn both wrote treatises on the duties of the justice of the peace, Burn's superseding Kilburn's as the standard authority.

Address: so willing to amuse *you*, to divert your *Company*, to *inform*, to *sooth*: yet no Buffoonery, no Coarseness, no meanness, but a Behaviour perfectly decorous; and a Conversation so happily made up of Narration & native good Sense, of Fact & Sentiment, that it is impossible to image a more agreeable Man. Is your Table filled with People of high Rank & Accomplishments? nobody outshines Murphy, yet nobody is eclipsed by him; every one goes away in the same Mind concerning *him*. have you a set of low Fellows, Burgesses of a Boro' or Freeholders of a County? Murphy sets them on a continual Roar, & *seems* pleased with *them*, while they are ready to worship him as well they may. Is *nobody* with you? Murphy appears not to be disappointed; he *loves* a Teste a Tête, he wants nobody to *brille* before: he 'll lay out all his Talents for *your* Amusement, or if you are not in the humour to be amused, will talk to you of your Children, your Estate or your Improvements. All this without the least Spark of Regard for you or the least desire of ever seeing you more till some Chance brings you once more together. Mr Murphy is a Mere Man of the Town, without one moment's Thought of anybody but himself: he is a Man you *must like*, but cannot *love*: as there is no Foundation either of Religion Morality or Friendship—His Motto should be—

Tout m'amuse, et rien m'attache.

Murphy was asked to dine here one Day & expected the Dinner to be late: he had therefore provided a Neck of Mutton to eat of because—no no, Mr Thrale & he were coming to our house together after a late day at the House of Commons, & order'd themselves a Neck of Mutton by way of Luncheon at 2 or 3 o'Clock; Bodens fell in with them, & they asked him to partake: he thought there was more victuals coming & refused:—Nay said they we have no other Dish George—Oh cries the Colonel this is one of your desperate Dinners is it—*Neck or nothing* & so eat away.

Murphy loved too well to tell Stories of Foote; the following one was a Favourite—when Party ran high in the Years 1767 & 68—says Foote these Fellows will take a Place for the King in the Dover Coach & put his Mother in the Basket.

Charles Howard of Greystock published a silly Book he Called Thoughts:¹ he meets Foote at a Coffeehouse; & have you read my Thoughts says he? no replies the other—I wait for the second Volume—and why so? because I have heard says Foote that Second Thoughts were best.

¹ *Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims, chiefly Religious and Political* (1768).

Footo was invited to Dinner by Sir Francis Delaval, & told that such & such People naming some worthless Nobleman & his Mistress I forget who, were to be of the Party: how unlucky says Footo that I am engag'd to Dinner with M^r MacGinnis & Miss MacGinnis who leave Town tomorrow—these were two Felons condemned to be hanged next Day.

Footo got Garrick's Bust and set it on his Bureau with this Speech—There you dog take as much Care of my Money as of your own *do*; if he's such a Rogue says Murphy methinks you should not trust him so near your Money—Why don't you see replies Footo that the Rascal has got no hands.

Murphy loved Barry & hated Garrick,¹ he asserted to M^r Johnson one Day pretty roundly that Barry could actually do some things better than Garrick: what could he do better Sir says Johnson unless he had been set at the Door of a mean Auction Room with a long Pole in his hand to cry walk in Gentlemen; Nay replied Murphy briskly M^r Garrick might do that as well, & pick your Pocket into the bargain.

Murphy told the following Stories to day. Lord Mansfield had a cause to try somewhere in Norfolk of a Riot that had been committed God knows where at Salisbury I think but a long way off: he expressed Displeasure enough at their bringing the Culprits so far and pitching on one of them who had a wooden Leg, said he did not look very riotous—What's your Profession Fellow? a *Fiddler* my Lord; well see that you don't get into such a *Scrape* any more.

Lord Mansfield was trying a Cause concerning a small Debt, the Debtor produced as his Bail a Jew dressed with a World of Finery & Lace; the Creditor hesitated—No take his Bail exclaims my Lord, why the Fellow will *burn* for the Money.—

Murphy and some more merry Gentlemen, Captain Ayscough I think, & Sir Thomas Mills went to see the Prisoners in Newgate—they had a Clergyman with them, & there was a Jew in some of the Cells—We have brought this Gentleman says they pointing to the Parson to prepare you Friend—for the great *Change*; Dere wash no need of Preparashion I fear Jentlemen I shall never see *Change* no more.

George Falkner the famous Dublin Bookseller made an aukward Assortment of his Company very often; one Day he invited Johnson,

¹ The dislike began when Garrick rejected Murphy's *Orphan of China*, in 1758, and later played it under pressure from Fox and Walpole. Murphy, *Garrick* (1801), i. 330-8.

Garrick, Murphy & Sheridan: to meet them he invited four Custom house Officers.—for some time say the Wits we had the Talk all to ourselves,—but when the Bottle went round briskly, the Excisemen began to make us pay duty.

Serjeant Davy went to Dinner at Foote's, he was in riotous Spirits, and talked all himself: 'tis very well says Foote, but if ever I ask you out of Term Time again tell me on 't; you must have four hours talk in the Morning to tame your Tongue I see before you come out to dinner.—

Berenger made the same Complaint of M^{rs} Montagu, that Woman talks admirably well says he, but somehow one longs to hear the Sound of one's own Voice now & then.

Murphy was too fond of telling Stories of Foote, & D^r Goldsmith who was no match at all for him in general Conversation could only watch that Propensity, & mark it. he stood behind my Chair one Afternoon, and as fast as Atty came out with his Stories, he kept whispering me—Story the first, and by & by—Story the 2^d he went on to the 4th I remember, & then I said, now have done Doctor, or I swear I'll tell: he had done in a Moment, for he both fear'd M^r Murphy's Powers, & envy'd his elegance of Dress & Behaviour:—What now you like M^r Murphy says he to me, because he has that *Hat* I suppose.

The way Johnson & Murphy got acquainted was an odd one; M^r Murphy was engaged in a Periodical Paper called I think the Grays Inn Journal, but he was in the Country with his Friend Foote & said he must go to Town to publish his Sheet for the Day: hang it says Foote can't you do it here & I'll send a Man & horse—tis but ten Miles—up to the printer: This was settled & Murphy impatient to join the Company & unwilling to pump his own Brains just then snatched up a French Journal that he saw lying about, translated a Story which he liked in it & sent it to press. When he came to Town two days after he soon found what he had done; that the Story was a Rambler written by Johnson, & translated into French; and that he had been doing it back again: he flew to Johnson's Lodging, caught him making of Æther, told him the Truth and commenced an Acquaintance, which has lasted with mutual Esteem I suppose near twenty Years.¹

At the Time when Owen Ruffhead was writing the *Contest*² in

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 306. The paper appeared on June 15, 1754, in the *Gray's Inn Journal* (2nd ser., No. 38). The *Rambler* it copied was No. 190. Boswell, *Life*, i. 356, n. 2.

² In 1756 and 1757. Crane and Kaye, *Census of British Newspapers*, p. 25.

opposition to Murphy's *Test*;¹ Gilbert Cooper it seems thought so highly of the performance that he would persuade himself Mr Pitt was the Authour; Full of this Fancy he wrote several Letters to the Printer which were published accordingly with Thanks for his Correspondence &c. till at last a meeting was fixed to convey curious Intelligence, when Mr Cooper dress'd himself magnificently to attend the great Man, & could scarce believe his Eyes when Ruffhead appeared, and declared the work all his own—it begun an Acquaintance between them—This too is a Story of Murphy's.

Murphy thinks that Baretti means by his ferocity to imitate Johnson, but I am not of that Opinion² Baretti's Mind is not a servile one to imitate another, be that other who he will: Baretti was ferocious enough before he left Italy to have been shut out of some of its Capitals,³ & to have drawn his Sword on his Father when he was but sixteen.⁴ You have got a *new* Friend now says Murphy—Doctor Burney; how can you like People of such different Dispositions? just says I as you can like *old Hock & Irontinac*.

Johnson once asked me such a Question; how I who liked Mr^s Montagu so, could like Lady Cotton too; just says I as I like both Milk and Champagne.

A Man of low Birth—the Son of a Pastry Cook, was speaking of his Wife's Family—so good Blood, such noble blood forsooth ran in her Veins—what hast thou to do with her Blood thou Block-head says his Friend?—Make Sausages of it.

Doctor Harrington attended Gill the Bath Cook, and enquiring particularly into his Case, I think Sir says Gill that I am only a little *overdone* with Physick.

Lord Carlisle's Cook being to make a grand Dinner one Day sent to the Bookseller the Morning before, to borrow Nelson's *Feasts*

¹ According to Crane and Kaye (op. cit., p. 103) Henry Fox edited *The Test* (1756-7).

² Johnson, however, in 1775, wrote to Mrs. Thrale: 'To be frank he [Baretti] thinks is to be cynical, and to be independent is to be rude. Forgive him, dearest Lady, the rather, because of his misbehaviour, I am afraid he learned part of me.' *Letters*, No. 420.

³ Three of his works had been suppressed for offensively outspoken criticism—the *Primo Ciclameto* at Turin in 1750, the *Lettere Familiari* at Milan in 1762, and the *Frusta Letteraria* at Venice in 1765. The authorities at Venice were preparing to arrest him in 1765 for alleged criticism of the government, but he prevented them by voluntary withdrawal. Collison-Morley, *Baretti*, pp. 51-5, 132-3, 166-9. I cannot find that he was actually expelled from any Italian city.

⁴ His father, Luca Baretti, married a second wife in 1735, who brought into the household a *cavalier servente*, one Miglyna di Capriglio, of whom young Baretti disapproved. He quarrelled with and challenged the man, was rebuked by his father, and forthwith left home. *Ibid.*, pp. 12-14.

& *Fasts*; for says he one may find something there you know that will be of use for tomorrow.

Lord Sandwich¹ sent for a neighbouring Clergyman in Huntingdonshire to dine with him & many Friends: when he was about to say Grace; Oh Pardon me Sir says his Lordship but I have a domestick Chaplain at home here, who always officiates—Call him in.—speaking to a Servant—Immediately was led in a huge Baboon dress'd in a Clergyman's Habit, and made Grimaces standing on two at the lower End of the Table. The Country Gentleman—Parson—I mean, presently recollecting himself; I protest says he I did not know till now my Lord, that you had so near a *Relation in Orders*. when I heard this Story first I hope said I that Man will be made a Bishop,—an *Arch* bishop I hope replied Doctor Woodward who told the Story.

Cradocke had written a Tragedy a very *deep* one they said, but he would give it a familiar Name: We'll call it *Peter* said he—the Scene was in Russia, at least said I let it be *Peter Grievous*.²

Murphy has now been with us two Days together; we have not seen him these fifteen Months, & once he is gone, we shall not perhaps see him again for fifteen more; yet he is so kind, so agreeable so *caressant* as the French expressively say, that one cannot without some Effort recollect that he does not care a Rush for one:³—indeed he is now only distressed to get the Cottage at our Kitchen Garden Gate, to build a house for himself upon, just in our Neighbourhood he *loves* us so—a *Scoundrel* as Mr Thrale says.⁴

We were talking of the Governors abroad and somebody named Mr Hastings: he is not related to the Huntingdon⁵ Family says Mr Thrale but is of a very young Family if of any—*Green Hastings*⁶ I presume said I.

¹ A professed libertine, and a member of Wilkes's profane Brotherhood of Medmenham.

² Finally published as *The Czar*, in 1824, but never acted because of Mrs. Crawford's retirement and Mrs. Yates's refusal to play the role assigned her. Cradock, *Memoirs*, iii. 77.

³ There was truth in the accusation, for in Murphy's surviving correspondence with Mrs. Thrale at this period he finds many graceful excuses for his neglect. Eighteen months later, on November 5, 1779, he wrote: 'though my heart has been with you and Mr. Thrale for many weeks past, I have been in the meantime so much the slave of events, that I have not been able to follow my inclinations and fly to you and Dr. Burney's Tenth Muse at Brighthelmstone...' Broadley, pp. 130-2. He did not come to Streatham for seven months after Thrale's death in 1781, and excused himself by writing, on November 6: 'I wished to be made by Time a Little callous, before I could think of going to Streatham.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 548. Yet Murphy proved in later years one of her most loyal friends. See below, p. 939.

⁴ Mr. Thrale & he are Old Acquaintan[ces] & my Master loves *him* at his heart. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ The family name of the Earls of Huntingdon was Hastings.

⁶ i.e. green peas.

A Lady was censured as loving to drink strong Waters, it is not true sure says M^r Thrale, I believe it is replied I, for we were spending the Afternoon together two days Ago; I sate next *her* & we did not drink our Tea by a *Lamp* I remember.

M^r Thrale had been franking & had thrown down the Cases to dry upon the Hearth; I walked over them hastily & he called to me, why surely replied I these are *free*.

Of poor Sir Thomas Drury & his Wife I remember saying that he looked always as if he was *making* a Stink, & her Ladyship as if She was *smelling* it.

I do not think my bons Mots like Stella's the best among those of my Friends, but I think Stella's very paltry ones; and much wonder at the moderate degree of Excellence with which D^r Swift was contented to make a Bustle with my Namesake Miss *Hester* Johnson.—

Old Beau Blakeney¹ a foolish Fellow enough related the following Anecdote of D^r Swift which I believe is not generally known. A Country Gentleman riding out with the Dean, the Dean observ'd that his Horse carried a fine *Tail*; Ay Sir! replies the other but *your* Horse carries the finest *Head* in his Majesty's Dominions: Swift from this Time took delight in the Man's Company, prais'd his Wit, and wonder'd at his politeness—while the Gentleman ignorant of his own Merit, confessed to his private Friends that he had meant no *head* but the *Horse's*.

Some body—M^r Pepys I think, was saying that the English were always censured for not being sufficiently attentive to Foreigners, but that for his Part he was one of them; for he had often thought that talking to Foreigners was like talking to Children, one is sometimes charm'd with their Observations, but more frequently disgusted by their want of Apprehension.

A Story was told one day at the Table how D^r Barton of Chris Church commonly call'd Kissing Barton, had said of his Dinner—John take away this Soup directly—Watergruel is a Dram to it. Count Mannucci² who was present, was very earnest to hear th Jest explained, & a Lady in Company undertook the Business but first She was to tell him what a Dram meant, then what water Grue meant, till he could at last only wonder why we had been all s

¹ The 'Mr. B——y' out of whom Fanny Burney extracted such admirable fun on h visit to Brighton with the Thrales in 1779. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 292-312.

² See above, p. 20.

³ See p. 157 n. 1.

diverted at what must when explained so have appeared to be at best but a mighty miserable Thing.—a Cold Joke

When Hickey the Attorney was in France he tho't he spoke the Language admirably well, & chiding his Valet de place for not being ready when he called on some Occasion—*Mais* says Hickey—*vous ne vous tenez jamais dans le Chemin.* why in Nature should I? thought the Fellow no doubt.

Mannucci¹ among many comical Mistakes here, said speaking of a Lady somewhat oddly dress'd, I never saw such a *Tyger* as M^{rs} Thrale says—some body cried out—a Tyger! Lord Count you are mistaken surely, for M^{rs} Thrale knows & often says that She's the best humored Creature in the World. For good Humour Oh God forgive me cries Manucci, but for dress—a *Tyger* or perhaps in English *Figure*.

A Captain of a small Trading Vessell was driven into Leghorn the Italians called to know how many Souls there were on Board; the Englishman halloed out louder than the Storm

Undici Popoli e un Boja

—this means eleven Nations and a Hangman. the Captain intended to say eleven People and a Boy.

Doctor Burney took an Italian Singing Girl lately come over to shew her Richmond Hill; She had lived two Years in Paris, and resolved not to talk like an Italian;—*Oh what a great Knock on the Eye!* exclaims She innocently.

I asked Mannucci to go to Church with us one Sunday & he refused—you think it wrong to go perhaps—No Madam only I fear the preaching Parson will *annoy* me.

Where says I are your best Lace Ruffles Count Mannucci that you don't wear them to Court today; Oh what Cause of Sorrow Madam! my Hound has *jested* with them but this Morning!—& they are no more.—

Allez voir vos Chevaux says an English Traveller to his Postillion when they came to the Inn & he was paying the Man;—*Allez les voir vous dis je, ils sont tous tombés ensemble par les Oreilles* Bon Dieu cries the Fellow between Laughter & Amazement.²

¹ A Florentine nobleman whom they had met at Rouen, at a dinner given by Mme du Boccage, on October 5, 1775. He came to England and renewed the acquaintance in 1776. Tyson and Guppy, *French Journals of Mrs. Thrale* . . . , p. 102; *Letters*, Nos. 476, 478.

² Here ends the first volume of the MS.—the only one which she did not bring in some fashion to a formal close.

18 Sept. 1777

THRALIANA

on the 18th Day of Sept. 1777.¹ Is this second Volume of the Thraliana begun: I forget what Day I began the other, but am confident it was since this Year came in, and I believe it must have been in January last 1777.—Writing as I do a large loose hand, my Nonsense takes a prodigious deal of Room up; but my Master has provided me with a good Repository if I can but fill it to my heart's Content.

In order to accomplish that purpose, and to delight myself by committing to Paper the regard I have for Mr Johnson, I shall begin this Book by mentioning such little Anecdotes concerning his Life, his Character, and his Conversation, as I have been able to collect:² All my Friends reproach me with neglecting to write down such Things as drop from him almost perpetually, and often say how much I shall some Time regret that I have not done 't with diligence ever since the commencement of our Acquaintance: They say well, but ever since that Time I have been the Mother of Children, and little do these wise Men know or feel, that the Crying of a young Child, or the Perverseness of an elder, or the Danger however trifling of any one—will soon drive out of a female Parent's head a Conversation concerning Wit, Science or Sentiment, however She may appear to be impressed with it at the moment: besides that to a *Mere de famille* doing something is more necessary & suitable than even hearing something; and if one is to listen all Even^g and write all Morning what one has heard; where will be the Time for tutoring, caressing, or what is still more useful, for having one's Children about one: I therefore charge all my Neglect to my young ones Account, and feel myself at this moment very miserable that I have at last, after being married fourteen Years and bringing eleven Children,³ leisure to write a *Thraliana* forsooth;—though the second Volume *does* begin with Mr Johnson.

It⁴ was on the second Thursday of the Month of January 1765.⁵

¹ This phrase is added in the margin, to complete the sense. ² See above, pp. x-xi.

³ Of these, seven had died: Frances (b. 1765, d. 1766); Henry Salusbury (b. 1767, d. 1776); Anna Maria (b. 1768, d. 1770); Lucy Elizabeth (b. 1769, d. 1773); Penelope (b. 1772, d. 1772); Ralph (b. 1773, d. 1775); Frances Anna (b. 1775, d. 1775). One child, Henrietta Sophia, born on June 21, 1778, died at Easter, 1783. The four children living at this time (Hester Maria, Susanna Arabella, Sophia, and Caecilia Margaretta) grew to maturity.

⁴ Hayward (i. 13) quotes from this point through 'Companion and Friend'.

⁵ i.e. January 10. In recording their first meeting in her *Anecdotes* (pp. 232-3) she gave the date as 1764. The substantial correctness of her date is confirmed by Johnson's own

that I first saw Mr Johnson in a Room: Murphy whose Intimacy with Mr Thrale had been of many Years standing, was one day dining with us at our house in Southwark; and was zealous that we should be acquainted with Johnson, of whose Moral and Literary Character he spoke in the most exalted Terms; and so whetted our desire of seeing him soon, that we were only disputing *how* he should be invited, *when* he should be invited, and what should be the pretence. at last it was resolved that one Woodhouse a Shoemaker who had written some Verses, and been asked to some Tables, should likewise be asked to ours, and made a Temptation to Mr Johnson to meet him: accordingly he came, and Mr Murphy at four o'clock brought Mr Johnson to dinner—We liked each other so well that the next Thursday was appointed for the same Company to meet—exclusive of the Shoemaker, and since then Johnson has remained till this Day, our constant Acquaintance, Visitor, Companion and Friend.

Mr Johnson was a Man of mean Birth; his Father a Bookseller at Lichfield, his Mother's Extraction was higher, her Maiden Name was Ford, and the Parson¹ who sits next the Punch Bowl in Hogarth's modern Midnight Conversation was her Brother's Son: His Father was a pious and a worthy Man he says, but wrong-headed, positive, and afflicted with Melancholy; which his Son observed once to me would have been more perceptible, had not the perpetual Pressure of his pecuniary Affairs kept him waking to one particular Thing. his Business likewise led him to be much on Horseback, which probably contributed not a little to his Health & Spirits: he was still a larger & stouter bodied Man than Mr Johnson who was thought very like him; he was 56. when he married his Wife who was herself 41. and they had two Sons at the Distance of three Years between. The Father died of an Inflammatory *Feaver* at the Age of 76—the Mother of a gradual Decay at the Age of 89.² She was however slight in her Person, & rather below than above the middle Size. So excellent was her Character and so blameless her Life, that when an oppressive Neighbour once endeavoured to rob her of a little Field She had,

pocket diary for 1765–78 (discovered in 1938 at Malahide Castle by Colonel Ralph Isham, and now being prepared for the press by Mr. E. L. McAdam, of New York University). The fourth entry reads: '[January] 9 Wedn. At Mr Trails'. This places the meeting one day before Mrs. Thrale's account here. Cf. also *Johns. Misc.* i. 97, and *Life*, i. 520–2.

¹ The Rev. Cornelius Ford. Cf. A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, ix. 11–12.

² Michael Johnson (b. 1656, d. 1731) and Sarah Ford (b. 1669, d. 1759) were married in 1706, when he was fifty and she thirty-seven. Samuel was born in 1709 and Nathanael in 1712. Boswell, *Life*, i. 35, n. 1; iv, 393, n. 2. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 148, 150–4.

he could perswade no Attorney to undertake his Cause against a Woman so much beloved by her little Circle. I suppose every body knows as well as I do, that it is her Character which he has drawn in the Poem upon the Vanity of human Wishes

The general fav'rite as the general Friend &c &c—¹

At two Years old his Mother brought him up to London to be touched by Queen Anne, for the Evil which greatly afflicted him in his Childhood, & left such Marks as even now greatly disfigure his Countenance, besides the irreparable damage it has done to the Auricular Organs; & I suppose 'tis owing to that horrible Disorder too that he never could make use but of one Eye, this defect however was never visible, both Eyes look exactly alike. I have asked him whether he remembered Queen Anne at all; he thought he had some confused Remembrance of a Lady in a black Hood.² His Mother and her old Maid Catharine³ taught him to read, and he recollected very perfectly sitting in Katharine's Lap, and reading the Story of Saint George & the Dragon: I know not whether this is the proper Place to add that such was his Tenderness, and such his Gratitude that he took a Journey to Lichfield 55 Years afterwards to support & comfort [her], in her last Illness. he had enquired for his Nurse, but She was dead.⁴—he likewise remembred the first time his Mother ever told him about heaven & Hell, he was in Bed with her he said, & to impress it still stronger on his Memory She bid him tell Thomas Jackson a favourite Workman—when he arose what She had said to him.⁵ At eight Years old he went to School, for his Health would not permit him to go sooner, & at the Age of Ten Years his Mind was disturbed by Scruples of Infidelity, which preyed upon his Spirits and made him very uneasy: the more so perhaps as he revealed his Uneasiness to no one being naturally of a sullen Temper & reserved Disposition: he however searched diligently but fruitlessly for Evidences of the Christian Faith, till at length recollecting a Book he had once picked up in the Shop, & again thrown by, entitled *De Veritate Relig:*⁶ &c. he began to think himself highly culpable for neglecting such a means of Information and took himself severely to task for this Sin. The first Opportunity he had of Course he examined the Book

¹ See *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, ll. 290–8.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 152.

³ Dame Oliver taught him to read. Boswell, *Life*, i. 43, 525–6. Catharine Chambers did not enter his mother's service until 'about 1724'. *Johns. Misc.* i. 45.

⁴ Mrs. Thrale's statement is ambiguous. Catharine was not his nurse (see n. 3 above), but Johnson did go to Lichfield at the time of her last illness, reaching her in time to pray with her, on October 17, 1767. *Ibid.* i. 45; *Life*, ii. 43, 481. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 156.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 163–4.

⁶ By Hugo Grotius.

with avidity, but finding his Scholarship insufficient for the perusal of it he set his heart at rest it seems, and considered his Conscience as lightened of a Crime: he thought however from the pain which Guilt had given him, that the Soul's Immortality could no longer be disputed, & resolving from that Time to become a Christian, he became one of the most zealous and pious ones ever known. When he had told me this particular Anecdote of his Childhood one Evening; I cannot imagine says he on a sudden what makes me talk of myself to you so, unless it is that Confidence begets Confidence, for I never did relate this foolish Story to any one but to Dr Taylor & my Wife, not even to my poor dear Bathurst, whom I loved above all living Creatures.¹ He once told me another Accident of his younger Years, which however I have no Reason to think I have to myself: he was just nine Years old when having got the play of Hamlet to read in his Father's Kitchen, he read on very qu[i]etly till he came to the Ghost Scene, when he hurried up Stairs to the Shop Door that he might see folks about him. This Story he was not unwilling to tell as a Testimony to the Merits of Shakespear.² Let me now tell one for a Testimony to his own as a Writer. When the Rambler first came out in Numbers it was universally read; and at Rumford in Essex the People were particularly fond of it, till observing how natural many of the Characters were, they began to fit them to each other & suspect that Cupidus³ was meant to represent one of the Inhabitants—Captator⁴ another & so on till they were perfectly well perswaded that one of the Members of their Bowling Green Club, wrote these Papers to amuse himself at the Expence of the rest. To detect the false Brother, and expose his Treachery—they wrote to Collins a Bookseller at Salisbury enquiring who was the Authour of the Rambler, Mr Collins replied it was one Samuel Johnson, a Writer who seemed likely to succeed in the World. Most unfortunately this was the name of their Minister, whom they reprimanded severely; and observed that all the Morality of his Papers should not atone for his ridiculing his Friends in so cruel a manner—the character of Leviculus⁵ is mine I hear added the Accuser—but I will have *some* Satisfaction. The Clergyman who found all Protestations vain, was forced to go to London & find the Authour, who had never seen Rumford in his Life:—& who by readily owning the Incendiary Papers—gave Peace to the Bowling Green Club.⁶

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 157–8.² Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 158–9.³ Writer of *Rambler* No. 73.⁴ The legacy-hunter, writer of *Rambler* No. 197.⁵ *Rambler*, No. 182.⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 305–6.

His Ramblers however are very often Portraits: That of Prospero¹ is I suppose well known to be Garrick's that of Sophron² a Country Gentleman whose name he has now forgot—that of Gelidus³ one Coulson a Mathematician who lived at Rochester: the Man mentioned N^o 4 for purring like a Cat was one Busby I believe a Proctor in the Commons, & he who barked so ingeniously, and then called the Drawer to drive away the Dog, was Father to D^r Salter of the Charter house; he who Sung a Song and by correspondent motions of his hand chalked a Gyant on the Wall was one Richardson an Attorney⁵—and I suppose no one needs Information that by Cantilenus⁶ was meant D^r Percy. The Character of Sober⁷ in the Idler however was his own, and he told me he had his own Outset into Life in his Eye when he wrote the Eastern Story of Gelaeddin⁸—by Bassora was meant Oxford of Course.

The Letter signed Sunday⁹ was it seems written by Miss Talbot. M^{rs} Eliz: Carter wrote the Allegory of Religion & Superstition, and the Letter sign'd Chariessa;¹⁰—The Billets¹¹ in the 1st Vol: were sent him by M^{rs} Chapone, then known by the Name of Miss Mulso.¹² Baretti and I once tried to write out a List of all the Things he had written in feigned Names, many of which he has himself I doubt not forgotten by now, besides Prefaces, Dedications Introductions &c. out of Number, done for People in Distress who wanted Money Wit or advice from him—Murphy says, that charging him the other Day with writing Dodd's Sermon & Kelly's Prologue¹³—why Sir says he when they come to me with a dead Staymaker and a dying Parson—What can a Man do?¹⁴ one

¹ *Rambler*, No. 200.

² *Idler*, No. 57.

³ *Rambler*, No. 24. The identification with Mr. Colson, first master of the Free School at Rochester, and later Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge (*Life*, i. 101, n. 2), is doubtful. R. Duppa, who edited Johnson's Welsh journal, wrote to Mrs. Piozzi, in 1816, that the character much better suited Mr. Coulson, Johnson's Oxford contemporary, who was fellow of University College, Oxford. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 555.

⁴ Mrs. Thrale omits the number. It was *Rambler*, No. 188.

⁵ Salter and Richardson also appear in *Rambler*, No. 188.

⁶ *Rambler*, No. 177.

⁷ *Idler*, No. 31.

⁸ *Ibid.*, No. 75.

⁹ *Rambler*, No. 30.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, Nos. 44, 100.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, No. 10.

¹² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 179, where all these identifications occur.

¹³ For Johnson's unsuccessful efforts on behalf of the Rev. Dr. William Dodd, convicted of forging the name of the Earl of Chesterfield, and sentenced to hang on June 27, 1777, see *Life*, iii. 140 ff., 496–7. His prologue to Hugh Kelly's *A Word to the Wise* was for a benefit performance for the dead playwright's family in the summer of 1777.

¹⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 180–1.

Day in the Year 1768 I saw some Verses with his Name in a Magazine these are they—

VERSES,¹

*Said to have been written by Samuel
Johnson, L. L. D. at the request of a
Gentleman to whom a Lady had given a
Sprig of Myrtle.*

WHAT hopes, what terrors does thy gift
create,
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The Myrtle (ensign of supreme command
Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)
Not less capricious then a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects a lover's pray'r:
In Myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain.
In Myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain;
The Myrtle crowns the happy lover's heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the Myrtle spreads;
O! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart,
Soon must this bough, as you shall fix his doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

I thought they were not his so I asked him;—A young fellow² replied he about forty Years ago, had a Sprig of Myrtle given him by a Girl he courted, and asked me to write him some Verses upon it—I promised but forgot; & when the Lad came a Week after for them, I said I'll go fetch them so ran away for five Minutes, & wrote the nonsense you are so troubled about; & which these Blockheads are printing now so pompously with their L.L.D.³

This Facility of writing, and this dilatoriness to write, Mr Johnson always retained; & I think the finest Paper he ever wrote was that upon the Subject of Procrastination which he begun and ended in Sir Joshua Reynolds's parlour while the Man waited to carry it to press.⁴

Mr Johnson had by his own account never been a close Student & us'd to advise young People never to be without a little Book in their Pocket to read at by Times when they had nothing else to do.

¹ Cut from the *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxxviii, 439), and pasted on the page.

² Edmund Hector of Birmingham. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 167. Boswell questioned the authenticity of this story, preferring to credit Miss Anna Seward's assurance that it was written as a direct tribute to Lucy Porter. Hector, however, after the first edition of the *Life* came out, confirmed the truth of Mrs. Piozzi's version (making clear, however, that he had solicited them for a friend, Mr. Morton Graves), and Boswell made a grudging apology in the second edition. *Life*, i. 92, and n. 2.

⁴ The paper (*Rambler*, No. 134) was published on June 29, 1751, and since, as G. B. Hill has pointed out (*Johns. Misc.* i. 178, n. 4), Reynolds was abroad from May 1749 to October 1752, it is hard to see how Johnson could have written it there.

it has been by that means chiefly added he, that all my Knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the World with my Wits ready to observe & my Tongue willing to talk: a Man is seldom in a humor to unlock his Book Case; set out his Desk and betake him seriously to study, but a retentive Memory will do something, and a fellow shall have strange Credit given him, if he can but recollect striking Passages from a few Books, keep the Authors separate in his Head, & bring his Stock of Knowledge artfully into Play.¹ His Dictionary however could not one would think have been done by running up & down, but he really never did consider it himself as a great Performance, and used to say he might have done it with Ease in two Years Time had he been blessed with Diligence & Health.² Baretti used to say very properly "had I had Johnson's Genius, or he had my Spirit of Application & Drudgery; we might have driven our Coaches and Six long ago."

I have however often thought that Mr Johnson was more free than prudent, in telling so carelessly that he was not a very complete Scholar, in Greek particularly, for few would have believed it had he not proclaimed it so, and Doctor Parker's insulting him one Day at Brighthelmston obliged him to retort the Imputation of Ignorance in such a Manner as distressed every one present.³ I know it is his Principle to treat Reputation slightly; for speaking one day on this Subject, he said: A Man Sir must depend on the main Trunk of his Character, conscious that Leaves will fall with ev'ry Wind, & even a tolerable Twig sometimes, if touched with a hasty Finger. on something a similar Subject, when Tom Davies printed the fugitive Pieces⁴ without his Knowledge or Consent; what says I would Pope have done had they served him so? we should never have heard the last on't to be sure replied he but then Pope Madam was a narrow Man. Of Pope as a Writer he had however the highest Opinion talking of his own Preface to Shakespear, of which I had then seen only the proof Sheet; as superior to Pope's: I fear not says he, the little Fellow has done Wonders.⁵—Johnson was always unwilling to touch Pen & Ink without being paid for it; would I believe make rather a hard Bargain, than an easy one & once observed to Mr Thrale that A Man never gave that away freely he was used to sell, or delighted in doing that Gratis which

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 181, and Introduction, pp. xix-xx.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 182.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 183.

⁴ *Miscellaneous and Fugitive Pieces* (2 vols.), published by Davies in 1773, while Johnson was in Scotland, and advertised as 'By the Authour of the Rambler'. Part of the contents was not even of Johnson's writing. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 184.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*

he was wont to be paid for: would you not rather added he make any Man a present of Money than of Porter?¹ In pursuance of this Principle I remember we had one Day—seven Years ago I suppose or ten perhaps; put him in Mind of four or five faults in his Dictionary, & express'd our Wishes for a new Edition: Alas Sir said he there are four or five hundred Faults instead of four, but it would take me up three Months Labour, & when the Time was out, the Work would not be done. The Booksellers set him about it soon after however, & he went chearfully enough to his Business—*moyennant les Ecus* as the French say. It was comical when somebody complimented him upon his Dictionary & mentioned the Ill Success of the French in a similar Attempt. Why what would you expect says he of Fellows that eat Frogs.² he was indeed willing enough at all Times to express his hatred & Contempt of our Rival Nation, & one day when a Person mentioned them as agreeable from their Gaiety—I never yet says Johnson saw a Frenchmans Gaiety as good as an Englishman's Drunkenness. When we were together seeing the Theatre at Versailles, we went on the Stage to examine the Machinery—& now said I What shall we act? The Englishman in Paris?³ No replies Johnson, let us act *Harry the fifth*. Barette & he were talking one Day of foreign Literature; M^r Barette praising his Countrymen & depreciating the French; Give them however said he the praise of Style at least; French Literature resembles French Dinners I believe; they have few Sentiments but they express them elegantly, they have little Meat too but they dress it well: he changed his opinion indeed with regard to the Eatables, after his Journey to the Continent; Every man said he there, feeds from the Earth nearly—that's immediately, or remotely, the Englishman eats the Ox which eat the Grass; The Frenchman eats the Grass himself I see, and leaves none for the Cattle: when he was serious he was however not unwilling to pay his Tribute of Respect to their Philosophers, Scholars & Wits; when talked to one day concerning a Comparison to be drawn between Shakespeare & Corneille he said—Corneille is to Shakespeare as a clipped Hedge to a Forest.⁴ We all know how well he loved to abuse the Scotch, & indeed to be abused by them in return. To one⁵ of them who commended the Town of Glasgow he replied—Sir I presume you have never yet seen

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 181.

² Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 182–3.

³ A comedy by Foote. This episode, which took place in 1775 during their trip to France, appears also in *French Journals of Mrs. Thrale . . .*, p. 131, and *Anecdotes*, p. 216.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 187.

⁵ Adam Smith. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 186. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 322.

Brentford, Mr Boswell said the Man read Lectures against him afterwards by way of revenge, and to be told so seem[ed] to flatter him. He loved Mr Boswell sincerely, & well he might: for

Scarce to Heav'n one could excuse
The Devotion he did use
Unto that adored Name.¹

Johnson & Boswell put me in Mind of Cato & Juba; I told them so, & both were pleased: Miss Reynolds said, Johnson & Beauclerc put her in mind of Socrates & Alcibiades, & both of them were pleased. The Story of Johnson's saying how Literature in Scotland was distributed like Bread in a besieged Town; to every Man a Mouthful, & to no Man a Bellyful; is so well known it is not worth recording: Lord Bute it seems when he heard it first said—Well! Well! the Fellow must have a Pension however—this he told me himself.² When Mr Johnson returned from his Journey to the North in the year 1773. Strahan the King's Printer accosted him with Well Sir! and what think you of my Country now? That it is a very poor Country surely said Mr Johnson: Well well! God made it Sir cries Strahan displeased; “true enough Sir he did so, but he made it for Scotsmen—and Comparisons are odious Mr Strahan, but God made Hell!”³—The Scotch I think never forgave his saying they had no Trees in their Country & one⁴ of them once mentioning a beautiful Prospect to be seen there; Johnson instantly observed that he had omitted the most beautiful they possessed; which was the Prospect of the Road from Edinburgh to London. Every body I suppose remembers his famous Repartie to Dr Blair who to prove the Authenticity of Ossians Poems asked him if any Man living could write such; Yes surely Sir replies Mr Johnson—many Men, many Women, & many Children⁵ He was one Day likewise very happy in a Retort upon Pottinger who had pecked at him so long that Fitzmaurice, whose house they dined at began to fret, & observed that Mr Pottinger opposed him so petulantly for no better Reason than that he might the next Day tell his Friends at the Club how he had had the Honor of disputing with Johnson—*Honour* says Pottinger hastily—I see no honour in it: Well Sir replies Mr Johnson—if you don't see the *Honour*, I feel the *Disgrace*.⁶

¹ of Johnson. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 321–2.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 265.

⁴ The Rev. Mr. John Ogilvie. See Boswell, *Life*, i. 425, and cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 322.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 321. Boswell's version of the story (*Life*, i. 396) makes clear that Johnson was ignorant on this occasion of Blair's published defence of Ossian.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 285. Malone found fault with the published version of this story, denying that Johnson retorted at all to the insult. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 342–3, 542.

Ah Sir says a Coxcomb one Day at our Table while Pepys and Johnson were talking about Literature—I have lost all my Greek—Ay Sir replies Johnson and I on the same day lost all my Estate in Yorkshire.¹

The Story of his calling L^d Bolingbroke a Coward because he charged his Gun to let fly in the Face of Christianity, & then paid a hungry Scotsman² for drawing the Trigger after his Death has been I suppose in every Mouth & in every Jest Book, but one has now & then a coarse Joke of his partly to one's self; For example poor Miss Owen said meekly enough one Day “I am sure my Aunt was exceedingly sorry when the Report was raised of M^r Thrale's death”³—Not sorrier I suppose replied M^r Johnson than the Horse is when the Cow miscarries.⁴ If in short any one, or even himself had bestowed more Praise on a Person or Thing than he thought they deserved he would instantly rough them and that in a Manner brutal enough to be sure; at Sir Robert Cotton's Table I once inadvertently commended the Pease—which I have since thought were too little boy'd—adding,—taste these Pease M^r Johnson do, are not they charming?—Yes Madam replied he—For a Pig.—⁵

It was at Streatham however, & before Murphy Barette, Lyttelton & multis aliis, that he served Sir Joshua Reynolds saucily enough: the Conversation turned upon Painting—I am sorry says our Doctor to see so much Mind laid out on such perishable Materials—Canvass is so slight a Substance, and your Art deserves to be recorded on more durable Stuff, why do you not paint oftener upon Copper? Sir Joshua urged the Difficulty of getting a Plate large enough for Historical Subjects & was going on to raise further Objections, when M^r Johnson fretting that he had so inflamed his friend's Vanity I suppose,—suddenly and in a surly Tone replied What's here to do with such Foppery? has not Thrale here got a thousand Tun of Copper? you may paint it all round if you will, it will be no worse for him to brew in—afterwards.⁶ On the other Hand if he had unawares spoken harshly to a modest man, he would strive to make him amends as in the following Case. A young Fellow⁷ of great Fortune as he was sitting with a

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 286.

² David Mallet.

³ An April Fool jest of 1777. See *Letters*, No. 513, and Boswell, *Life*, iii. 108. Margaret Owen's aunt was Mary Godolphin, daughter of Francis, the 2nd Earl.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 207.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 190.

⁶ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 214.

⁷ Sir John Lade, Mr. Thrale's nephew, to whom Johnson later wrote the song of congratulation on his coming of age. See below, pp. 451–2. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 213–14.

Book in his hand at our House one Day called to him rather abruptly—& he fancied disrespectfully—Mr Johnson says the Man—would you advise me to marry? I would advise *no Man* to marry answered he, bouncing from his Chair & leaving the Room in a fret—that is not likely to propagate Understanding. The young Fellow looked confounded & had barely begun to recover his Spirits when the Doctor returned with a smiling Countenance and joining in the General Prattle of the Party, turned it insensibly to the Subject of Marriage; where he laid himself out in a Conversation so entertaining instructive & gay that nobody remembered the Offence except to rejoyce in its Consequences. Nothing indeed seem[s] to flatter him more than to observe a Person struck with his Conversation whom he did not expect to be so; & this happened to him particularly in Company with the famous Daniel Sutton who at that time inoculated one of my Children and who was a Fellow of very quick Parts I think, though as ignorant as dirt both with regard to Books and the World. The following Thoughts I remember made the Man stare as we call it, and seemed to throw a new Light upon his Mind.—Money chanced to be the Topick of the Morning Talk, and Mr Johnson observed that it resembled Poyson, as a small Quantity would often produce fatal Effects; but given in large Doses though it might sometimes prove destructive to a Weak Constitution, yet it might often be found to work itself off, & leave the Patient well. He took notice in the Course of the same Conversation that all Expence was a kind of Game, wherein the Skilful player catches and keeps what the unskilful suffers to slip out of his Hands. Sutton listened and grinned and gaped & said at last—half out of Breath I never kept such Company before and cannot tell how to set about leaving it now.—the Compliment though awkward pleased our Doctor much, & no wonder; it was likely to please both Vanity & Virtue.

Johnson as he was just in every Thing, was scrupulously so in giving Characters of living People, but he had not great Opportunities of knowing them; few would expose their Passions or their Oddities before so universal a Censor, and his want of Sight or hearing often made him liable to lose such *Traits* as would have changed his Opinions had they come within his reach: little Strokes however he would sometimes give that like the Sketches of Raphael are worth more than the finish'd Pictures of inferior Hands, I will write out a few that I remember.

Of Murphy when I extolled his Talents for Conversation—tis

certain says Mr Johnson that that Man by some happy Skill displays more knowlege than he really has; like Gamesters who can play for more Money than they are worth: he has however so due a Mixture of Invention & of Narrative, of Fact & Sentiment that few are so likely to please.

Of Lady Cotton when I praised her Sweetness of Temper, he reply'd tis true, but one no more thanks her for being sweet than one thanks a Honeycomb; it is her Nature and She cannot help it.¹

Of Lady Catherine Wynne he said that She was like sower Small beer; She could not says he have been a good Thing; & even that bad thing was spoil'd.²

Of Peter King when I asked his Opinion he replied; It is a Mind in which nothing has grown up of itself & where whatever has been transplanted—has degenerated.

For Lady Macdonald he had a worse Denunciation—That Woman says He is no other than a dead Nettle, were She alive She would sting.³

Of Doctor Lawrence's Daughter he said one Day, that Girl knows Greek surprizingly but She knows nothing else; and surely an empty Pate adorned with Literature will do but little for the Wench: Tis like setting Diamonds in Lead methinks, it can only obscure the Lustre of the Stone, and make the Possessor ashamed on 't.⁴

Of Miss Harriott Poole says he, how pleasing would this Girl's Softness and Innocency be if She had any thing else besides Softness & Innocency! but She is nothing, and can be nothing, and so one thanks her for nothing I think.

For my own Part he told me once that of all Animals he had found out that which I most resembled, it is says He—The Rattle Snake; for many have felt your Venom, few have escap'd your Attractions, and all the World knows you have the Rattle.

In return I observed to him that he most resembled an Elephant: whose Weight could crush the Crocodile, & whose Proboscis

¹ Recorded in her 'Journal of a Tour in Wales', August 12, 1774. Broadley, p. 193.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 264. They dined with the Wynnes on August 21, 1774, during their Welsh tour, and Mrs. Thrale described her as 'an empty woman of quality, insolent, ignorant, and ill-bred, without either beauty or fortune to atone for her faults'. Broadley, p. 200.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 264. Johnson visited her at Skye, during his tour with Boswell in 1773, and complained of her slovenly housekeeping. *Letters*, No. 326. ⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 281.

could from its Force and Ductility either lift up the Buffalo, or pick up the Pin.¹—

Of Ralph Plumbe² at the Time he was dying—: he said—I feel that I should be more concern'd for the Dog—the Dog is commonly equal to his Character, and the Lad is below his.—When we talked of introducing that same Fellow into Company—He will learn nothing in any Company quoth Johnson; such people are like Cork'd Bottles you may put them into Water, if you will, & under Water, but they get no fuller.³

A whining Lady was lamenting her Misfortunes, when we thought no great harm had befallen her; I pity says I however, She cries so; one cannot surely replies Mr Johnson pity *her* crying as much as the *Car's*; but it would indeed be a cruel Disposition of Affairs, were we obliged to share Pain with those with whom we cannot share Pleasure.

A Gentleman we knew was plagued with a complaining Wife who whimpered & teized the Man incessantly—'tis sad for the poor Fellow to be tormented so said I; no Madam answers Johnson *he* does not hear her whimper; when A creaking door has creaked on for a fortnight, the Master will seldom give six Pence for having it oyl'd.⁴

I observed a Man fond of a stupid Wife once; how can he be happy with such a Creature cry'd I? Madam Such Marriages replied the Doctor are like playing at Cards for nothing, no Passion is excited, and the Time is filled up.⁵

Of Mr^s Langton⁶ who was perpetually talking of the Players, he said; I once endeavoured to cure her; but perceiving I could put nothing in the Place of the exploded Subject, I felt myself in the Situation of a Physician who should prescribe light Food and light Wines to a dying Sailor in the South Seas, where nothing but salt Provisions were to be got.

When Cumberland dedicated something⁷ to Romney the Painter, I wonder says Mr Johnson what the Man thought he was

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 287.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 293-4.

² See above, pp. 99, 101-3.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 263-4.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 264.

⁶ Bennet Langton's mother. This idiosyncrasy led Johnson to remark jestingly in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, 'Mrs. [Langton] grows old . . . Her voice likewise is spoiled; she can come upon the stage now only for her own benefit'. G. B. Hill, confused by the reference to the stage, conjectured that she might be an actress. *Letters*, Nos. 553 and 552, n. 7. The name, left blank in the printed version, is supplied by Mrs. Thrale's annotation in the Tregaskis copy of her *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*.

⁷ *Odes* (1776).

doing now: it is nothing but tying Lead to a Feather; the Feather can never make the Lead swim, but the Lead will most certainly make the Feather sink.

Lady Lade¹ consulted him about her Son Sir John: endeavour Madam said he to procure him Knowledge; for really Ignorance to a rich man, is like Fat to a sick Sheep, it only serves to call the Rooks about him.—on the same Occasion it was that he observed how a Mind unfurnished with Subjects and Materials for Thinking, can keep up no Dignity at all in Solitude—it is says he in the State of a Mill without Grist.

Mr Johnson had a great Notion of general Knowledge being necessary to a complete Character, and hated at his Heart a solitary Scholar who knew nothing but his Books. The Knowledge of Books says he will never do without looking on Life likewise with an observant Eye; much may indeed be swallowed, but much must be worked off; there are fæculancies which should subside, and Froth that should be scummed before the Wine can become fit for Drinking:² Nealy Ford, his Relation the profligate Parson immortalized by Hogarth; was he told me the Man who advised him to study the Principles of every thing, that a general Acquaintance with Life might be the Consequence of his Enquiries³—Learn said he the leading Precognita of all things—no need per[haps] to turn over leaf by leaf; but grasp the Trunk hard only, and you will shake all the Branches.—

Common, every Day Sense and a Power of Conversation on many Subjects was the Character Mr Johnson most delighted to meet with; for who but Swift says he, would think he was exalting a Female Character by telling how Vanessa could

Name the ancient Heroes round—&c. &c.⁴

and let nobody who reads this ill-compiled Nonsense now, suppose that he had such a respect for the Study of History, and the Lives of ancient Heroes that he meant to reserve such Talk for *Men* by way of Preeminence—not he!⁵ he disliked the Subject exceedingly, & often said it took up room in a Man's head which might be better filled. with Regard to the female right to Literature 'tis plain by a Passage in Mr. Boswell's Journal⁶ that Johnson never disputed it:

¹ Hayward (i. 78–9) quotes this paragraph. Cf. also *Anecdotes*, p. 281.

² Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 324–5.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 155.

⁴ *Cadenus and Vanessa*, l. 349.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 202–3.

⁶ Of the tour in the Hebrides. She read it in May 1775, and, Johnson said, was 'so entertained' with it that 'she almost read herself blind'. *Letters*, No. 395; Boswell, *Life*, ii. 383. When she later repudiated Boswell's statement, in the published book, that she and Johnson

when his Friend consulted him whether he should give his Daughters a liberal Education or not—To be sure said he let them learn all they can learn—it is a paltry Trick indeed to deny Women the Cultivation of their mental Powers, and I think it is partly a proof we are afraid of them—if we endeavour to keep them unarmed.

Mr Johnson was however of Opinion that the Delicacy of the Sex shou'd always be inviolably preserved, in eating, in Exercise, in Dress, in every thing: & I often found his Ideas on this Topick in particular so conformable to those of Rousseau that sometimes it used to amaze me how very similar the two Minds must originally have been made; & how much both were altered from the first Resemblance by Education, Prejudices, Habits and Aims.—

It was on the 18: day of July 1773 that we were sitting in the blue Room at Streatham and were talking of Writers—Steele's Essays were mentioned—but they are too thin said Mr Johnson; being mere Observations on Life and Manners without a sufficiency of solid Learning acquired from Books, they have the flavour, like the light French Wines you so often hear commended; but having no Body, they cannot keep.¹ Speaking of Mason Gray &c. he said The Poems they write must I should suppose greatly delight the Authors; they seem to have attained that which themselves consider as the Summit of Excellence, and Man can do no more: yet surely such unmeaning & verbose Language if in the Morning it appears to be in bloom, must fade before Sunset like Cloe's Wreath.

Of Swift's Style which I praised as beautiful he observed; that it had only the Beauty of a Bubble, The Colour says he is gay, but the Substance slight.²

We talked of Dryden—Buckingham's Play³ said I has hurt the Reputation of that Poet, great as he was; such is the force of Ridicule!—on the contrary my Dearest replies Doctor Johnson The greatness of Dryden's Character is even now the only principle of Vitality which preserves that Play from a State of Putrefaction.⁴

could not finish Mrs. Montagu's essay on Shakespeare, Boswell took great satisfaction in being able to remind her that when she had read the MS. journal she had made no objection to the statement. *Life*, v. 245, and n. 2. The passage referred to here, as it appeared in the original journal, is: "Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge" . . . he said men knew that women were an overmatch for them; and therefore they chose the weakest or most ignorant. If they did not think so, they never could be afraid of women knowing as much as themselves. I must have this more amply discussed with him.' *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, ed. Pottle and Bennett (1936), p. 188.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 187.

³ *The Rehearsal*.

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 187.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 185.

To Richardson as a Writer he gave the highest Praises, but mentioning his unquenchable Thirst after Applause That Man said he could not be content to sail gently down the Stream of Fame, unless the Foam was continually dashing in his Face, that he might taste it at Every Stroke of the Oar.¹ We chatted on about Authors till we talked of him himself, when he frankly owned he had never worked willingly in his Life *Man or Boy* nor ever did fairly make an Effort to do his best except three Times whilst he was at School, nor that he ever made it his Custom to read any of his Writings before he sent it to Press—Well now said I that will not be believed, even if your Biographer should relate it, which too perhaps he will not: I wonder said he who will be my Biographer? Goldsmith to be sure I replied if you should go first—and he would do it better than any body.—but then he would do maliciously says Johnson—As for that answered I we should all fasten upon him & make him do Justice in spite of himself. but the worst is the Doctor does not know your Life, nor in Truth can I tell who does, unless it be Taylor of Ashbourne: why Taylor is certainly said he well enough acquainted with my History at Oxford, which I believe he has nearly to himself, but Doctor James can give a better Account of my early Days than most Folks, except Mr Hector of Birmingham & little Doctor Adams. After my coming to London you will be at a Loss again; though Jack Hawkesworth and Baretti both, with whom I lived quite familiarly, can tell pretty nearly all my Adventures from the Year 1753.² however I intend to disappoint the Dogs, and either outlive them all or write my Life myself.³ But for a Johnsoniana cried I we will defy you at least; Boswell & Baretti; & myself⁴ from Time to Time have a trick of writing down Anecdotes Bons mots &c. & Doctor Percy will be busy at this work I warrant him: He would replied Mr Johnson, but I have purposely suffered him to be misled, and he has accordingly gleaned up many Things that are not true.

This Conversation passed on the 18: of July 1773 & I wrote it down that night, as I thought it particularly interesting: I have

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 273–4.

² Hawkesworth had known him from at least as early as 1743, when he took over the reporting of the parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. *Johns. Misc.* i. 380, n. 2.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 165–6. There this clause reads: 'and either make you write the life, with Taylor's intelligence; or, which is better, do it myself. . . .' But see also below, pp. 625–6.

⁴ Boswell knew of her collection, of which Mr. Thrale had told him shortly before April 8, 1775. *Boswell Papers*, x. 200. He wrote to her on August 30, 1776, asking her to 'transmit to me sometimes a few of the admirable sayings which you collect . . . You and I shall make a Great Treasure between us', and again on July 9, 1782, petitioning for 'anecdotes . . . of our illustrious Imlac'. Boswell, *Letters*, ed. Tinker, pp. 255, 313.

copied it out this 26: Nov^r 1777.¹ and am shocked to find three of the People named in it all dead—Goldsmith Hawkesworth & Doctor James.—

Says Goldsmith to Reynolds at our Table one Day—they talk of Beattie for an Author; and what has Beattie done compared to me; who have written so many Volumes? Ah Doctor cries Johnson—who had listened till then—there go many Six pences to make one Guinea.²

We were speaking of Young as a Poet; Young's Works cried Johnson are like a miry Road, with here & there a Stepping Stone or so; but you must always so dirty your Feet before another clean Place appears, that nobody will often walk that way. In this however said I as well as in his general Manner of writing he resembles your favourite Dryden—and to this no Answer was made: The next Morning we were drawing Spirits over a Lamp, and the Liquor bubbled in the Glass Retort; there says M^r Johnson—Young bubbles & froths in his Descriptions like this Spirit; but Dryden foams like the Sea we saw in a Storm the other day at Brighthelmstone.³ Of Brighthelmstone itself he said This is a Country so truly desolate, that one's only Comfort is to think if one *had* a mind to hang Oneself, no Tree could be found on which to tie the Rope.⁴ I mentioned M^r Angelo—a Fencing Rascal says Johnson,—no really reply'd I, & though you don't love Fencing—many People do—So answered he I *love* Roast Beef, but yet I would not set the Turnspit to Table. Pepys came in Turn to be talked of—He said I cannot love the Man: why says I to be sure the Master does talk pompously of some Things that you despise, as Gardening for example—I have cried M^r Johnson no Objection to a Man rattling a Rattlebox—only don't let him think that he Thunders.⁵ When the Duke of York died—though so greatly despised in his Life Time says somebody, he will now he is dead be a Loss—Very likely answers Johnson—to the Turnpikes.—⁶

M^r Johnson's vein of humour was quite peculiar to himself, and few people seem to Think he possesses any; but Murphy whose Opinions on such a point cannot be controverted, has often agreed

¹ A journey to Brighthelmstone, beginning on October 1 and ending about November 18, had interrupted the diary. Johnson had joined them on November 14 and returned with them. *Letters*, Nos. 553, 562, 563.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 269–70. The book was his *Essay on Truth*.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 187.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 323.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 286.

⁶ Cf. above, pp. 27, 140.

with me¹ that there was real dry humour in his Disposition, and his Mirth had always something in it that forced others to be merry whenever he was disposed to Gayety. I shewed him the other Day six small Ponies drawing a Four Wheel Chaise—what a Whim is this now said he to delight in mere Depravation! would it not be as pretty a Frolick to drive six spavined Horses all spavined of the same Leg.²

A Gentleman was talking at our Table of M^r Burke; and relating what a Philosopher he was, what a researcher into the works of Nature &c. Sir says the Man I saw him once go down into a Coal mine—in *a Bag*: to see the People at work; he went in *a Bag* I say because of his Clothes; but he valued no Clothes, nor any thing else indeed when he was seeking for Knowledge, and I well remember that his Coat was spoyl'd—notwithstanding He went *in a Bag*. here the Gentleman paused, looking gravely at Johnson as if expecting a Reply—Well Sir! returns the Doctor; when we write his Life this Adventure shall be celebrated, and the Chapter which contains it shall be entitled—*Burke in a Bag*.³

The other Day speaking of his Negroe Francis; I observed that he was very well-looking, for a Black a moor; Oh Madam says he Francis has carried the Empire of Cupid farther than many Men: When he was in Lincolnshire⁴ seven Years ago, he made hay as I was informed, with so much Dexterity that a female Hay Maker followed him to London for Love.

When Miss Owen cry'd at the Thoughts of returning to Wales after a long Range among the Gay Folks of the Town—But think Madam says Johnson how your Conversation will illuminate the Montgomerians!—and besides there are some fine young Fellows grown up since your Departure from amongst them. He had before that made us all good Sport when we went together to Tunbridge & Brighthelmstone; saying how he would puff poor Miss Owen in the Rooms, & whisper People that *that* was the great Montgomeryshire Fortune;⁵ but when I find them fired says he

¹ Murphy says in his *Essay on Johnson*: 'He [Johnson] was surprized to be told, but it was certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his shining talents'; and again, 'Johnson had a fund of humour, but he did not know it'. *Johns. Misc.* i. 452, 468.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 286.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 309.

⁴ Probably a mistake for Hertfordshire. Johnson kept Francis Barber there at school with Mrs. Clapp, at Bishop Stortford, for at least four years, from 1768 to 1772. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 62, 146. When Mrs. Piozzi published this in *Anecdotes* (pp. 290–1) she increased the confusion by making it appear that Johnson was with him. Since Johnson's only recorded visit to Lincolnshire was in the winter of 1764, G. B. Hill was led to discredit the episode altogether.

⁵ She belonged to the Owen family of Penrhos Hall. Her father, younger son of Sir Robert .

with my Description, then I change my Voice, & Accent, & cry—but She is plaguy nice that I can tell you:—nice *indeed* Sir!—I offered her *myself*—but it would not do.

Burney likewise has experienced his sportive Humour; when he shewed him his Book about Musick and enquired his Opinion concerning it; the Words are well arranged Sir replies Johnson—but I don't understand one of them.¹

Doctor Burney says he has a better Story of Johnson than any of us—concerning Kit Smart who about a Dozen Years ago was confined for Lunacy. Says Burney I vex to hear of poor Kits going to Chelsey:—“ “but a Madman must be confined Sir,—at Chelsey or elsewhere—“ “Yes! but his general Health will probably suffer; such Restraint precludes all possibility of Exercise—” “Exercise replies Johnson! I never heard that he used any: he walked to the Ale house indeed, but then he was *carried* home again.² I never say severe Things, you *know* I don't says Johnson but yesterday; no sure replied I, nor saucy ones neither; when I observed but last Sunday that there were five Cambridge Men in Company, & only you from Oxford—Yes but says You the Wolf don't count the Sheep—³ “ “Well! come come, that was saucy enough; but a Man deserves to be an Oxford Man that talks so.” ”⁴—A Fellow stood one Day in the Pillory as I passed by, the Mob was unruly, & like to demolish him: I could not get my head clear of the Wretch's Danger, & cry'd out once or twice perhaps in the Course of the Day—Poor Creature! how they pelted him! &c. at length M^r Johnson weary of the Subject said—Madam! think no more of him! He is drunk by now.—

It is reported of M^r Johnson & truly I believe; that sitting one Day in an Eating house with many others—one Gentleman left the Room; when the others disputing what his Profession could be & referring themselves to the Doctor—“ “I do not like says he to traduce any Man—but I suspect he is an Attorney.” ”⁵—perhaps this was mentioned before.—

M^r Johnson being told that Garrick took umbrage at not being mentioned in His edition of Shakespear: why what is it to me says

Owen, of Porkington, Salop, married the heiress Elizabeth Lyster, who inherited Penrhos Hall, Montgomeryshire, and Moynes Court, Monmouthshire. Miss Owen never inherited the estate, however, as her dipsomaniac brother survived her. See below, p. 818, n. 2. *Powys Land Club Collections Relating to Montgomeryshire*, xxviii. 246.

¹ And yet he wrote Burney's dedication for him. See below, p. 204, and n. 5.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 320.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 168.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 169.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 327.

he as Editor of Shakespear, that M^r Garrick can mouthe a Tragedy, —or skip a Comedy?—

Garrick was one night coming on the Stage in *Lear* as I remember, when Johnson laughing or arguing behind the Scenes made such a Noise that the little Man was teized by it—and said at last—do have done with all this Rattle.—it spoys my Thoughts, it destroys my *Feelings*—No No Sir returns the other—(loud enough for all the players to hear him)—I know better things—*Punch* has no *feelings*. I have heard that the Character of Prospero in the *Rambler* was written as a Portrait for Garrick, & Johnson himself says that Garrick believes it & has never forgiven him,¹ tho' they live upon Terms of Friendship: I know he thinks extremely well of M^r Garrick's Beneficence of which nobody could be a better Judge because he was perpetually begging Money of all his rich Acquaintance for Purposes of Charity; which says he is one of the Thousand Reasons for keeping up a Connection with Life.

For his Profession as an Actor he had however no Reverence, nor any great Fondness for the Stage I think: it was of the Play called *Barbarossa*² that he observed how the Author had rung a Bell among the Turks where there are no Bells merely to imitate Otway's Contrivance³ of impressing the Audience with Terror, as if says he Men were to be made April Fools twice by the same Trick. M^r Johnson has told me sometimes that his Wife read Comedy better than ever he heard anybody—in Tragedy he said I did better, She always mouthed too much.⁴ I asked him once whether he ever disputed with his Wife (I knew he adored her) Oh Yes perpetually my dear says he; She was extremely neat in her disposition, & always fretful that I made the House so dirty—a clean Floor is *so* comfortable she would say by way of twitting; till at last I told her, I thought we had had Talk enough about the Floor, we would now have a Touch at the *Cieling*. On some other Occasion he mentioned his Wife and said She had the Fault of shewing every one the bad Side of their own Profession—Situation &c. would lament the Sorrows of Celibacy to an old Maid, & once told a Waterman he was no happier than a Galley Slave—one was chained to the Oar by Authority She said, & the other by Want.⁵ Johnson loved his Dinner extremely, and has often said in my hearing, and for my Edification I guess—that where the Dinner is

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 179. Prospero is in *Rambler*, No. 200.

² By John Brown, played first by Garrick in 1754.

³ The passing bell for Pierre's execution, in *Venice Preserved*, v. ii.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 248.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 247–8.

ill gotten, the Family is somehow grossly wrong: there is Poverty or there is Stupidity says he; for a Man seldom thinks much more earnestly of anything than of his Dinner, and if he cannot get that well done, he should be suspected of Inaccuracy in other Things: Upon this I one day asked him if he ever huffed his Wife about his meat? Yes Yes replied he, but then She huffed me worse; for She said one Day as I was going to say Grace—Nay hold says She, and do not make a Farce of thanking God for a Dinner which you will presently protest not eatable.¹

The Account of his Wedding day was comical enough: I was riding to Church says Johnson & She following upon another single Horse—She hung back however, & I turned about to see whether She could get her Steed along, or what was the matter: but I had soon occasion to observe it was Coquettery only & that I despised, so mending *my* Pace She mended hers, but I believe there was a Tear or two—Pretty dear Creature!²—Garricksays the Woman was a little painted Poppet; full of Affectation and rural Airs of Elegance; old Levett says She was always drunk & reading Romances in her Bed, where She killed herself by taking Opium:³ Her Daughter⁴ shewed me her Picture which was pretty, & as She was a Widow with Children I rather think She must have been in most respects a Woman quite like her Neighbours, but that her second Choice made her a Person to enquire about: if you had had Children say'd I to him one day, would you have taught them any thing? I would replied he have lived on Bread & Water that they might learn,⁵ but I would not have had them about me; Boarding Schools are made to relieve Parents from that anxiety which only torments them: A Man & his Wife cannot agree which Child to fondle, nor how to fondle them; so they put them to School, & remove the Cause of Contention—Strahan & his Lady added he are a good proof of all this: the little Girl pokes her head, the Mother reproves her the Father says My dear don't mind your Mama but do your own Way—M^{rs} Strahan complains to me on't: Madam says I your Husband is right enough: he is with you two hours in the Day only; & then you torment him with making the Girl cry—Is not ten hours sufficient for you to tutor her?—put her to School however, & have done; tis better She were away than you should quarrel.⁶ M^r Johnson was always of the Men's Side when there was a domestick Dispute: L^d Abergavenny turned his Lady—a Woman of Birth—out of doors after 14 Years Cohabitation

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 249–50.

⁴ Lucy Porter.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 249.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 159–60.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 248.

⁶ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 250–1.

& took in the Nursery Maid who was set at the Head of the Table: why says the Doctor I doubt not but it was the Lady's Fault; Women often give great Offence by their Spirit of Non Compliance: their Husband wants them to sit in the Shade, & then they feel earnest desire to walk in the Sun; he offers to read to her & She rings for the Children to make a Noise & disturb him—twenty such Tricks will a Woman play & then be astonished that the Man fetches in a Mistress.¹ He had indeed a very ill opinion of the Sex in general, A Woman says he is the proper Person to do Business, the Men smooth the way for her as they would not for each other, and besides She never stops for Integrity.²

The vacuity of Life³ had at some early Period of his Life perhaps so struck upon the Mind of Mr Johnson, that it became by repeated Impression his favourite hypothesis, & the general Tenor of his reasonings commonly ended in that. the Things therefore which other Philosophers attribute to various & contradictory Causes, appeared to him uniform enough; all was done to fill up the Time upon his Principle. one Man for example was profligate, followed the Girls or the Gaming Table,—why Life *must* be filled up Madam, & the Man was capable of nothing less Sensual. Another was active in the management of his Estate & delighted in domestic Œconomy: Why a Man *must do something*, & what so easy to a narrow Mind as hoarding halfpence till they turn into Silver? a Third was conspicuous for maternal Tenderness, and spent her Youth in caressing or instructing her Children—Enquire however before you commend, cries he; & you will probably perceive that either her want of health or Fortune prevented her from tasting the Pleasures of the World: I once talked to him of a Gentleman who loved his Friend—he has nothing else to do replies Johnson; Make him prime Minister, & see how long his Friend will be remembered. Little Mr Evans of Southwark had preached one Sunday, & being struck with the Discourse I commended it to our Doctor, what was it about said he? Friendship reply'd I. “and what does the blockhead preach about Friendship in a busy Place like this where no one can ever be thinking of it.”” Why what are they *thinking* of said I, why the Men replied Johnson are thinking of their Money, & the Women are thinking of their Mops.

High Rank escaped no better; when Lady Tavistock died for

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 250.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 327.

³ This passage is based on one of the only two surviving fragments of her early commonplace-books. See pp. x-xi, xvii-xx, 601-2. Also cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 251-3.

Grief at the Loss of her Husband,¹ how I pity her said somebody! so do not I answered Johnson; She was rich and wanted Employment, so She cried till She lost the Power of restraining her tears: putting her into a small Shop, & giving her a Nurse Child to tend would have saved her Life now,—Busy People are never strongly affected with Grief. One of my own Children was ill & I fretted to see my husband so very little affected—you says M^r Johnson may make a stir about Lucy's² Teeth for you have nothing else to make a stir about, but he has his Great Casks to fill.³

As Idleness is apt to give opportunities for the Cultivation of that Sensibility which is always blunted by Employment, so says he it nurses all evil and prurient Passions; and it is upon this Principle that M^r Johnson recommends Dissipation to those who are but poorly supplied with intellectual Entertainment, & persists to maintain against all Opposition that the more young Ladies are in Publick the Safer they are; for where says he can Virtue be so certainly secured as under the inspection of hundreds? each Individual is in a Place of publick Amusement a useful Spy upon his Neighbour's Prudence, & no harm can be done before so many Witnesses.⁴

Solitude adds he is dangerous even to the old & wise, how then shall the young resist its powerful Temptations? Life is a Pill which cannot be swallowed without gilding,⁵ & if tumultuous Pleasures are refused us, we shall recur to those of mere Appetite; for the solicitations of Sense are always at hand, & a Dram to a vacant & Solitary Person is a seducing Relief. Remember, would he continue, that the solitary Mortal, is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious, and possibly mad: the mind stagnates for want of Employment; grows morbid, & is extinguished like a Candle in foul Air.⁶

There was another Tenet of our Doctor's well worth recording: Reject says he to somebody no positive Good: the Spirit of such rejection proceeds only from a mean Affectation of the Power to

¹ Lord Tavistock, only son of the Duke of Bedford, died in 1767, as the result of a hunting accident. His wife died at Lisbon on November 1, 1768. *Gent. Mag.* xxxviii. 542.

² Lucy Elizabeth, born July 22, 1769, died November 22, 1773. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii. Her second name, according to the Children's Book (entry for February 1, 1770), was given at the insistence of Dr. Johnson, who stood sponsor to her. See also *Letters*, No. 203, n. 2.

³ Cf. Mrs. Thrale's letter to Johnson, July 1775: 'Well! now all this is nonsense, and fancy, and flight, you know, for my master has his great casks to mind, and I have my little children.' Piozzi, *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, i. 270.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 220.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 205.

⁶ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 219.

penetrate Consequences:—thus a Man of this Character will not marry a Wife of high Birth lest her Pride should prove offensive, and is afraid of a Beauty lest she should expose him by Coquetry: My *prudent* Friend therefore picks up an Animal whose coarseness disgusts him, whose Ignorance distresses, and whose narrowness perplexes him; and thinks it amazing that so *dispassionate* a Choice produces so little Felicity: There is in Life says Mr Johnson so very little Felicity to be possessed with Innocence, that we ought surely to catch diligently all that can be had without the hazard of Virtue:¹ something like this same Principle was always discoverable in Mr Johnson's thoughts on Education: he hated the cruel prudence by which Childhood is made miserable that Manhood may become insensible to Misery by frequent Repetition, yet no one more delighted in that general Discipline by which Children were restrained from tormenting their grown up friends, nor more despised the Imbecillity of Parents who are contented to profess their want of Power to govern: how says he is an Army governed? old People I have often heard him observe were very unfit to manage Children; for being most commonly idle themselves they filled up their Time as he said by tormenting the young Folks with Prohibitions not meant to be obeyed & Questions not intended to be answered.² his own Parents had it seems teiz'd him so to exhibit his Knowledge &c. to the few Friends they had, that he used to run up a Tree when Company was expected, that he might escape the Plague of being show'd off to them.³ He was in his Turn extremely indulgent to Children, not because he lov'd them, for he loved them not, but because he feared extremely to disoblige them: a Child says he is capable of resentment much earlier than is commonly suppos'd,⁴ & I never could endure my Fathers Caresses after he had once rendered them displeasing to me by mingling them with Caresses I did not care to comply with.⁵ As he was always on the side of the husband against the Wife, so he was always on the side of the Children against the Old folks—old People says he have no Honour, no Delicacy; the World has blunted their Sensibility & Appetite or Avarice governs the last Stage. this was our talk one Morning at Breakfast, when a favourite Spaniel stole our Muffin which stood by the Fire to keep hot;—Fye Belle said I you used to be upon honor, Yes Madam replied Johnson—but *Belle grows old*. Of the same Spaniel when She teized him at Dinner he once said; this Dog would have been a fit

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 314.² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 162.³ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 152-3.⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 159.⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 153.

member of the Society established by Lycurgus, She condemns one to a State of perpetual Vigilance.¹

Although Mr Johnson would say the roughest, and most cruel Things he always wished for the Praise of good Breeding, which however he did not obtain except from Dr Barnard who once asserted—I know not why—that Johnson was the civillest person in the World:² true it is, that he was more ceremonious than many Men; he would not sit forward or on your right hand in a Coach, tho' he would take up so much room in it you could not sit yourself; he would not go to dinner till you arrived if he was ever so hungry, or the Hour ever so late; would not displace an Infant if sitting in the Chair he chose, & always said he was more attentive to others than any body was to him—& yet says he *People call me rude*.³—Of all his intimates and Friends, I think I never could find any who much loved him Boswell & Burney excepted—Mr Murphy too loved him as he loves People—when he sees them—All the others would rather not have seen him than seen him as far as I have been able to observe; & as to Burney had they been more together, they would have liked each other less; but I who delighted greatly in them both, used to keep those Parts of their Characters out of Sight w^{ch} would have offended the other. This was a mighty easy Operation to me; & I grew skilful in it by long Practice; nor was it in itself difficult, as Mr Johnson's great Deficiency both in Sight & Hearing put him so far in one's power. My Mother & he did not like one another much the first two or three Years of their Acquaintance; the Truth was each thought I loved the other better than I needed; as both however were excellent people, they grew insensibly to have great friendship;⁴ & nothing could be more solemn or striking than his last Leave of her on the fatal eighteenth of June 1773. when I called him to her Deathbed, & he feeling her Pulse observed it did not yet intermit; but seeing the

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 317–18.

² Possibly explained by the singularly high opinion Johnson held of him. Mrs. Thrale records in a later commonplace-book, 'Minced Meat for Pyes' (now in the Harvard Library), Johnson's poetical charade on his name (which appears also in Boswell, *Life*, iv, 195):

'My first shuts out Thieves from your House or your Room
My second expresses a Syrian Perfume;
My whole is The Man in whose converse was shar'd
The strength of the *Bar* & the sweetness of *Nard*.'

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 168–9.

⁴ Besides writing her epitaph (see above, p. 7), he undertook, after her death, to go over all her papers. The family accounts, her letters from the Salusburys and Cottons, and her husband's papers, including his journal kept in Nova Scotia, all now in the Rylands collection, are indorsed in Johnson's hand.

too visible Alteration in her Countenance, and drawing still nearer, he gave her the final Kiss; & said in his peculiarly emphatick manner; “God bless you dearest Madam! for Jesus Christ’s sake, and receive your Soul to Salvation!”¹—

I can write no more just now! I will go on with Johnson on the other side.

The Piety of Doctor Johnson was exemplary & edifying; yet he had none of that Turn to religious Mortifications which the Roman Catholick votaries to Virtue are apt enough to practise. when we were abroad together I used to talk with him of the hardships suffered in Places of Seclusion: remember says he that Convents are *idle* Places of Course, & where nothing can be *done*, something must be *suffered*, or the insipidity of Monastic Life would produce Madness: Mustard has a bad Taste, but you cannot eat *Brawn* without it.²—Of the Claires, Carthusians &c. he used to say that they should write upon their Gates what Dante writes upon the Gates of Hell;

Lasciate ogni Speranza—voi ch’entrate.³

Religion adds Johnson, is the highest Exercise of Reason; let us not begin it by turning all reason out of Doors.—I would tell him too sometimes that his Morality was easily satisfied, & when I have lamented to him the wickedness of the World—he has often answer’d—Prythee my Dearest let us have done with Canting, there is very little of gross Iniquity to be seen; & still less of extraordinary Virtue.

Nothing seemed to disgust Johnson so greatly as Hyperbole; he loved not to hear of Sallies of Excellence; Heroick Virtues said he one day are the *bons Mots* of Life, they seldom appear & are therefore when they do appear—much talked of;⁴ but Life is made up of little Things, & that Character is best which does little, but continued Acts of Beneficence; as that Conversation is the best which consists in little, but elegant & pleasing Thoughts; expressed in easy, natural and pleasing Terms.

With Regard to my Notions of moral Virtue, I hope I have not lost my Sensibility of Wrong, but I hope likewise that I have seen sufficient of the World to prevent my expecting to find any Action

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 234–5.

² Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 209–10.

³ Dante, *Inferno*, iii. 9.

⁴ How like all this is to J: Rousseau who says—Je ferois un Roman tout comme un autre, mais la Vie n’est point un Roman. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 282.

whose Motives, & all its Parts are good.¹ This last expression fell from him this day.²

He had in his Youth been a great Reader of Mandeville, and was very watchful for the Stains of original Corruption both in himself & others—I mentioned an Event which might have greatly injured M^r Thrale once! & said—if it had happened now said I—how sorry you would have been!—I *hope* replies he gravely, & after a Pause—that I should have been *very* sorry.³—He was indeed no great sorrower for Events he had himself no Share in; I told him one Day of an Acquaintance who had hanged himself—he was an old Beau—Foolish Rascal says Johnson—why he had better have been airing his Clothes.—Baretti says his Concern for the Loss of M^{rs} Boothby⁴ whom he loved with great Attachment lasted but a Week, & when D^r Bathurst died; whom he professed to love beyond all mortals when I knew him first—I saw no extraordinary Emotion—I believe however now I think on't, he was dead before I knew M^r Johnson.⁵ Bathurst says he to'ther day—was a fine Fellow! he hated a Fool, & he hated a Rogue, & he hated a Whig—He was a very good Hater!⁶—

M^r Johnson has more Tenderness for Poverty than any other Man I ever knew; and less for other Calamities: the person who loses a Parent Child or Friend he pities but little—these says he are the Distresses of Sentiment—which a Man who is *indeed* to be pitied—has no leisure to feel: the want of Food & Raiment is so common in London adds Johnson, that one who lives there has no Compassion to spare for the Wounds given only to Vanity or Softness.⁷

In consequence of these Principles he has *now*⁸ in his house whole Nests of People who would if he did not support them be starving I suppose.⁹—

A Blind woman¹⁰ & her Maid, a Blackamoor and his Wife,¹¹ a Scotch Wench¹² who has her Case as a Pauper depending in some

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 208–9.

² G. B. Hill (*Johns. Misc.* i. 209, n. 1) queries whether this is not a version of Johnson's remarks on pure benevolence, made at Bath in the spring of 1776 (*Life*, iii. 48). Clearly it is not.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 207.

⁴ Miss Hill Boothby, who died in 1756.

⁵ He died in 1762, when he was serving as physician on the expedition against Havana.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 204.

⁷ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 205–6.

⁸ *now* 11: Dec: 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 205. ¹⁰ Mrs. Anna Williams.

¹¹ Francis Barber, his servant, and his white wife, Elizabeth.

¹² Poll Carmichael, of whom Johnson said: 'Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical.' D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 113.

of the Law Courts; a Woman¹ whose Father once lived at Lichfield & whose Son is a strolling Player,—and a superannuated Surgeon² to have Care of the whole *Ship's Company*. such is the present State of Johnson's Family resident in Bolt Court—an Alley in Fleet Street, which he gravely asserts to be the best Situation in London; and thither when he is at home he keeps a sort of odd Levee for distress'd Authors, breaking Booksellers, & in short every body that has even the lowest Pretensions to Literature in Distress. Mean while he has a Cousin at Coventry³ who is wholly maintained by him and a Female Cousin a M^{rs} Herne⁴ I forget where to whom he regularly remits 10^l a Year, & She is I think his cheapest Dependant. Mr. Johnson has of Course ways enough to spend his Income which he is willing to increase by doing now & then a Job for Booksellers; & I believe few People know better how to make their Bargain—for says he I do not love to beat down the price of Learning. His Friends often prevailed on him to write Prefaces, Dedications &c. for them, but he did not love it—one would rather says he one Day give anything than that which one is used to sell, Would not you Sir—to M^r Thrale—rather give a Man Money than Porter.⁵ the Doctor however was no good refuser, and you might coax him out of any thing except out of a Visit, which I think he has been very backward in paying of late Years, unless he is asked to Dinner: but to return to his Notions concerning the Poor; he really loved them as nobody else does—with a Desire they should be happy—What signifies says somebody giving Money to common Beggars? they lay it out only in Gin or Tobacco—and why should they not says our D^r why should every body else find Pleasure necessary to their Existence and deny the poor every possible Avenue to it?—Gin & Tobacco are the only Pleasures in their Power,—let them have the Enjoyments within their reach without Reproach.⁶—M^r Johnson's own Pleasures—except those of Conversation—were all coarse ones: he loves a good Dinner dearly—eats it voraciously, & his notions of a good Dinner are nothing less than delicate—a Leg of Pork boy'd till it drops from the bone almost, a Veal Pye with Plumbs &

¹ Mrs. Desmoulins, daughter of Dr. Swinfen, Johnson's godfather, and widow of a writing-master. Her son was John Desmoulins, who witnessed Johnson's will. Boswell, *Life*, iii. 222, n. 3; iv. 402, n. 2, 442.

² Robert Levett.

³ Thomas Johnson, son of Johnson's uncle Andrew. He died in 1779. *Life*, iv. 441.

⁴ Elizabeth Herne, daughter of Johnson's first cousin, Phoebe Harrison, who married Benjamin Herne. She was a lunatic, and Johnson, with a Mrs. Prowse, paid for keeping her in a madhouse at Bethnal Green. A. L. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, ii. 52, n. ; Hawkins, *Life of Johnson*, p. 600. ⁵ Cf. above, p. 165, and *Anecdotes*, p. 181. ⁶ Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 204–5.

Sugar, & the outside Cut of a Buttock of Beef are his favourite Dainties, though he loves made Dishes Soups &c: sowces his Plumb Pudden with melted Butter, & pours Sauce enough into every Plate to drown all Taste of the Victuals. With regard to Drink his liking is for the *strongest*, as it is not the Flavour but the Effect of Wine which he even professes to desire, and he used often to pour Cappillaire into his Glass of Port when it was his Custom to drink Wine which he has now left wholly off:¹ To make himself amends for this Concession, he drinks Chocolate liberally, & puts in large Quantities of Butter or of Cream: he loves Fruit exceedingly, & though I have seen him eat of it immensely, he says he never had his Bellyful of Fruit but twice—once at our House and once at Ombersly the Seat of my Lord Sandys.

I was saying this Morning that I did not love Goose much one smells it so says I—But you Madam replies Johnson have always had your hunger forestalled by Indulgence, & do not know the Pleasure of smelling one's Meat before hand:—a Pleasure answered I that is to be had in Perfection by all who walk through *Porridge Island* of a Morning!—come come says the Doctor gravely, let us have done laughing at what is serious to so many: Hundreds of your Fellow Creatures dear Lady turn another way that they may not be tempted by the Luxuries of *Porridge Island*² to hope for Gratifications they are not able to obtain.³

These Notions—just as they doubtless are;—seem to me the fœculancies of his low Birth, which I believe has never failed to leave its *Stigma* indelible in every human Creature; however exalted by Rank or polished by Learning:—no Varnish though strong can totally cover primæval meanness, nor can any Situation of Life remove it out of the Sight even of a cursory & casual Observer.

As no Man better liked to be genteely Complimented than Johnson, so no Man ever had the power of Complimenting with a better Grace; for he always contrived to raise the Person he commended without lowering himself,⁴ it is however some what remarkable that no Flattery was so welcome to him, as that which told him he had the Mind or Manners of a *Gentleman*, which he

¹ Johnson's serious illness in 1765 (or 1766) made him resolve to abstain, a resolution which he observed, but not rigidly, until his death. Boswell, *Life*, i. 103, n. 3, 521-2.

² *Porridge Island* is an Alley in Cov^t Garden between Chandois Street & the Strand, where there are numbers of ordinary Cooks Shops to supply the low working People with Meat at all hours. Beef—Pudden Pig & particularly Goose: the whole Court has by its Smell and its Fame obtained the proper Appellation of *Porridge Island*. Mrs. Thrale.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 216-18.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 286.

always said was the most complete & the most difficult to obtain: one said an Officer had commonly the Manner of a Gentleman; on the contrary says Johnson he is generally branded very deeply with the mark of his Profession, now 'tis the Essence of A Gentleman's Character to have no professional Mark whatever.—An Officer added he is seldom *bright* indeed, but he is almost always *smooth*. Talking on upon this Subject, he nam'd Mr Berenger¹ as particularly elegant in his Carriage and Behaviour, but on my objecting his resemblance to the Gentlemen in Congreve's Comedies, and that he rather seemed to *play* the Man of Fashion than to *be* it, he changed him for Tom Hervey² who is dead & gone, and was doubtless as completely a Gentleman as one shall ever know.³

Mr Johnson used to say that bright Parts were like Gold, common Sense like Iron, but more of this in the Idler:⁴ The Idlers came out without his name to them, & without Mottoes; he talks of publishing them sometime with Mottoes and bid me chuse proper ones; I did fit about 20 Numbers in some Humour, & wrote them on a Card which I have now lost,⁵ and so the Scheme like many a greater, dropt to nothing. Here is another of his Schemes which will fall to nothing: my heart says he yesterday is set upon seeing the Chartreuse in company with my Mistress;—we *will* go sometime that's certain, then replied I—whose Heart is set on very different Projects—we must write Verses to leave behind us; well returned he few People's Verses will be better than ours, we need not stay at home for want of *poetical* Powers: but are you willing to go? No Sir said I gravely: are you unwilling? Yes Sir,—in the same Accent: then says he I'll work up my Master to make you go, for go we will. Johnson was in some Respects a very good Travelling Companion: The Rain, & the Sun, the night and the Day were the same to him, and he had no Care about Food, Hours or Accomodations; but then he expected that nobody else should have any neither, and felt no sort of Compassion for one's Fatigue, or uneasiness, or Confinement in the Carriage—for nobody ever talks of such Stuff says he, except the People who have nothing else to say, & if one *said* nothing—why 'tis because you *feel* nothing to be sure says he.⁶

Mr Johnson had ever since I knew him an enthusiastick fondness for Poetry, indeed for all sorts of Literature; and had a respect for

¹ Richard Berenger, Esq., Gentleman of the Horse, and first equerry to George III.

² Son of the Earl of Bristol, and brother to Henry Hervey, Johnson's early friend.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 253-4. ⁴ No. 37: 'necessaries are as iron, and superfluities as gold.'

⁵ It was found and printed in her *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, ii. 388-9. The original card is preserved in Ry. Eng. MS. 629.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 263.

a Club¹ he belonged to, that was little less than ridiculous; our Club Madam said he is a Society which can scarcely be matched in the World—we have Reynolds for Painting, Goldsmith for Poetry, Percy for Antiquities, Nugent for Physick; Chamiere for Trade, Politics and all Money Concerns; M^r Burke for Oratory, M^r Beauclerk for Polite Literature, Dyer for Modern History & Travels, Chambers for the Law, Langton for Ecclesiastical History & indeed all Branches of Learning Sir John Hawkins for Judicature & ancient Musick.—I have forgotten the other Members & his Eulogiums upon them; but many are dead, & new Members have come in—I suppose against his Consent—for he now says the Club is spoyl'd.²—He had however no Taste for Modern Poetry—Gray Mason &c.—Modern Poetry says he one day at our house, is like Modern Gardening, every thing now is raised by a hot bed; every thing therefore is forced, & everything tasteless.—

One may therefore without much difficulty conceive, how his Friend Grierson must have offended him when he observed that a Cook was a more excellent & useful Being than a Poet: Ay replies Johnson, and in that Opinion—all the Dogs in the Town will join with you.³ A propós to Gardening he once advised me to buy myself some famous Book upon the Subject, and read it says he—attentively, but do not believe it; use the World likewise as a large book, but use it with the same Restriction.—One cannot be sorry for the Rebuff given to Grierson but it was cruel to M^{rs} Langton when she shewed him her Grotto, & asked if he did not think it a pretty convenient habitation?—Yes Madam replied he—for a Toad.⁴ The Abbé Renard or Reinel⁵ I forget his Name who had published some Infidel Writings—was at a house and in a Room with Johnson—I think it was Paradyce's;⁶ Sir says the Master of the Family will you permit me to introduce to you the Abbé

¹ Cf. above, p. 106.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 229. The Club was enlarged to twenty in 1773, and to twenty-six on March 11, 1777 (*Boswell, Life*, i. 552), on which date Johnson wrote to Boswell: 'It is proposed to augment our club from twenty to thirty, of which I am glad; for as we have several in it whom I do not much like to consort with, I am for reducing it to a mere miscellaneous collection of conspicuous men, without any determinate character.' Of the fifteen dinners of the Club held in 1777, Johnson attended only three. *Ibid.* iii. 106, 488.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 226.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 286.

⁵ Abbé du Reanel, or Raynal, author of *Analyse de l'histoire philosophique et politique des établissemens et du commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes* (1770). The 1781 edition, containing insertions by Diderot, was ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Carlyle, *French Revolution*, ed. Fletcher, iii, chap. 8. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 211.

⁶ It was at Mrs. Vesey's. Mrs. Chapone, *Posthumous Works*, i. 172.

Reinel—he had the Man in his hand too—*No Sir* replies the Doctor, & turns away in a Huff. In the same Spirit—when young Cholmondeley rode up to our Carriage as we drove through Derbyshire—Mr Thrale—seeing him address Johnson in a Style civilly familiar, & knowing them to be acquainted; —tapped the Dr who was reading, & said Sir, that is Mr Cholmondeley,—well Sir replies Johnson raising His Eyes from the Book,—and *what if it is Mr Cholmondeley!*¹—

Mr Johnson's bodily Strength & Figure has not yet been mentioned; his Height was five Foot eleven without Shoes, his Neck short, his Bones large & His Shoulders broad: his Leg & Foot eminently handsome, his hand handsome too,² in spite of Dirt, & of such Deformity as perpetual picking his Fingers necessarily produced: his Countenance was rugged, tho' many People pretended to see a benignity of Expression when he was in Good humour.—Garrick tells a Story how at a strolling Play in some Country Town, a young Fellow took away Johnson's Chair which he had quitted for five minutes; & seated himself in it on the Stage: when the original Possessor returned, he desired him to leave his Chair which he refused, & claimed it as his own: Johnson did not offer to dispute the Matter, but lifting up Man & Chair, and all together in his Arms, took & threw them at one Jerk into the Pit. Beauclerk tells a Story of him that he had two large Pointers brought into the Parlour on some Occasion to shew his Company and they immediately fastening on one another alarmed the People present not a little with their ferocity, till Johnson gravely laying hold on each Dog by the Scuff of the Neck, held them asunder at Arms length, and said come Gentlemen where is your difficulty? put one of them out at one Door & t'other out of the other; & let us go on with our Conversation.³—he confirmed these two Stories himself to me before I would write them down. I saw him myself once throw over a Bathing Tub full of Water, which two of the Footmen had tryed in vain to overturn, but says he these Fellows have no more strength than Cats. as an Instance of his Activity I will only mention, that one day after riding very hard for fifty Miles after Mr Thrales Foxhounds—they were sitting and talking over the Chase when Dinner was done in our blue Room at Streatham; I mentioned some Leap they spoke of as difficult; no

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 318–19, and *Life*, iv, 345, for Boswell's objection. Mr. Cholmondeley was grandson of the Earl of Cholmondeley. Johnson later was shocked to hear of his own rudeness 'if it be true, which I can hardly think, for I am utterly unconscious of it'. *Letters*, No. 558.

² Cf. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 465, for Reynolds's similar opinion. ³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 224–5.

more says Johnson than leaping over that Stool—it was a Cabriolet that stood between the Windows—which says I, would not be a very easy Operation to you I believe after fifty Miles Galloping—& in Boots too. he said no more, but jumped fairly over it, & so did Mr Thrale who is however full twenty Years younger than the Doctor.¹ Johnson loved a Frolick or a Joke well enough, tho he had strange serious Rules about them too, and very angry was he always at poor me for being merry at improper times and Places—You care for nothing says he, so you can crack your Joke—one Day to be sure I was saucy in that way & he was very much affronted: my friend Mr^s Strickland and he were entered into a Dispute whose Dress was most expensive—a Gentleman's or a Lady's. Mr^s Strickland instanced Lady Townsend's Extravagance, & said She knew of her having a new Cloke of eight Guineas Value every three Months—a Cloke Madam! cries Johnson, & was going to make a serious Answer; why Lord bless me what does a Young Girl marry an old Lord *for* said I—but for a *Cloke*? he did not like to be served so.

In the same manner when a foolish Fellow had fretted him one day at Chester; shewing him the Curiosities of the place, & yet running from Thing to thing, so that he had no Time to see any distinctly—what is this Gentleman's Name says Johnson to me gravely, his Name is Harold I understand replied I, and I fancy for my Part that we should call him *Harold Harefoot*.² That Joke is so good says the Doctor that you are Glad he has plagued us so—to bring it in.

Mr Johnson had a consummate Knowledge of Figures and an uncommon delight in Arithmetical Speculations; he had too a singular Power of withdrawing his Attention from the prattle he heard round him, and would often sit amusing himself with calculating Sums while there was a Noise in the room enough to perplex any common Mortal, & prevent their Thinking at all: he used indeed to be always tormenting one with shewing how much Time might be lost by squandering two hours a day, how much Money might be saved by laying up five Shillings a day, how many Lines might be written by putting down only ten every day with a hundred such like Propositions. one Time that he was greatly indisposed at our house with the Spasms in his Stomach, which tormented him so long; he found himself unable to bear Company—so sat alone in the next Room, & made an odd Calculation: no other

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 149–50. For Thrale's age, see below, p. 543, n. 3.

² The Saxon King, Harold I.

than that the National Debt, setting it at 130 Millions Sterling would, if converted into Silver make a Meridian of that metal for the real Globe of the Earth.—this might be called the *Meridian of London* very properly.—I mentioned to him one day Soame Jennings's Refutation of Paschal, as thus;¹

Infinity—says the French Geometrician—tho' on all sides astonishing, is most so when connected with numbers; for the Idea of infinite Number—& infinite number we know *there is*—can hardly find room in the human Mind, but stretches it still more than the Idea of infinite Space.² Our English Philosopher on the other hand exclaims;—I mean Soame Jennings—Let no man give his tongue leave to talk of infinite Number, for infinite Number is a Contradiction in Terms; if [it] is Numbered, it is not infinite I'll warrant it.³ What do *you* say to these contenders Mr Johnson?—why *I* say replied he, that *Numeration* is infinite, for Eternity might be employed in adding Figure to Figure, or if you will better comprehend me—Unit to Unit; but each Number is *finite*, which the possibility of doubling it easily proves; besides, stop where you will; you will find yourself as far from Infinitude as ever.⁴—So much for his Arithmetick.

With regard to Virtue I can only say that he was uniformly, not capriciously good; nor thought it right to load Life with unnecessary Scruples.—

Scruples says he seldom make a Man good, but they certainly make him miserable.⁵ He had however very piously and judiciously scrupled among the various Authorities he quotes in his Dictionary ever to give one from an immoral or an Infidel Writer, lest says he the Quotation should send People to look in an Author that might taint their Virtue, or poyson their Principles.—Somebody complimented Mr Johnson on his Dictionary, & said he had done more than forty Frenchmen, why what could you expect

¹ I remember this Conversation passed in the Coach as we were airing one Day between Brixthelmston and Rottenden, I think in the Year 1769. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Apparently two ideas from the *Pensées* of Pascal are confounded here: the thought expressed in § 72, that man is unable to comprehend infinity either of littleness or of greatness, and the thought of §§ 121, 282, &c., 'Le cœur sent que les nombres sont infinis'. *Œuvres* (1921), ed. Brunschvicg, xii. 70 ff.; xiii. 44, 205.

³ 'An infinite number is a contradiction in terms, and therefore everything that is infinite or eternal must exist in some manner which bears no manner of relation to Space or Time, and which must therefore be to us totally incomprehensible.' Jenyns, 'Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil', in *Miscellaneous Pieces* (1761), ii. 209, as quoted by Hill, *Johns. Misc.* i. 200, n. 5.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 200–1.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 223. According to John Hoole, Johnson repeated this during his last illness *Johns. Misc.* ii. 152–3.

replied he, from Fellows that eat Frogs?—I dare say this is mentioned before,¹ but I write from Memory, & can neither recollect every Trifle, nor turn back to see whether 'tis down or no. I know not whether I put it into this Book or no, but Johnson always hated his Schoolmaster—a Mr Hunter of Stourbridge² I think his name was and I have heard him say that the hatred was reciprocal—he left that Hunter at the Age of 18: and spent a Year³ at Oxford where he felt, I find; and I am sure he *expressed*, most sovereign Contempt for his Instructors.⁴ I must here have a Stroke at his Political Opinions, though God knows he has not left them dubious till *now*. He is a Tory in what he calls the truest sense of the Word; and is strongly attached to the notion of Divine & Hereditary Right inherent in Kings: he was therefore a *Jacobite* while *Jacob* existed, or any of his Progeny was likely to sit on the Throne: he is now however firmly attached to the present Royal Family; not from change of Principles, but difference of Situations, and he is as zealous that *this* King should maintain his Prerogatives, as if he belonged to the exiled Family: his Aversion to a Presbyterian is great, to a consistent, Whig as he often calls a Deist, 'tis still greater, we mentioned Alderman Trecothick's⁵ having behaved oddly on some Occasion: is he not a Citizen of London, a Native of N: America, a *Whig* says Mr Johnson? let him be absurd I beg of you, when a Monkey is *too* like a Man he shocks one. a Contempt for small Matters—& he thinks few great—is however a Characteristick of Mr Johnson in all Things—Politics not excepted; so that now the popular Clamour runs so high about our Disgraces in America,⁶ our Debt at home, our Terrors of a Bankruptcy, & Fears of a French War; what signifies all this Canting says the Doctor? the World goes on just as it did; who eats the less? or who sleeps the worse? or where is all this *Consternation* you talk of—but in the News papers. Nobody is thinking or feeling about the matter, otherwise than 'tis somewhat to talk about. I was one Day exalting the Character of a Statesman, & expatiating on the Skill required

¹ See above, p. 165.

² Of Lichfield, rather. See *Life*, i. 44, 526.

³ An interesting corroboration of the findings of Croker, G. B. Hill, and A. L. Reade. Boswell, who seldom erred, said that he was there for 'little more than three years', but was evidently misled by the fact that his name appeared on the buttery books of Pembroke College for that length of time. The regular charges, however, ran only from October 25, 1728, to December 12, 1729. The subsequent charges were routine fines levied against him as a non-resident member. *Life*, i. 78, and n. 2.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 159, 164.

⁵ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 204. Here she calls him only 'a gentleman of the party', and G. B. Hill conjectured that Alderman William Lee, a Virginian, was meant. Trecothick, though he was a merchant in the American trade, was not a native American. Boswell, *Life*, iii. 76, n. 2.

⁶ The Capitulation of Burgoyne & his whole Army in the Year 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

to direct the different departments, reconcile the jarring Interests &c.—Thus replies Mr Johnson a *Mill* is a curious Construction enough, but the Water is no part of the Workmanship.¹

I was in another Humour lamenting how all publick Business was left to Clerks—Jerry Sneyd said I & Tom Cotton—pretty Fellows to have any Direction in State Affairs; you may as well answered he complain that the Account of Time should be kept by the Clock; for to be sure he is no considerable Chronologer.² Of the Conduct of Lord Chatham he observed the other day, that Ambition in its last ramifications ends in Vanity, as an Old Oak at last puts forth nothing but Twigs & Leaves.

Apropos to Johnson's contempt of Trifles—in November 1769 a female Servant in Our house was suspected of murdering her Bastard; the same Day Baretti was taken up³ for killing a Man in the Streets, our Gentlemen were running from Coroner to Coroner, when Seward observed how licentious the Times were grown, for see now says he, if the Bird catchers be not out tho' tis Sunday.—since this Speech was made I hardly ever dare lament Distresses of which the Consequences are at least distant, if not uncertain; for if I do, Mr Johnson is sure to remind me of the Iniquity of catching Birds on a Sunday.

Party Matters run very high however in the beginning of the Year 1770. Johnson wrote his False Alarm at our House in the Borough that February of a Wednesday Night & Thursday Night which was all the Time he bestowed on it to my certain Knowledge.⁴ I heard one Day in the Year 1775 I think when Wilkes was Mayor however;⁵ that he expressed his Desire of Dr Johnson's Company at the Mansion house to eat Turtle with him forsooth; 'Tis a liberal Fellow said I in spite of his Principles, & a genteel Fellow in spite of his mean Birth:⁶ He is a fine Fellow replies Mr Johnson, but let us remember that it would be a triumph to Wilks, to shew me that he is just where King Lords and Commons and myself forsooth, have all endeavoured to prevent him from being.⁷—

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 203.

² Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 203–4.

³ The trial was on October 20, 1769. He had stabbed a ruffian who set upon him for striking a soliciting street-walker, and was acquitted, on the strength of the testimony to his sober and humane disposition, given by Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, and Beauclerk. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 96–7, and n. 1.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 173.

⁵ He was elected in October 1774.

⁶ His father, Isaac Wilkes, was a malt distiller of Clerkenwell.

⁷ He had been three times elected as M.P. for Middlesex, though not allowed to sit. After this date, however, Johnson twice dined with him, at the home of Dilly the publisher, through the contrivance of Boswell—on May 15, 1776, and May 8, 1781. *Life*, iii. 64–79; iv. 101–7.

It was in the same Year 1775 that I was venturing to praise Mr Burke's famous Speech,¹ especially that Passage of Lord Bathurst and the Angel,² which said Mr Johnson had I been in the house I would have answered thus: "Suppose Mr Speaker, that to Wharton or to Marlborough, or some of the most eminent Whigs in the last Age—the Devil, had—not with any great Impropriety consented to appear;—He would perhaps in these Words have commenced the Conversation.

"You seem my Lord to be concerned at the judicious Apprehension; that while you are sapping the Foundations of Royalty, and propagating the Doctrines of Resistance here at home, the Distance of America may secure its Inhabitants from your Arts though active; but I will unfold to you the gay Prospects of Futurity: this People now so innocent, so harmless, shall draw the Sword upon their Mother Country & bathe its Point in the Blood of their Benefactors: this People, now contented with a little; shall then refuse to spare what they themselves confess they could not miss; & these Men, now so honest and so grateful shall in return for Peace & for Protection *fee their vile* Agents in the house of Parliament, there to sow the seeds of Sedition, & propagate Confusion Perplexity & Pain. Be not dispirited then at the Contemplation of their present happy State; I promise you that Anarchy Poverty & Death shall carry even across the spacious Atlantick—and settle even in America the Consequences of Whiggism.³

Johnson did not love telling Stories in Company but the following was one of his favourites; as it partly relates to Politics it shall come in here.

A Young Whiggish Gentleman in George the first's Time, went in to the Cocoa Tree, famous for being frequented by Tories; and calling for a Bowl of Punch, said to the Gentleman who sate next him Come Sir! here's Damn the Pope; and here's Damn the Pretender; and here's Damn the Devil too.—

Sir says the old Tory cooly, permit me to make some Objections to your Toast: The Pope as a mere temporal Prince has Claims to *your* Respect I fancy, & if you care not for his Religion, you should

¹ 'On Conciliation with America', delivered on March 22.

² In describing the growth of the American trade, Burke imagines Lord Bathurst's guardian angel giving him, in 1704, a prophecy concerning the America of 1772: "Young man, there is America—which at this day serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, shew itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. . . ." *Works* (Boston, 1839), ii. 27-8.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 173-5.

at least pay some Deference to a Rank so high above your own: For the Pretender Sir he is Son to a Sovereign Prince, unfortunate indeed, but by no man supposed deserving of his Calamities,—but as to the *Devil* young Man look to yourself; for *he is my Friend*—abuse him now [who] dares.—Here are however two more of Mr Johnsons Stories which have no Reference to Politics, as I have now done with that Stuff for the present.

When Mr Beauclerck & Mr Langton were going abroad together,¹ they applied to their Banker for Money, to which he beg'd leave to add a Word or two of Advice; for Gentlemen says he do be careful of yourselves, & get into no Quarrels: this I grant will prove difficult, for I am told that a foreign Nobleman is so plaguy touchy—that if you *but shake your Stick at him*, he challenges you presently, be very cautious therefore among such kind of People.

The other was a Story how Tom Osborne the Bookseller had a Funeral Oration pronounced over some dowdy Daughter of his, setting forth how condescending She was to her Inferiors. this struck Mr Johnson who was well acquainted with the Wench, more than perhaps it did the Auditors either of the Sermon or of the Joke. I asked him the other day about his Combat with that Osborne, how much of the Story was true: It was true said he that I beat the fellow, & that was all; but the World so hated poor Osborne; that they have never done multiplying the blows, and increasing the weight of them for twenty Years together; The Blockhead told the Story himself too originally, for I am sure I should not,—but says Osborne Johnson beat me this Morning in my own house—For what says his Friend—why for telling him that he *lied* forsooth.²—

Mr Boswell however is the Man for a Johnsoniana: he really knows ten Times more Anecdotes of his Life than I do who see so much more of him; one thing however that passed between them at our own house³—I must needs record.

¹ Late in 1762. Boswell, *Life*, i. 381.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 304. Johnson told Boswell that the episode took place in his own chamber. *Life*, i. 154. Hawkins and Murphy both give the occasion as Osborne's objection to Johnson's browsing while cataloguing the Earl of Oxford's library. *Johns. Misc.* i. 380-1, n. 1.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 320-1. Boswell lays the scene of this episode at the Crown and Anchor tavern (*Life*, ii. 186-8), and in a footnote objects to Mrs. Piozzi's erroneous version of it, both in setting and in the personal application she lent it. His journal (*Boswell Papers*, ix. 88) bears out the truth of his contention; but the *Life* suppresses the ending: 'Boswell: "Would not you, Sir, allow a man oppressed with care to drink and make himself merry?" Johnson: "Yes, if he sat next you."' Curiously enough, a later passage of the journal, for April 10, 1776 (*ibid.* xi.

Mr Boswell in order to induce Johnson to drink, expatiated on the praises of Wine: I know no good it does says Johnson, Yes replies the other, it makes a Man eloquent—Sir it makes him noisy & absurd: Boswell went on—& defeated in every point at last cry'd out—This you must allow—it makes a Man speak Truth: Sir says Johnson, I see no good there is in that neither, unless he is a Lyar when he is sober.

When Mr^s Brooke upon her Return to England from Quebec¹ told Mr Johnson that the Prospect *up* the River Saint Lawrence was the finest in the World—but Madam says he, the Prospect *down* the River St Lawrence is I have a Notion the finest you ever saw.

Mr Rose of Hammersmith² was contending with Johnson for the Preeminence of the Scots Writers over the English; He set up his Authors as Murphy says, and the other knocked them down like Ninepins: Rose at length—to make sure of Victory—named Ferguson on Civil Society, & praised the Book for being written in a new manner: I do not says Johnson perceive the Value of *this new* Manner, it is only, like Buckinger, who had no hands—& so wrote with his Toes.³—Doctor Delap praised Swift's Style; Mr Johnson was not in the humour to subscribe to its Excellence; the Doctor was beat from one of Swifts Performances to another—but says he you must allow that there are *strong Facts* in the Account of the four last Years of Queen Anne; Yes sure Sir returns Mr Johnson, and so there are in the ordinary of Newgates Account.⁴

Dear Doctor! said he one Day to the same Gentleman who was lamenting his bad health & tender Bowels; do not like a Spider keep perpetually spinning thus out of thy own Bowels.—Mr Johnson was however exceedingly attentive to his own health, and having studied Medicine pretty regularly I believe at some Period

235), at least vindicates the good faith of Mrs. Thrale's error: 'Today he [Murphy] and Mr. and Mrs. Thrale all maintained that it was at their table that Dr. Johnson and I had the dispute about drinking. They have heard it related; but it actually happened at the Crown and Anchor in 1771, when I sup't there with him and Langton and Lord Binning.' The actual date, as the Journal shows, was April 15, 1772.

¹ Frances Brooke's husband was chaplain to the English garrison at Quebec. *D.N.B.*, under 'Brooke, Rev. John'. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 322.

² i.e. Dr. William Rose, a Scotsman who kept a school at Chiswick. Cf. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 168, n. 1.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 188. Matthew Buchinger, a German, was born without hands or legs, so could hardly have written with his toes. Specimens of his writing, which he exhibited as a show, are engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lxi, facing p. 417; lxxviii, facing p. 673.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 188.

of his Life he was tempted no little to the sin of Quackery: I was much struck with what he said t'other Day concerning the Gout: It seldom says he takes the Fort by a Coup de main, but turning the Siege into a Blockade—oblige it to surrender at Discretion¹

On another Occasion—such a Lady is very ill said I; what help has She called in? enquired M^r Johnson D^r James said I—but what is her Disorder—nothing positive I answered but a gradual though gentle Decline—She will dye then I fear replied the D^r for though when a person is hurrying to the Grave upon full Speed—a Physician may give them a Turn;—yet if they keep on a regular & slow Pace, no Care can save them.²

As³ My Peace has never been disturbed by the *soft Passion*, so it seldom comes in my head to talk of it.—one day however after reading the odd Dissertation upon it in the *Huetiana*,⁴ I was led to ask Johnson his general Opinion concerning that which has been thought the Spring of so many strange Actions good & bad. As I perhaps might speak at the beginning of the Conversation in something like what he thought a contemptuous Accent, he replied: No Person Madam ever yet treated the Passion of Love with Contempt, except from Stupidity—or Disappointment—those who never were in Love never were happy—for Nature will vindicate her own Feelings, and revenge the Insults offered her⁵—This however was only a Flight, & he soon settled to more comfortable Talk; and first of all agreed that there were three sorts of Love; the first is that well known Passion raised by Desire & always accompanied by it; the second that Love which is excited by Tenderness, and accompanied by Contempt, as the Love one has for Children—& even favourite Animals; the Third is that one feels for one's Friend; the Delight one has in his Company, the Pride one shares in his Praises; the enthusiastic Partiality one has for all he does, and the Influence one suffers him to have over all ones other Passions.—this Love says he is accompanied by Vanity, and the vainest People are most susceptible of it.

So here! at least in the beginning of the Chat, is a Touch of Rousseau again; but how perfectly in the Spirit of the *Eloise* was all the Continuation when that frankness of Heart was spoken of, by which people are prompted to tell Intentions before hand; and to keep no Trifles lurking in the Mind, till they swell into Things

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 276.

² Cf. *ibid.*

³ This sentence was printed by Hughes in *Mrs. Piozz's Thraliana*, p. 13.

⁴ *Huetiana*, (1722), § ciii, pp. 261-3: 'L'amour est une maladie du corps, et se peut guérir par le secours de la médecine.'

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 290.

of Bulk.—Such Tricks, say Johnson & Rousseau are apt to end in Evil for this Reason; that She who loves to be mysterious naturally, will soon provide to herself cause of Mystery;¹ I used the word *She* because 'tis their Opinion too that Women, are more apt to be infected with this Disease of the Mind than Men are, which as it originates from narrowness, may very well happen—for Women's Minds are commonly like their Shapes, either screwed up to ridiculous Smallness, or else loosed out—to a *Squab*, in their own emphatical phrase. But I have not yet done with the resemblance between Johnson's Sentiments and those of Rousseau—in the Affair of Love too! but so it is, that they are both of opinion that Solitude is the Nurse of *this* as well as of every Passion, that in the Tumult of Company, & hurry of Preparation, a Girl has neither time nor Inclination to listen to tender Speeches, nor can She retain the remembrance of them in her Mind—The Ball, the Show are not the dangerous Things—no! tis the Tête à Tête, the private Friend, the kind Consoler, the constant Companion that is dangerous; the publick Lover is not to be feared. Johnson carried this so far as to say that if you shut up any Man and Woman for six Months together, so as to make them derive all their Pleasures from each other, they would inevitably fall in Love; but if at the End of that Term you would throw each of them into Assemblies, & let them change Partners at Pleasure; they would soon forget their mutual Attachment, which nothing but the necessity of some Connection, & the vacuity of Life had caused;² & it was therefore that Johnson generally insisted, that the most public Places are the safest for those whose Passions are easily inflam'd.

Mr Johnson was indeed very unjustly supposed to be a Lover of Singularity—a man particular in his notions, and difficult in his Morality—whereas no Man had ever so settled a reverence for the World, & its Opinions; nor was less captivated by new Modes of Behaviour or Innovations in the Conduct of Life:—Cards,³ Dress, Dancing all found their Advocates in Johnson, who inculcated upon Principle the Cultivation of Arts which others reject as Luxuries, or consider as Superfluities—Somebody would say—Such a Lady never touches a Card—how then does She get rid of her Time says Johnson, does She drink Drums? Such a Person never suffers Gentlemen to buzz in his Daughter's Ears; who is to buzz in her Ears then?—the Footman! Such a one dresses particularly plain

¹ Cf. above, p. 12, and *Anecdotes*, p. 326.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 220, and above, p. 179.

³ This passage, through 'the Footman' was printed by Hughes in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 13.

always—He thinks himself then of more importance than he is; if he forbears to carry the Badge of his Rank upon his Back—the World has no Business to be teized to find Reasons for Respecting a Man who will not declare his Situation by his Dress, and he must be content with the little Attention that will necessarily be paid him for his neglect.¹

We drank Tea at a House where the Plate was splendid, & the China elegant—the Footman waited however in a ragged Livery: as we came home I mentioned it: why ay says the Doctor you may shut Poverty out of the Door if you please; but the Jade will poke her pale Face in at the Window.²

We breakfasted once at another awkward Place; the Lady of the House had been much praised to me by a Man I thought well of, so I wondered things were no better: Why they are well enough I think replies Johnson the Woman is [a] good useful Body in her way no doubt, & can I'll warrant you direct her Neighbours where to buy a little *run Tea* as well as possible; such People are unable to square the Circle indeed, but why should they be able?³ they do the common Offices of Life as well as they need to do;—few can benefit, and fewer can please.—

Mr Johnson is of Opinion that Melancholy & otherwise insane People are always Sensual; the misery of their Minds naturally enough forces them to recur for Comfort to their Bodies. this Observation should have been among his medical ones, but it dropt from him but an hour ago so I wrote it immediately as it fell. We were likewise talking today at Breakfast of Mr Shenstone's Rule⁴ for keeping up kindness between Lovers, Friends or Relations: some little Quarrel says he should now & then be kindled, that the Soul may feel her own elastick Force; & return to the beloved Object with renewed Delight: Why now what a pernicious Maxim this is cries Johnson, surely all Quarrels ought to be avoided as nobody can possibly tell where they will end; besides that lasting Detestation is often the Consequence of occasional Disgust; and that the Cup of Life is already sufficiently

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 221–2.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 317.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 295. Hill (*Boswell, Life*, v. 449, n. 1) apparently erred in supposing the hostess to be Lady Catherine Wynne, whom they met in Wales (cf. above, p. 169).

⁴ 'Were a person to make use of art in procuring the affection of his mistress it were perhaps his most effectual method to contrive a slight estrangement, and then, as it were imperceptibly, bring on a reconciliation. The soul here discovers a kind of elasticity; and being forced back returns with an additional violence.' *Works* (1791), ii. 213, as quoted by Hill, *Johns. Misc.* i. 246, n. 2.

displeasing, without making it more bitter by a Dash of Resentment.

Upon the same Principle, as he one day listened while I told somebody Dr Collier's method of keeping the Servants in humour with his favourite Dog; by seeming rough with the Creature himself on many Occasions, & even sometimes crying out—Why does nobody knock this Cur's brains out?—by the way of exciting their kindness &c. This is all Refinement now says Johnson—the Servants would kick the Dog when they had thus obtained a Sanction for their Severity; & I once chid my Wife for beating her Cat before the Maid, who will now said I treat Puss with Cruelty perhaps—and plead at last her Mistress's Example.¹—

These are trifling Stories, but they serve to shew how well he understood the meanest Trifles relative to Life & Manners.—

Of Mr Lyttelton—now Lord Westcote he observed—that he had more Chaff than Grain in him; as every thing *indeed* says he which grows up to so prodigious a Length—has.

Of the Miss Pitcheses²—Young Ladies who were labouring hard at the great Work of Education under their Mother's Management—he said—Those Wenches are like Trees nailed to a Wall, but tis a good *Standard* at last that bears the Fruit one can bear at one's Table.³

Of the Law says he one day when I declared against it,—Let us I beg of you—have no general Abuse; the Law is the last Result of Publick Wisdom, acting upon publick Experience.⁴

Of Mr Greenville's Marriage to Miss Stapylton, which was at one Time strongly reported; tho' his first Wife had been dead but a fortnight—Johnson said—why one would think you had never heard such a Thing; & the People in St Giles's always did it.

The Report was false & groundless, but his Answer was as good as if it had been true.

A more elegant instance of his Wit must be given though it was a Compliment to myself; An Apple was one Day picked out of

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 246–7, and above, p. 13.

² Daughters of Sir Abraham Pitches, Kt., and their neighbours at Streatham. There were five sisters: Sophia, who died in 1779 (see below, p. 393); Peggy, who married Lord Deerhurst in 1783 (see below, p. 556); Jane, who married a quartermaster; Emily, who married Mr. Jolliffe, M.P.; Penelope, who married the Rev. Robert Sheffield in 1783. D'Arblay, *Diary*, vi. 398 and n. 2; *Gent. Mag.* liii. 804.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 295.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 223.

Jelly, & the Company disputed so violently¹ that I bid them take Care lest it should prove the Apple of Discord—Johnson handed it to me, & said if it were that Apple—it was rightly bestowed on the fairest

A Scotsman was commending the Town of Glasgow, I presume Sir said Johnson you have never yet seen Brentford.—this probably is down already²—it happen'd before he had been in Scotland.—

Doctor Goldsmith's equally certain yet fruitless Opposition to Johnson in every Argument, used to remind me of these Verses in Berni³—

Il pover Uomo che non se' nera⁴ accorto
Andava combattendo—ed era Morto.—⁵

Johnson said that it was prettily observed of Voltaire, how Dryden drove the old respectable Coach & Six, but Pope figur'd away in a new-fashioned highly-polished Chariot & Pair.⁶

At our last Election for Southwark, some Fools were consulting whether Mr Thrale should have a Yellow Ribbon in his Hat—Nonsense! says Mr Johnson—he might as properly be bid to cry *Thrale for ever*.

At the same Election an ordinary Fellow—a Hatter who was zealous for our Cause came suddenly up to Johnson and embracing him cried out—Ah Sir 'tis no Time now to mind making of *Hats*! I was frightened, & thought the Doctor would be embarrassed by this half-drunken Hero; —But he with the utmost presence of Mind made answer in the same gay Tone, No Sir—Hats are of no use to us now but to throw up in the Air & huzza with.⁷

Another Day of the Election, when one of the Voters wanted to come up to the House I was in—with Intelligence: he could not get up for the Crowd—so Mr Johnson set his broad Back to the Door, & reaching his Hand pull'd in little Whitaker as if he had been a Doll.—

One said at Dinner that Thunder was an awful Noise; Johnson observ'd that the consciousness of our Danger made us think it such: nay replied I but 'tis the Lightning—not the Thunder that is dangerous;—on the same Principle answered he you need not in

¹ Whether it was natural or Artificial. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² See above, pp. 165–6

³ See his parody of Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, canto 53, stanza 60.

⁴ Read 'se n'era'.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 269.

⁶ Voltaire said this to Boswell, who reported it to Johnson. *Life*, ii. 5.

⁷ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 292–3.

a Desert fear the roaring of the Lyon; but the Lyon that roars we all know must have Teeth.—

Of all Ignorance says Johnson, beware of *Scientifick* Ignorance; and of all Dullness keep clear from *elastick* Dulness; which rises to resist you—it is like kicking a Woolsack.¹

Urging one Day the well known Hypothesis of Happiness being placed in Hope rather than possession; This said the Doctor is more subtle than true: We talk of the Pleasures of Hope, we feel those of Possession, and no Man in his Senses would change the last for the first; Hope is a Bubble which by a gentle Breath may be blown to a large Size, but a rough Blast bursts it at once; hope is an Amusement rather than a Good, & is adapted to none but very tranquil Minds.

Vansittart had been talking a long Time about a Mouse; what says Johnson would Vansittart have said if he had seen a Lyon?²—

When the present Lord Sandys—despairing of his Fathers Death—married an ugly old Woman for her Money,³ He will now says Johnson get seven Dinners a Week, with the use of a Parlour; & for this the silly Dog like his Cousin in the Fable, will suffer his Neck to be galled with a Collar.

Johnson was observing the other Day—He & I were alone—that almost every body had some particular Terror—some favourite Fear—as he called it—either of Thieves, or Fire, or Mad Dogs or something—I have none said I; why no replied he nor I neither:—I speak Madam only of *vulgar Souls*: and yet I think Spirits are the Things I am generally most in Dread of: but said I you are not much in dread of them methinks; for you lye without a Light in your Room, and you are for ever walking about both House & Gardens in the Dark—as if on purpose to encounter them. To be sure my Dearest replies Mr Johnson I am not afraid of Spirits *at all*; yet I think if I was to be afraid of anything it *would be* of Spirits.—

Now all this put me in Mind of what Beauclerck said at Bright-helmstone, that Johnson was afraid of Spirits;⁴ and I suppose

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 294.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 278. In Boswell's version of this (*Life*, ii. 194 and n. 2) she is rebuked for transforming a flea into a mouse.

³ The first Lord Sandys died in 1770. His son married in 1769 Anna Maria King, daughter of James Colebrooke, the banker, and widow of William Paine King, Esq. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 316.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 278.

he has in some humour professed as much; and then, the good humour'd kind Friends he has—explain this *no Fear* of his into Guilt, Cowardice and I know not what; like his telling People in another Whim that he don't know Greek¹—whereas there is no Wit in setting the World against one more than it is; & if it is foolish to say things in *Praise* of one's Self, 'tis foolisher to say Things in *Dispraise*, even when strictly true, which is really not the Case here, either respecting the Ghosts or the Greek.

He used another Expression too sometimes that fretted me: when People abused him in the publick Prints I have heard him say—well! if the Dogs knew me now but half as well as I know myself, they might say Things that *would* vex me; but all *this Stuff* why—what care I for't? now *I* who knew perfectly what that *was* had a mortal Aversion to this Talk.²

Every body knows how little Mr Johnson valued Abuse, Aquila says he non cape Muscas; and he thought that therefore no exalted Character had need to mind it—they teize one says he, but as a Fly stings a horse³

He was however very much nettled by Churchill's Satire⁴ that's certain; for he rejected him from among the Poets when the Booksellers begged him a Place in the Edition they are now⁵ giving in small Volumes—this was I think the only unjust or resentful Thing I ever knew him do, for as to despising Churchill as a Writer—no Man has Pretensions to do it—and Johnson had more Wit to be sure than not to taste the *Prophecy of Famine*⁶

Johnson has been often in the Course of these wretched Gleanings compared to Rousseau; he resembled him however in two Things more important than any I have mentioned yet—his Fear of Death, & his high Notions of the hard Task of Christianity—He never thinks that he has done or can do enough,⁷—and dreads the Time when he shall be beaten with many Stripes—Le vrai Chretien says Jean Jacques—in the same Spirit—trouve tous Jours son Tâche audessus de soi; the whole passage is beautiful

¹ See above, p. 164.

² Johnson had confided his fear of insanity to Mrs. Thrale. See below, p. 384, and n. 4.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 274. *Aquila non capit muscas* is a classic adage.

⁴ In *The Ghost*, Bk. 3, ll. 801 ff., he is satirized, under the name of Pomposo, for taking subscriptions for his Shakespeare and not producing the work, and also for his supposed credulity in believing in the Cock Lane ghost. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 270–1.

⁵ Dec: 1777. Mrs. Thrale. The fifty-six volumes of the booksellers' edition of the poets, for which Johnson had engaged to write the lives, did not appear until 1779.

⁶ Churchill's *Prophecy of Famine, a Scots Pastoral* (1763).

⁷ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 223.

but I have not it by me, & quite on Johnson's Principle.—I shewed it him once and he said so too.—

Seeing the Death of one Sam: Johnson in the Paper last Week, & in a few Days another of the same Name;—why all this will make you low spirited said I; on the contrary returned the Doctor; Death has I hope been glutted with Sam: Johnsons, he has had so many of late, and he will now spare me for some Time to come.¹

Here will I give a Catalogue² of such Writings as I *know* to be his, there are many that I *do not* know—scattered about the World.³

Dictionary—Debates in Parl^t Pitts 1st Speech⁴

Rambler. Confutation of Soame Jennings.

Idler.—Observations on Tea⁵ in the Lit^y Magazine

Papers sign'd T. in the Adventurer, sent thither under the Notion of their being written by D^r Bathurst.

Preface & Notes to Shakespeare.

Preface to the World Displayed.

Preface to Rolts Dict: of Commerce

Rasselas. Life of Blake, Drake, & the K: of Prussia.

False Alarm, Falklands Islands—& Taxation no Tyranny. Patriot

Dedication to Payne's Book of Draughts.

Dedication to Percys Ballads.

Dedication to Burney on Musick.⁶

Dedication to Adams on the Globes.

Travels of Father Lobo—his 1st Work.

Life of Brown, Savage, & Barrettiere.

Hermit of Teneriffe. Project for an Infirmary at Hereford.⁷ Sermons for Strahan & Hervey⁸—I know not how many. Law Lectures for Chambers.⁹

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 275.

² Probably the list referred to above, p. 162.

³ Notes are given only for ambiguous titles or those not in Courtney's *Bibliography*.

⁴ If Mrs. Thrale means Pitt's first speech as 'reported' by Johnson in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, she refers to the report of the debate on the Seaman's bill, on March 10, 1741 (*Gent. Mag.* xi. 562-3). She may have heard from Murphy the story of Johnson's telling at Foote's table that he had written a certain speech of Pitt's which Mr. Francis had just praised. Murphy, *Life of Johnson*, p. 43. For a full account of Johnson's fictitious reporting of the Parliamentary debates (1740-3) see the *Life*, i. 501-12.

⁵ His review of Hanway's *Essay on Tea*, in the *Literary Magazine*, No. xiii, pp. 161-7.

⁶ Dr. Powell discovered Johnson's authorship of the Dedication (addressed to the Queen) of Burney's *History of Music* (1776) from other evidence. See *Life*, iv. 546-7.

⁷ A contribution to Dr. T. Talbot's *Address to the nobility . . . of Hereford* (1774). See E. L. McAdam's and A. T. Hazen's article in the *Huntington Library Quarterly*, April 1940.

⁸ His sermons for the Rev. George Strahan have not survived. One sermon by the Rev. Henry Hervey (who took the name of Aston in 1744), published in 1745 under the title *A Sermon Preached at the Cathedral of St. Paul* (on May 2, 1745), has been identified by Dr. Powell, from this original hint in *Thraliana*, and from evidence of style, as from Johnson's pen. 'Dr. Johnson and a Friend', *The Times*, November 25, 1938.

⁹ Confirming evidence that Johnson helped Chambers during 1766-7 in writing his lectures for the Vinerian professorship of law at Oxford is found in Johnson's recently recovered pocket diary (see above, p. 158, n. 5). The entry for April 9, 1767, crossed out but legible, reads: 'I returned from helping Chambers at Oxford.' See also Johnson's letters to Chambers in December, 1766, and January, 1767, in the R. B. Adam *Catalogue*, i. 29. Chambers's nephew published one of the lectures in 1824, with the title *A Treatise on Estates and Tenures*, which bears stylistic evidence of Johnson's composition. E. L. McAdam, 'Johnson's Law Lectures for Chambers', *Review of English Studies*, xv. 385-9.

some things in the Visitor.¹ The Tale of Floretta or the three Fountains in Miss Williams's Miscellanies. Letters in the Gazetteer about Black Fryars Bridge²—Plan for the Coronation.³ Irene—Prologue to the opening of the Theatre. D^o to the Goodnatured Man, d^o for Kelly's Widow,⁴ D^o for Milton's Grand-

daughter. Vanity of human Wishes. London, Busy curious Thirsty Fly made Latin w^{ch} Langton has, & some Latin Verses to D^r Lawrence. & a Copy of Verses in Dodsley⁵ which he never would tell me, though he trusted me with Secrets of far greater Importance.⁶—

One Evening as I was giving my Tongue Liberty to praise M^r Johnson to his Face; a favour he would not often allow me he said in high good humour; come! you shall draw up my Character your own Way, & shew it me; that I may see what you will say of me when I am gone. at Night I wrote as follows—⁷

It is usual—I know not why, when a Character is given, to begin with a Description of the Person:—that which contained the Soul of M^r Johnson, deserves to be particularly described. His Stature was remarkably high, and his Limbs exceedingly large; his Strength was more than common I believe, & his Activity was greater than his Size gave one Cause to expect. his Features were strongly marked, though his Complexion was fair, a Circumstance somewhat unusual: his Sight was near, and otherwise imperfect, yet his Eyes though of a light blue Colour were so wild, so piercing, and at Times so fierce; that Fear was I believe the first Emotion in the hearts of all his Beholders.—

His Mind was so Comprehensive that no Language but his own could have express'd its Contents, & so ponderous was his Language that Sentiments less lofty & less solid than his was; would have been encumbered, not adorned by it:—M^r Johnson was however no pompous Converser, & though he was accused of using big Words, it was only when little ones would not express his meaning as clearly, or when the Elevation of the thought would

¹ *The Universal Visiter and Memorialist* (1756). Johnson's contributions were: 'Further Thoughts on Agriculture'; 'Reflections on the Present State of Literature'; 'A Dissertation on the Epitaphs written by Pope'. Boswell, *Life*, i. 306.

² In the *Daily Gazetteer*, on December 1, 8, and 15, 1759. *Life*, i. 351–2; Courtney, op. cit., p. 98.

³ Johnson's contribution to John Gwynn's *Thoughts on the Coronation of his present Majesty, King George the Third* (1761). See Boswell, *Life*, i. 361; Courtney, op. cit., p. 100; R. W. Chapman, 'Johnsonian Bibliography 1750–1765', *Colophon*, pt. xvi.

⁴ Cf. above, p. 162, n. 13.

⁵ The only verses in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* known to be from Johnson's pen are *London*, the *Prologue* for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, and the *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

⁶ Another allusion to Johnson's confiding in her his fears of insanity. See above, p. 203, and below, p. 384, and n. 4.

⁷ The following character sketch, through 'some fit Corner of the Happy Valley' (p. 208), was transferred entire, with minor additions and changes, to the *Anecdotes*, pp. 343–50.

have been disgraced by a Dress less superb. He used to say that the size of a mans Understanding might always be known by his Mirth, and his own was never contemptible: he would laugh at a Stroke of Absurdity, or a Saillie of genuine Humour more heartily than I almost ever saw a man, and though the Jest was often such as few felt besides himself, yet his Laugh was irresistible, & was observed immediately to produce that of the Company, not merely from the notion that it was proper to laugh when he did, but purely for want of Power to forbear it. He was no Enemy to Splendour of Apparel, or Pomp of Equipage; Life he would say sometimes is but too barren with all her Trappings, let us therefore be cautious how we strip her. Mr Johnson had indeed when I knew him first looked on Life till he was weary; for as a Mind slow in its own nature, or unenlivened by Information will contentedly read in the same Book for twenty Times perhaps; the very Effort of reading it, being more than half the Business; & every Period being at every Reading better understood; while a Mind more active or more skilful to comprehend its meaning is made sincerely sick at the second Perusal: so a Soul like his, acute to discern the Truth, vigorous to embrace, and powerful to retain it, soon sees enough of the World's dull Prospect, which at first like that of the Sea pleases by its Extent, but soon like that too fatigues from its Uniformity: a Calm and a Storm being the only Variations which the Nature of either will admit of. Of Mr Johnson's Learning the World has been the Judge, and were I to produce a score of his sayings as a Proof of his Wit, it would be like shewing a handful of Oriental Pearl to evince the Riches of the great Mogul. Suffice it at once that he was great on all Occasions, and like a Cube in Architecture you beheld him on each Side, & his Size still appeared undiminished. The heart of this Man was however not a hard one; but susceptible of Gratitude, & of every kind impression: yet tho' he had refined his Sensibility he had not endangered his Quiet by encouraging in himself a Solicitude about Trifles, which he treated with the neglect they Deserve. It is well known that Mr Johnson had a roughness in his Manner which subdued the saucy & terrified the Meek; this was when I knew him the prominent Part of a Character which few durst venture to approach so nearly, & which was for that Reason in many Respects—so grossly, and so frequently mistaken, & it was perhaps peculiar to him, that the noble Consciousness of Superiority which animated his Looks, and raised his Voice in Conversation; cast likewise an impenetrable Veil over him when he said nothing, his Talk had therefore com-

monly the Complexion of Arrogance, his Silence of Superciliousness: he was however seldom inclined to be silent when any Moral or Literary Subject was proposed, & it was on such Occasions that like the Sage in *Rasselas* he spoke & Attention watched his Lips; he reason'd and Conviction closed his periods.¹ if Poetry was talked of, his Quotations were the readiest; & had he not been eminent for more solid & brilliant Qualities, Mankind would have united to extol his extraordinary Memory. his manner of repeating too deserves to be described tho' at the same [time] it defeats all Power of Description. His Equity in giving the Character of another ought not undoubtedly to be omitted in his own, whence Partiality and Prejudice were totally excluded; a Steadiness of Conduct the more to be commended, as no Man had stronger Likings or Aversions. His Veracity was indeed on all occasions strict even to severity; he scorned to embellish a Story with fictitious Circumstances which he used to say took off from its real Value; a Story says Johnson " "should be a Specimen of Life and Manners; but if the surrounding Circumstances are false, as it is no longer any Representation of Reality it is no longer worthy our Attention" ".—

For the rest; that Beneficence which during his Life increased the Comforts of so many, may after his Death be ungratefully forgotten; but that Piety which dictated the serious Papers in the *Rambler* will be for ever remembred, for ever I think—revered. That ample Repository of religious Truth, moral Wisdom & accurate Criticism breathes indeed the genuine Emanations of its Author's Mind; express'd too in a Style so natural to him, & So much like his common Mode of conversing, that I was myself not much astonished when he told me, that he had scarcely read over one of those inimitable Essays before they were sent to the Press. I will add one peculiarity before I finish his Character: Tho' a man of obscure Birth, His partiality to People of Family was visible on every Occasion: his Zeal for Subordination warm even to Bigotry, his hatred for Innovation & Reverence for the old feudal Times, apparent whenever any possible means of shewing them occurred. I have spoken of his Piety, his Charity & his Truth; the Enlargement of his Heart, & the Delicacy of his Sentiments: & when I search for the Blemishes in a Character so compleat none will present itself to my Sight, but Pride modified differently, as different Opportunities shewed it in different Forms; yet his Pride was ever nicely purified at once from meanness and from Vanity—The mind of M^r Johnson was indeed expanded beyond

¹ *Rasselas'* words about the philosopher in Chap. 18.

the common Limits of human Nature, & stored with such variety of Knowledge that I used to think it resembled a Royal Pleasure Ground, where every Tree of every Name & Nation, flourished in the full perfection of their Nature; & where tho' lofty Woods & falling Cataracts first caught the Eye, & fixed the Attention of Beholders, yet neither the trim Parterre, nor the pleasing Shrubbery; nor even the antiquated Evergreens were denied a Place in some fit Corner of the happy Valley.—When I shewed him his Character next day—for he would see it; he said it was a very fine Piece of Writing; and that I had improved upon *Young* who he saw was my *Model* he said; for my Flattery was still stronger than *his*, & yet somehow or other less *hyperbolic*.

of James Harris Dedication to his *Hermes* he said that tho' but 14 Lines long, there were 6 Grammatical faults in it.

Of Elphinstone's specimen of *Martial*¹ he said, there was too much Folly in them for Madness, and too much Madness for Folly.

I had in some humour in the Year 1768 imitated one of *Martial*'s Epigrams² myself in the Character of

Doctor Johnson

here it is

Swelling with Envy see some Wretch appears,
While hourly quoted Ramblers grieve his Ears;
Swelling with Envy eyes the crowded Park,
Where Shrugs significant my Person mark;
Swelling with Envy sees one Pension paid
To conscious Worth that scorns the flattering Trade;
Swelling with Envy sees the calm Retreat
That Streatham's Shades afford my weary Feet,
Swelling with Envy hears the meaner Fame
That Johnson's Court³ to Johnson owes its Name;³
Swelling with Envy sees each Friend I love
Pleas'd while corrected, & while check'd—approve:
Swelling with Envy which affords no Pow'r
To damp the Pleasures of my social Hour
See him with Envy swelled, and Spleen accurst,
But if he *swells* with Envy—let him *burst*.

When Tom Warton published his Poems in Jan: 1777.—nobody read 'em—Warton's Poems are *come out* says Mr Johnson;

¹ For Strahan's attempt to suppress his brother-in-law's translation, see Boswell, *Life*, iii. 258. A copy of the Proposals for printing it survives among 'Leaflets from the Thrale Collection', in the Rylands Library.

² 76: Epigram of the 9: Book Rumpitur Invidia. *Mrs. Thrale*. It is actually the 97th epigram of Bk. 9.

³ He lodged in Johnson's Court—so called I believe because he lodged in it. *Mrs. Thrale*.

yes replied I, & this cold Weather has *struck them in* again: I have written Verses to abuse them says he, but I can repeat but two or three of them, & those you must say nothing of, for I love Thomas look you—tho' I laugh at him.¹

here they are.

Wheresoe'er I turn my View,
All is strange, yet nothing new;
Endless Labour all along,
Endless Labour to be wrong;
Phrase that Time has flung away,
Uncouth Words in Disarray:
Trickt in Antique Ruff and Bonnet,
Ode and Elegy and Sonnet.²

Baretti and I were talking one Day of the Art of Improvisation: Johnson says he, can do it as well as any Italian of us all if he pleases; I once repeated him these Lines of an Improvisatore spoken when the Duke of Modena ran away for Fear of the Comet

Se al venir vostro i Principi sen' vanno,
Deh venga ogni Di,—durate un Anno.—

which he instantly rendered thus—

If at your coming—Princes disappear,
Comets come every day—and stay a Year.³

These foolish French Verses too—in a Pantomime.

Je suis Cassandre descendu des Cieux
Pour vous faire entendre—Mesdames et Messieurs,
Que Je suis Cassandre deçendu des Cieux.—

which he translated thus—Improviso.

I am Cassander, come down from the Sky,
To tell each Bystander—what none can deny
That I am Cassander come down from the Sky.⁴

¹ Long after this, he, in Scorn of the same Author Tom Warton, composed extempore the following comical Lines.

I.

Hermit hoar in solemn Cell
Wearing out Life's Evning grey,
Strike thy Bosom Sage and tell
Where is Bliss & which the way.

2.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd
Scarce repress'd the starting Tear;
When the hoary Sage replied
Come my Lad, and drink some Beer.

These Verses have of late run about the Town—I gave them Pepys and he has shew'd off with them for a whole Winter. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 193.

² Cf. *ibid.*, p. 190.

³ Cf. *ibid.*, p. 194.

⁴ Cf. *ibid.*

Another more humourous Instance of his Powers of Improvisation. I was praising these Verses of Lope de Vega.¹

Se a quien los Leones vence,
Vence una Muger hermosa;
El de mas flaco s'averguence
O ella de ser mas furiosa.

they are well enough replied Johnson, but the Conceit is not clear: the Lady as we all know does not conquer as the Lyon does—'tis merely a Play of Words as if I should say

If the Man who Turneps cries
Cry not when his Father dies;
'Tis a Sign that he had rather
Have a Turnep than a Father.

This is of the same Species of Humour as his reply to Sheridan who was commending with ridiculous Vehemence the following Line

Who rules oer Freemen should himself be free:²

to be sure Sir replied Johnson hastily and

Who drives fat Oxen should himself be fat.³

He likewise translated those Pretty Italian Lines of Mr Baretto at the End of the small Talk⁴ very elegantly and all in a Minute

Viva Viva la Padrona!
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
La Padrona un Angiolella
Tutta buona & tutta bella,
Tutta bella & tutta buona
Viva Viva la Padrona!—

Long may live my lovely Hetty!
Always Young and always pretty;
Always pretty, always Young,
Live my lovely Hetty long;
Always Young & always pretty
Long may live my lovely Hetty!⁵

And this Year 1777⁶ when I told him it was my Birthday & that

¹ In Book IV of his pastoral romance, *Arcadia* (Obras, Madrid, 1777) vi. 349. The third line should read: 'O él de flaco se averguence.'

² Brooke's *Earl of Essex*, Act I.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 193.

⁴ *Easy Phraseology for the use of young Ladies who intend to learn the colloquial Part of the Italian Language* (1775), originally written as a text-book for Queeney Thrale. See below, p. 316, n. 3.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 194 and below, p. 877 and n. 1.

⁶ See above, p. 3, n. 1. Croker, was right in assigning this date, though he gave no precise evidence for it. Boswell, *Life*, ed. Croker (1831), iii. 463.

I was then thirty five Years old—He repeated me these Verses which I wrote down from his Mouth as he made them.

Oft in Danger yet alive
 We are come to Thirty five;
 Oft may better Years arrive,
 Better Years than thirty five:
 Could Philosophers contrive,
 Life to stop at Thirty five,
 Time his hours should never drive
 O'er the bounds of Thirty five:
 High to soar and deep to dive
 Nature gives at Thirty five:
 Ladies—stock and tend your Hive,
 Trifle not at Thirty five!
 For howeer we boast and strive
 Life declines from Thirty five;
 He that ever hopes to thrive
 Must begin by Thirty five;
 And those who wisely wish to wive
 Must look on *Thrale* at Thirty five.—¹

This Italian Song too of Metastasio² as Baretti and I were commending it—he turned into English instantly

Deh! se piacermi vuoi
 Lascia i Sospetti tuoi,
 Non mi turbar con questa
 Molesta dubitar:
 Chi ciecamente crede
 Impegna a serbar Fede;
 Chi sempre Inganno aspetta,
 Alletta ad Ingannar.

as Thus—

Would you hope to gain my heart,
 Bid your teizing Doubts depart;
 He who blindly trusts will find
 Faith from ev'ry generous Mind,
 He who still expects Deceit,
 Only teaches how to cheat.³

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 259–60.

² *La Clemenza di Tito*, i. ii. For *turbar*, read *stancar*; for *questa*, *questo*; for *molesta*, *molesto*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 261.

³ Likewise the famous *Rio Verde* of the Spanish Poet which he render'd Impromptu thus

Glassy Water, Glassy Water
 Down whose Current clear & strong
 Chiefs confus'd in mutual Slaughter
 Moor and Christian roll along.

perhaps this is mention'd elsewhere. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 192. Percy printed the

Another favourite Passage too in the same Author; which Baretti made his Pupil—my eldest Daughter get by heart—Johnson translated into Blank Verse—*sur le Champ*: Baretti wrote it down from his Lips, and I write it now from Baretti's Copy, which is almost worne out with lying by in the folds.—

Parlata D'Emirena al falso Cortigiano Aquilio¹—

Ah! tu in Corte invecchiasti, e giurerei
Che fra i pochi non sei tenace ancora²
Dell' antica Onestà! Quando bisogna
Saprai, sereno in Volto
Vezzeggiare un Nemico. Acciò vi cadà
Aprirgli innanzi un³ Precipizio; e poi
Piangerne la Caduta. Offirti a tutti
E non esser che tuo: Di false Lodi
Vestir le Accuse, ed aggravar le Colpe
Nel farne la difesa—Ognor dal Trono
I buoni allontanar—D'ogni castigo
Lasciar l'odio allo Scettro & d'ogni dono
Il Merito usurpar: tener nascosto
Sotto un Zelo apparente un empio fine
Ne fabbricar che sulle altrui Rovine.⁴

Emirena's Speech in the Opera of Adriano by Metastasio.

Grown old in Courts, thou art not surely one
That keeps the rigid Rules of ancient Honor;
Well skill'd to sooth a foe with Looks of Kindness,
To sink the fatal Precipice before them
And then lament their Fall with seeming Friendship,
Open to all, true only to thyself,
Thou knowst those Arts which blast with envious Praise
Which aggravate a Fault with feign'd Excuse,
And drive discountenanc'd Virtue from the Throng.⁵
That leave the blame of Rigour to the Prince,
And yet of every Gift usurp the Merit;
That hide in seeming Zeal a wicked purpose
And only build upon another's Ruin—⁶

original, with a translation, in his *Reliques* (1765), i. 318 and may have intended to include it in his projected 'Ancient Songs chiefly on Moorish Subjects', which was set up but not published until the Clarendon Press brought it out in 1932. See D. N. Smith's Preface, p. xvi.

¹ Metastasio's *Adriano*, II. i.

² Read:

'Tu, che in corte invecchiasti,
Non dovresti invidiarne. Io giurerei
Che fra' pochi non sei tenaci ancora.'

³ Read *il*.

⁴ Read *che su l'altrui ruine*.

⁵ Emended, correctly, to 'throne' in *Anecdotes*.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 161-2.

The Verses too which—with the true Gratitude of a Wit—Johnson made at my Lord Anson's,¹—when the Owner with great Politeness walked over the Grounds with him, & shewed him among other Things—a Temple to the Winds—were done Improviso and are pretty enough

Gratum Animum laudo; qui debuit omnia *Ventis*
Quam bene ventorum, surgere *Templa* jubet.²

The following famous Epigram of Dryden's³ likewise is elegantly Latinized in the six following Lines.

Quos laudet Vates, Graius, Romanus et Anglus,
Tres tria temporibus Secla dedere suis:
Sublime Ingenium Graius, Romanus habebat
Carmen grande sonans; Anglus utrumque tulet⁴
Nil majus Natura capet⁵ clarare priores,
Quæ potuere duos, tertius unus habet.

And when somebody was praising Benserade's Verses a son Lit

Theatre des Ris et des Pleurs,
Lit ou je nais et ou je meurs;
Tu nous fait⁶ voir comment Voisins,
Sont nos Plaisirs et nos Chagrins.

he instantly cry'd out—

In Bed we laugh, in Bed we cry,
And born in Bed—in Bed we dye,
The near Approach a Bed may shew
Of human Bliss to human Woe.⁷

The Inscription upon Mr Banks's Goat's Collar too is exquisite—She had been on two of his Adventurous Expeditions⁸ with him, and he at last hired or bought a Field for her somewhere in Kent, where She was to graze in Peace for the remainder of her Life—he put her on a Collar however, & these two Lines were written round it by Mr Johnson at Banks's Request.

Perpetui ambita bis Terra, premia lactis
Hæc habet altrici Capra, secunda Jovis.—

One Night in Feb: 1771. or later in the Spring—Oratorio Season I made Mr Johnson go with me to one we sate in a Side Box. he soon however left off listening to the Musick but said

¹ Admiral George Anson, who became Baron Anson of Sorberton in Hants, in 1747.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 195–6.

³ The lines to Milton. Cf. *ibid.*, p. 196.

⁴ Read *tulit*.

⁵ Read *capit*.

⁶ Read *fais*.

⁷ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 195.

⁸ Joseph Banks, the naturalist accompanied Cook on only one of his voyages, in 1768–71. For the reading 'perpetui', see Boswell, *Life*, ii. 492. Cf. also *Anecdotes*, p. 195.

little, so I thought he was minding it: when we came home however he repeated me the following Verses which he had been composing at the Play house it seems.¹

In Theatro.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustr
Quid theatrales tibi Crispe pompe!²
Quam decet Canos male literatos
Sera Voluptas.

Tene mulceri fidibus canori?³
Tene cantorum moduli⁴ stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo Elegante
Currere formas?

Inter equales⁵ sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus inter
Rectius vives, sua quisque carpet⁶
Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis
Luxus oblectat Juvenam⁷ theatri
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

I took it into my Head I could imitate these Verses, so I tried the next Morning, & shewed Mr Johnson my Performance:—he rather commended all but the last Stanza—which he said was too wide from the Original.

Here they are.

When Threescore Years have chang'd thee quite
Still can Theatric Scenes delight?
Ill suits this Place with learned Wight
May Bates or Coulson⁸ cry.

The Scholar's Pride can Brent disarm?⁹
His Heart can soft Guadagni warm?
Or Scenes with sweet delusion charm
The Climacterick Eye?

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 196–7. The corrections noted below are made in the *Anecdotes* version.

² *pompæ*.

³ *canoris*.

⁴ *modulis*.

⁵ *æquales*.

⁶ *carpat*.

⁷ *Juvenem*.

⁸ two of his old College Companions at Oxford. *Mrs. Thrale*. Coulson is, of course, Mr. Coulson of University College (see above, p. 162), whom Mrs. Thrale had visited with Johnson on their way home from Wales in 1774 (*Life*, v. 459), but no one named Bates seems to have been registered at Oxford during Johnson's residence. A Richard Bates, or Bate, of Kniver, Staffordshire, entered Merton in 1730, and graduated B.A. in 1734. *Alumni Oxonienses*, 1715–1886.

⁹ Charlotte Brent and Guadagni were favourite singers of the period.

To M^{rs} Thrale on her presenting the Author with a Gold Pen.¹—

1.

Such Implements though fine and splendid
Report says ne'er write well:
With common Fame that Truth is blended
Let this Example tell.

2:

If bounteous Thrale could thus transfer
Her Learning Sense and Wit;
Who would not wish a Gift from her,
Who—not to beg—submit?

3:

Paupers from Grubstreet at her Gate
Would crowd both young and old;
Who day and Night would supplicate
For Thoughts—not Pens of Gold.

4:

But not alone the Gift of Tongues
The Muse's Grace and Favour;
Enrich her Prose and to her Songs
Afford the Attick Flavour;

5.

The Virtues all around her wait
T'infuse their Influence mild;
And ev'ry Duty regulate
Of Parent, Wife and Child:

6

Within her Bosom Friendship glows
With unexampled Zeal;
While Piety its Balm bestows
Each mental Wound to heal:

7.

Such Judgement to direct each Storm,
Each Hurricane to weather;
A Mind so pure—a Heart so warm
How seldom found together!

To these Compliments I returned the following Answer.

1.

When Wits with sportive Malice aim
To speed the Shaft that flies;
Tis Love of Praise that bears the blame
And those that blame are wise.

¹ October 7: at Brighthelmstone Sussex. *Mrs. Thrale.*

2.

When Female Levity and Youth
Run wild a Thousand Ways;
Each Stander-by—with equal Truth
Arraigns the Love of Praise.

3.

But Praises when by Virtue given
To Virtue are assign'd;
They light like Harbingers from Heav'n
And fix the wavring Mind.

4.

Should smooth Prosperity betray
To Indolence and Ease;
Or Sorrow blind the well known Way
We once could find to please.

5.

'Tis then that recollected Fame
Decides our future Days;
And Virtue with an humbler Name
Becomes the Love of Praise.—

Doctor Burney's Character is drawn in the last Volume, so I will say no more of Him than that it appears to me, he could write admirable Verses had he Leisure and Inclination so to do. He has shewn me in Confidence a little Poem partly on the Plan & in the Spirit of the Dunciad in which are some exquisite Strokes of Satire well express'd, with great fertility of Allusion too, & his personified Characters of Science, Wit, and Taste, are as happily finished as 'tis possible—I remember among other Passages that Taste says

I steer the Poet like a Polar Star
Thro' Heav'n or Hell, in Earth in Sea or Air;
His wild Effusions temper and controul
And lop Luxuriance from his lavish Soul.

then going on—I have not the Lines by me to turn to—he mentions the Writer against whom his Satire is levelled, and observes towards the Close of his little harangue, that

—Sure that Man's to Malice strangely prone
Who thus a Being hates *he ne'er has known*.

The Portrait of Science is drawn with a masterly hand a Painter might paint from it—& as he read it me in the Post Chaise one Day I fancied it resembled M^{rs} Montagu. The Verses which close the Poem however, though they did not strike me more, I better

remember, & will write down. They are full of Wit surely—or I know not what Wit is. The Books he abuses are carried to Fleet Ditch

. with public Approbation
 Inflict—by means uncommon—Suffocation
 Though hard it seems such buoyant Things to drown,
 No Reader ever yet could get them down;
 Yet spite of Cobwebs, Sweepings, Idle Stories,
 Foundations weak of Midas' future Glories;
 With so much Lead about the labour'd Work,
 They must have sunk in Jackets made of Cork.
 And when as sentenc'd—in Fleet Ditch they're hurl'd,
 The Lake Oblivion of this nether World;
 Where all the Refuse of Terrestrial Things,
 Hateful to Sense each neighboring Mortal flings:
 No force Centrifugal creates a Pause,
 With Speed exceeding Gravitation's Laws,
 Through Water Mud and Dirt they rapid pass,
 And penetrate the most obdurate Mass,—
 Each different Stratum of the Globe they enter,
 Nor stop one Instant till they reach the Centre.¹

The Doctor told me a comical Story one Day of some Nobleman I forgot whom, who had long patronized Stanley the famous Organist, and in consequence of favours granted, sent to him when he was to have a Concert at his House for Select Company on some Occasion, to request of him that some Person might be admitted whom Stanley did not approve of: the Musician therefore in a Spirit of Independance or Insolence or what you will—sent My Lord a Refusal, which he was that moment foaming with Passion over—when Mr Greville² came in, and seeing his Friend much agitated asked him what was the matter; Why that Scoundrel Stanley says he after all my kindness to him refuses me a Ticket I ask'd for—but I don't care, I'll go to Burney's House tomorrow;—where the Dr had a Rival Concert,—and that I know will vex him.—Vex him indeed! replies the other laughing, I think it would vex a Man to have his house burnt.—Vex him! in good Time! what a Passionate Creature you are now. to go burn his house or even talk of it for such a Trifle.—

I told the Doctor the following Story one Day—it is a true one I am sure, for my Mother who related it to me was present—Lady Fowler, wife to Sir Rich'd Fowler³ of Abecombere first Cousin to my Mother had taken her out a' visiting one Evening when She was a Young Woman—The Lady at whose House they were,

¹ This was never published.

² Fulke Greville, Burney's first patron.

³ The son of Mrs. Salusbury's aunt, Mary Cotton, daughter of Sir Robert Cotton, the first baronet. Burke, *Extinct Peerage*.

finding I guess that Conversation ran low, said her Servant—A Man out of Livery—was eminent for his Skill in Singing & playing on the German Flute; Shall we call him in Madam added she to amuse us? Not into the Room with *me* Ma'am replies my proud Relation Lady Fowler; but if there is any Place *out of Sight* from whence one may hear the Fellow I shall make no Objection—What is *under* this Room pray? The Coal hole Madam says the other. Oh then cries Lady Fowler let Him sing in the *Coal hole*. when I told Burney the Story Why this was sending Orpheus once more to the *Regions below* said he.

I told Dr Burney I would have his little Son Dick to spend some holy days here with my Children when he was gone; What is the Joke of that says Mr Johnson? why a Classical Joke replied I if any:—for you know Ricciardetto succeeded to Berni.¹

Burney took his Daughter a Child of 13 Years old to France; when She was at Paris her Mama & Sister went about and amused themselves, but often if not always left her at the Lodgings with the Maid: one Evening the Dr recommended it to his Family to keep a Journal of what passed while they were abroad—and what *can I* put in my Journal Papa says Susan—I can only tell how many Shifts go to the Wash every Week.²

My Daughter Susan a Girl of seven Years old—said to me yesterday when we had done reading—I like this Book prodigiously Ma'am; the Story of the Earthquake was very dismal, and that of the Dwarf very comical; 'tis better Sport to hear of such Things than to read that stupid Book about *Sympathy & Poetical Language* written by the Man there with a *Woman's* Name—Doctor *Betty* as you call him—She meant Dr *Beattie* whose book³ Mrs Cumyns—her Governess had been foolish enough to put into her hands.

¹ *Ricciardetto* was a burlesque poem by Nicolo Forteguerra (1674–1735), of the genre originated by Francesco Berni (1490?–1536). The jest is alluded to in a letter written by Dr. Burney to Mrs. Thrale in the following month (January 11, 1778), concerning her and Dr. Johnson's efforts to get Dick Burney into Winchester: 'Heaven Grant that the Ricciardetto may become worthy of such patronage! I am wholly in leading strings as to the disposal of this Dicky-bird. He shall certainly go no more to Hendon if he can be received at Winchester after the Holidays. . . .' Broadley, pp. 127–8. Cf. also Boswell, *Life*, iii. 367.

² This seems to refer to Dr. Burney's trip to Paris in 1764, to place Esther, his oldest daughter, and Susan, his third daughter, in school. A number of confusions occur, however. Dr. Burney was then a widower, his first wife having died in 1761, and his second marriage not taking place until 1767. Susan was not thirteen, but nine years old at the time, and was in delicate health, which was the reason for her being left at home. *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, i. xlv–xlix, lxxv.

³ *An Essay on Poetry and Musick*. Chap. 7 of Pt. i is entitled 'Of Sympathy', and Pt. ii, 'Of the Language of Poetry'.

A Gentleman—one Mr Martin a Surgeon—was reproving his Son for relating some Story of a Gentleman's Marriage which he had read in the Newspaper & quoted from Thence a little Mal à propôs: the Boy was but ten Years old—Pray say nothing says his Father of what you read in the News papers;—for there is *no Truth* in the Newspapers Child—no Truth at all—indeed! cries the Lad after a long Pause—and pray Sir is there actually no such Thing at last as *Pectoral Balsom of Honey*?¹

I wanted Lord Willoughby to dine here one Day—& beg'd Mr Seward to let his Servant—a grave Presbyterian—carry my Card of Invitation: the next Day—I wonder we have heard nothing from him yet said I—Why says Seward I'm sure I sent *Richard*, & he is willing to go *seek the Lord*.

We told Mr Seward of our Neighbour Scott selling his House so ill after laying out a great deal of Money on it—He was *Dunce Scotus* I think replies Seward.

Miss Westley² talked conceitedly & vulgarly: what says I to Seward do you think of her Conversation? I think says he it is Puddle Water in a foam.

Seward & Musgrave were together at our House—these Men says Dr Burney are like Mercury & Saturn.³—

Seward went with us to visit Cator—a purseproud Tradesman coarse in his Expressions, & vulgar in Manners & Pronunciation; though very intelligent, and full both of Money and good sense.—Is not he a *Character*? said I as we came home—Yes replied Seward, and if he was bled & Physicked well, one might endure him so as to gain great information from keeping him Company; but his Voice is so loud, & his manners so rough, that Disgust gets the better of Curiosity.

Seward is however himself a Character; beneficent tho' frigid, and amiable though he does not even wish to be beloved: yet his Moral & Literary Character inspire so much respect, and his

¹ A cough medicine compounded by Sir John Hill, and widely advertised.

² Miss Sarah Wesley, daughter of Charles Wesley, the Methodist. She and her brother Charles, the musical prodigy, were at home in the Thrale-Burney circle. See Dr. Johnson's letters to Queeney (Lansdowne, *Queeney Letters*, p. 11) and Mrs. Thrale (*Letters*, No. 562). Both of Johnson's editors have confused her family with that of John Wesley, her uncle.

³ Seward was Saturn (see below, p. 268) and Musgrave Mercury. He was the 'flashy friend' whom she met at Bath in May 1776, and described to Johnson thus: 'An Irishman he is; very handsome, very hot-headed, loud, and lively, and sure to be a favourite with you, he tells us, for he can live with a man of *ever so odd a temper*.' Piozzi, *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, i. 329. He proposed marriage to Mrs. Thrale after Thrale's death. See below, p. 548.

perpetual ill Health so much Tenderness, that one loves him in spite both of one's self and him. he repeated me these Verses the —other day—I can't think where he picked them up—¹ they seem a prophecy of the present rising State of America.

Westward the Course of Empire takes its way
The four first Acts already past;
The fifth—shall with the Drama close the day
Time's noblest Offspring be the last.

Mr Seward told me today the following strange Story—he heard it when he was in Wales. Mr Pennant—the Naturalist² who has written so much, & is a Man of high Family & Fortune, keeps a Swiss Servant; the Man displeased him in the Morning & he gave him a blow; recollecting himself however three hours after—as they were riding out together, he suddenly dismounted & dropt down on his Knees in the dirt before the astonished Swiss—asking his Pardon for what he had done in a Transport of foolish passion.

I thought this a curious Anecdote & treasuring it up told it to Johnson in hopes he would say something; but finding him mute, well quoth I Sir, what do you think of all this? I think nothing, answered he but that the Man was drunk.

A bon Mot quite in the Spirit of Johnson was said here one Day by Lord Mulgrave; somebody was praising the beds in France—one lies so *soft* said they; but are their beds clean? enquires another—oh no, *soft* however, and that is so comfortable after Fatigue: I find then says My Lord hastily, a Traveller in France lies as comfortably as a Hog in England—& that is the most you can say of it.

Lort told me last Week that in sorting & classing a Friends Library, he had found *Moll Flanders* among the books of Geography—the owner thought it was Moll's³ Maps of Flanders no manner of doubt.

It has been the mode of late to call every thing that's tiresome or disagreeable—a *Bore*, taking the Allusion from an ill bitted Horse, who pulls without meaning, & is heavy in your hand.⁴ Among the many People who *bore* their Friends as it is called with tedious & futile Talk, Mr Holford the Master in Chancery is most eminent; so that he is known now by the Name of *Bore Holford*.—Coll: Bodens was to meet him somewhere at Dinner—but I wish says George that he might be served up with an Apple in his Mouth like any other *Boar*, & so be kept silent.

¹ They are in Berkeley. *Mrs. Thrale*. From 'On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America'.

² Thomas Pennant, who was her distant cousin.

³ Herman Moll, the geographer.

⁴ Possibly from Fr. *bourrer* (to stuff). O.E.D.

Dick Carver the famous humpbacked Man had a new Coat & was shewing it Bodens, 'tis *Camel's hair* says Dick,—I see replies the Colonel—'tis on *the Camel's Back*.

Musgrave told a strange Story of a Coat to day & says he knows it to be true; an Officer of ours in America last War was wounded & beg'd his Life of a French Officer—but I cannot stay to protect you Sir says the Frenchman, as our People & some Indian Troops too are coming on apace; however I will assist you to *turn your Coat* he was a Marine, & had a White Lining,—and that will serve your Purpose—he did so, & lived to tell M^r Musgrave the Story, & its Success.

Says Burney to Seward, our Friend Musgrave methinks has put on the Fetters of Fanny Brown,¹ & they seem to fit him very well:—A Scoundrell!—replies Seward—He has been in all the County Goals in England I believe.

The following Story was told me by Doctor Burney who knew it for a Fact. A Clergyman's Widow at whose House he lived some time used to quarrel so constantly with her Son—a grown up Man—that at last every thing they talked of served for a Cause of Dispute. one Day the Son went muttering out of the Room—the Mother calling out in a louder Tone, I don't know what you say that I don't, but whatever You say *You Lye*.—

I never disputed with my Husband in my Life, but to save my Wood in Wales from being cut down as M^r Thrale apparently intended to do: after about a Week's Intreaties, Tears, and Sullens on my part, he promised me their Lives;² and the next Morning I shewed him and Johnson, (who had helped me fight for them) the following Verses: they are written in Imitation of a Triolet commended by Menage and called *Le Roy des Triolets*³—here is the Original & the Imitation.

Le premier Jour du Mois de Mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma Vie:
Le beau Dessein que Je formai
Le premier Jour du Mois de Mai!
Je vous vu, et vous aimai,
Et ce Dessein vous plût Sylvie:
Le premier Jour du Mois de Mai
Fût le plus heureux de ma Vie.

¹ An intimate of the Streatham household. See below, p. 407, and Fanny Burney's *Diary*, *ssim*.

² The Wood was cut however, and M^r Thrale had 4000*l* for it. and bid me not set my old Bulldog on *him*; for He w^d bear teizing only from a *Lady*. Mrs. Thrale.

³ *Ménagiana*, ii. 350. According to *Ménage*, it was written by M. Ranchin.

T'was the second Morn of May¹
 That my fairest Day begun;
 I shall make a Triolet
 On this second Morn of May;
 Since t'was on that happy Day
 Favour for my Woods I won;
 T'was the second Morn of May
 That my fairest Day begun.—

we had been talking of Triolets the Night before, & whether they would do well in English—they certainly do not well at all.—

We were talking of the Paper War between Foote and the Dutchess of Kingston,² the Man should be punished I think says M^r Thrale; certainly Sir replies the Doctor he should—for how does he differ from a common Robber? except that he presents a Lampoon instead of a Pistol.

Poor Foote is dead at last however,³ & we have a Wit and a Scoundrel the less among us,—Murphy shou'd write his Life Johnson says:—or a *Footeana* at least,⁴ for we shall be pestered with sad Trash, and all going under his Name else.

Lord Westcote told a comical Story the other day, which however had more humour than Wit in it, & is not worth writing down, for that Reason: however—his Lordship it seems recommended a Looby Lad a Tenant's Son, to a Lieutenant of a Man of War; & sent him to Sea at the Parents Request. the Fellow did his Work, & seemed wholly unaffected with his Situation, till one Day in the bay of Biscay—there was a great Storm—seeing his Patron the Lieutenant giving his Orders upon Deck—Eh Measter! exclaimed the Lad be these the Salt Seas?

Pepys told me too a drole thing the same day: he had been commending Hagley in His warm Way, to some Gentleman who did not seem to acquiesce in the manner he expected and at length said it was well enough, or some such starved Commendation: the Master wondered, and took occasion to observe among other

¹ 2^d May 1777. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Foote had allowed it to be known that he intended caricaturing the Duchess as Lady Crocodile, in his *Trip to Calais*, in 1776. She secured the prohibition of the play, and the paper war followed.

³ His death was an indirect result of his quarrel with the Duchess. He satirized one Jackson, a clergyman in the Duchess's pay, as Dr. Viper, in his *Capuchin*. Jackson secured revenge by printing charges of unnatural vice against him, of which he was entirely acquitted by Lord Mansfield at his trial in 1776. His health was shaken by the ordeal, and he died at Dover, on his way to the south of France, on October 21, 1777.

⁴ He said this in a letter of November 3, 1777. *Letters*, No. 561.

Beauties of the place the lovely Inequalities of the Ground—but those Sir replied the other I did not see—for when I was there the *Snows filled up the Hollows*.¹

Pepys says, he was one day talking to an Ostler about a favourite Horse he kept—his Breed, Beauty &c.—

Ah Sir! says the Fellow naively—considering that I have lived thirteen Years in a Stable, 'tis surprizing to think how *little* I *knows* of a Horse.

This should have followed directly after the Salt Seas.—

Seward said he would not be married because he was not in Love—never wait for that said I; no do not Sir cries Johnson, too much Love does as much mischief among married People as too little;—Marriage is more a League at last of Friendship than of Love.

Barretti is in distress I hear; Johnson recommends it to him to write the History of the House of Savoy, and teach Scholars Italian—en attendant—Seward gave him 20 Guineas in the mean Time—for says he the poor old Man quite cried to me—& looked so like Old Marius sitting by the Ruins of Carthage.

Baretti says no Words occur so frequently in the Conversation of an Englishman—as drunk and hanged.

As sixty Seconds make a Minute, & sixty Minutes make an hour so sixty Days² are it seems an Aliquot Part of a Year—the 147th part I find.

A sudden Storm drove the Ladies out of Richmond Gardens one Sunday Evening; Dr Armstrong saw a very pretty Girl tumble down in her haste—so picked her up with bless me Madam! I *thought Heaven* and *Earth* were come together.

I see Mr Johnson and I are abused in the Newspapers most ridiculously for *Rambling Sam* and the *witty Electionora*; one would wonder how such Stuff could seriously grieve any one; yet Cumyns the Quaker died of a broken Heart occasioned by nothing more considerable, as Mr Johnson himself told me who had it from the Man as he lay on his deathbed³—Jennens of Gopsal too I sin-

¹ Cf. above, p. 114.

² She means hours. They form the 146th part of the year.

³ Thomas Cumming, who died at Tottenham on May 29, 1774 (*Gent. Mag.* xliv. 287), was a Quaker merchant of London who had suggested to the British Government what he had hoped would prove a bloodless way of capturing Senegal. He was put in charge of the expedition, and found himself constrained to resort to fighting to achieve his object—an offence

cerely believe lost his Life by being ridiculed in the Critical Review for his Notes upon King Lear:¹ but what can one say to these Things? one Species of Insult offends one Person, another Species hurts his Neighbour—as Gunpowder will kindle only with a Spark, Spirits of Wine only with a Flame.

Captain Conway was one of the most irascible Men I ever knew: he was a very foolish wrong headed Fellow, but had a good Heart; it was from him I first heard the Story of the *three Warnings*² which I turned into Verse, & gave Mr^s Williams—Johnson's blind Woman—to fill up her Book:³ from thence they got—God knows how—into Dodsley's Miscellanies⁴ where they are printed with my Name to them: the Captain said it was a favourite Story with Sir Charles Wager, of whom he learned it.

Captain Conway had two pretty Daughters: somebody said of 'em at Margate one Summer—that Molly Conway was the *Belle* of the Place, & her Sister Sally the *Clapper*.

One may learn some thing of every body: that simple Soul Captain Conway told me once that if it rained at Time of Flood, it was sure to clear up when it came to high Water, I watched the Weather this Season at Brighton and never found the Observation to fail.

Herbert Lawrence said of Captain Conway that he was like a Man who had been drown'd, & then set on his Head; which so displaced all his Ideas that they never could get settled again.⁵

Captain Conway heard Johnson joking on the Scotch one Day—Ay Sir said he that was a pretty Epigram written by some clever Fellow which began thus

Had Scot been Lot,—

No, No, hang it, it is—

Had Lot been Scot,

against his religious principles, for which he suffered in conscience. This may be the anonymous charge here referred to. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 274.

¹ Charles Jennens published a critical edition of *King Lear* in 1770, which was savagely reviewed by the *Critical Review* in December (xxx. 436). Jennens then published in 1772 *A Vindication of King Lear from the Abuse of the Critical Reviewers*, which in turn was harshly reviewed by the *Critical Review* (xxxiv. 475-9). Jennens died on November 20, 1773. *Gent. Mag.* xliiii. 582.

² He used to tell it very awkwardly too, but said it was a favourite after Dinner Story with S^r Charles Wager, who I trust related it awkwardly likewise. *Somebody* must have told it *him*: it does nicely in *Verse* for a *Tale*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Her *Miscellanies*, published in 1766. She contributed also 'Boileau to his Gardener', of which a MS. copy remains, in her handwriting, in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 646.

⁴ Pearch's Supplement to Dodsley's *Collection* (1770), iii. 258.

⁵ Cf. above, p. 131.

I believe—but I don't find that does right neither—plague on't 'tis something about Scot & Lot too.

He meant to repeat the following well known Distich

Had Cain been Scot, God had revers'd his Doom,
Not caus'd him wander, but confin'd at home.

This mighty Matter however the poor Captⁿ never could get through.

The Captⁿ however one Day at our House was haranguing away about a Nautical Almanack, & speaking of somebody whom he thought ill of, called him a *Birmingham Pilot*—there was present a Dissenting Teacher—who weary of the Talk called out rather abruptly—Pray Sir what's that?—Why a Parson that is no Parson replies the Seaman, who teaches his Followers in a Church that is no Church—a Meeting House for example—such People as intrude on a Profession they are not bred to & teach Men a road they know not themselves; Such Fellows are Birmingham Pilots.¹—

Our favourite Dog was sick and like to dye—Hester desired I would write his Epitaph, and bury him under a little Pippin Tree which her Brother had planted, whose Dog he originally was. I gave her these four Lines

This Pippin Tree poor Harry planted
Which once supplied him all he wanted;
And now affords both Shade and Rest to
His little faithful Fav'rite *Presto*.²

3: Jan: 1778.] There is now a great Talk about the Town of a War with France,³ which added to that we are employ'd in already, is to cause—say the Croakers—a National Bankruptcy: when Louis 14th lost Power faster than he had gained it, and the Tide of Success ran in favour of the Allies—some Publick Fasts were ordered, Charities bestowed, & bons Œuvres were strongly recommended by the Clergy in France: Two great Ladies of the Court unwilling not to appear interested in the publick Calamity; consulted together what *bons Œuvres* they should perform—says one of them after a Pause—Nous ferons jeuner nos Valets!

We were speaking of theatrical Delusion, & whether any of the Audience ever were really even for a Moment perswaded that what they were either laughing or lamenting about was Matter of Fact:

¹ *Birmingham*, or *Brummagen*, is recognized by the *O.E.D.* as a slang synonym for 'sham'.

² Presto did not dye till many Years after; I have heard that he expired at Brighton. *Mrs. Thrale*. This note was added after her marriage to Piozzi and separation from Hester, who then lived at Brighton.

³ Because of its espousal of the American cause.

Johnson said every body knew fast enough that it was a *Show*, that they gave Money to see the Show, and that there was no Illusion in the Case—they knew he said that M^r Garrick & M^{rs} Cibber would take Care not to hurt themselves, when they pretended to kill or be killed, and denied that the Stage Artifices had any Chance to be supposed Realities by even the lowest Understanding in the place.¹

To contradict this Assertion M^r Murphy told the following Story, and appealed for the real Truth of it to M^r Thrale:—You knew says he M^{rs} Cantillon—was She an Idiot?—rather a *Sly Woman* than a foolish one, replied the other—well then continued Murphy with M^{rs} Cantillon I went to the Play once; it was to Othello—when we returned I asked her what She thought of it.—Why says She I think the Woman was a fool to lye a Bed there so quiet, & let the Black a moor throttle her: Was there nothing *under the Bed* She could have *throw'd* at him?²

I then told a Story to the same purpose of Lady Cotton my Uncle Sir Lynch Cotton's Wife with whom my Mother & myself went one Night to the Play—it was Fletcher's Dioclesian³ where the dead Emperor's Tent stands a considerable Time upon the Stage, the Officers going forth & back as if to receive Orders, but to let the Audience into the Secret they held their Noses always as they came out—This says my Mother is a long dull Scene; I am tired of this stinking Emperour: does he stink Sister? says my Aunt;—Yes Yes why don't you see the Men hold their Noses as they come out of the Tent—Lord have mercy exclaim'd Lady Cotton, perhaps he died of the Smallpox, & if he did—I won't stay in the house a Moment: She had then never had the Disorder.

My Housekeeper's Daughter too I sent one Evening to the Play—it was False Delicacy a Comedy written by Kelly: I asked how She liked it at her return: very well Madam said She: there

¹ A view which he had already made famous in his *Preface to Shakespeare* (1765).

² I know not whether 'tis related anywhere else in this Collection, but I sent a pretty Girl from the Country once with my own Maid & a Clerk out of the Brewhouse here—to see Sights in London, and amuse themselves.—The Tower, the Abbey, the Bridges, the Theatres, the Waxwork, Ranelagh—All had been seen; and on the third Day of these Frolics I called them in & enquired how they had been entertained—"“Oh Lord Ma'am! exclaimed the two Girls in a Rapture—we have seen *such* a Sight; Yes indeed, interrupting her—cries the other:—We have seen a Table and six Chairs cut out of a Cherry Stone—the Man was *eight & twenty* Years o' doing it—and I don't *see* (with an Emphasis) how he could have spent his Time better.”” Mrs. Thrale.

³ *The Prophetess*, II. ii. It seems to have been known by the title *Dioclesian* after its alteration into an opera, by Betterton and Purcell, in 1690.

was a young Lady there that every body admired, but She was *so poor* She said, She had no Fortune at all, & all the people pitied her much, tho' I can't think why; for She had an exceeding *handsome White Lutstring* on—*quite new out of the Shop*.¹ Now 'tis plain that these three Women thought the Representation a Reality—though Johnson denies that any of 'em thought so except Lady Cotton which was an Instance he could not get the better of—She was undoubtedly a foolish Woman, but nothing like an Ideot; and I have now Letters by me from her to my Mother which would disgrace nobody.

Little Miss Burney² however the Doctor's Daughter beat them all both for Credulity & kindness: She was carried at seven Years old to see Jane Shore; and when they came to the starving Scene,³ as She sate in the Stage Box, & heard the Actress lamenting that She had not tasted Food for three Days—"Pray Ma'am says the Child stretching out her hand with her little Basket—accept of one of our Apples or Oranges" ". This Story I told to my two little Girls Susan & Sophy well says Sophy! now that was a *good natured* Ideot, if She *was* an Ideot. They have both been at a Play, and as Mr Johnson says, know y^t it is not true as well as the performers.⁴

Doctor Trapp wrote the following Epigram on the King's sending a Library of Books to Cambridge, & a Regiment of Horse to Oxford.

Our Royal Master saw with heedful Eyes
The wants of his two Universities;
To Oxford sent he Troops, as knowing why
That learned Body wanted Loyalty:
But Books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal Body—wanted Learning.

Mr Johnson was repeating the above Verses to Sir William Browne the Physician with a triumphant Air one day as they both dined with Dr Lawrence in Essex Street: when Sir W^m who was a Whig, a Wit, & as the Phrase is—a *great Character* said they might be well answered thus.

Our King to Oxford sent his Troop of Horse,
For Tories own no Argument but Force;
With equal Care to Cambridge Books he sent,
For Whigs allow no Force—but Argument.⁵

How infinitely superior is the last! and Improviso—too!—

¹ Perhaps she only thought the Character too well dress'd for propriety. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Susan Burney. C. Hill, *House in St. Martin Street*, p. 201.

³ v. ii.

⁴ Susan was seven Years old last May & Sophy six Years old last July.—this is Jan: 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*. Susan was born on May 23, 1770, and Sophia on July 22, 1771. See below, p. 158, n. 3, and Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii.

⁵ See above, p. 120.

& when She makes a sort of Publick Breakfast in the Bath Season, a thing that happens two or three Times perhaps; She desires her Friends to bring with them a Copy of Verses to put in this Vase by way of Tribute: After the Dancing, Breakfast &c. is over—these Verses are read,—publickly to the Company, & M^{rs} Miller presents a Wreath of Myrtle to the Lady or Gentleman who brought with him the best Lines: She then gives out her Subject for the next Meeting & the Company breaks up. While Miss Owen was with me last year, a M^{rs} Kynaston who lives much at Bath sent to her for some Verses on the Causes & Connections of Dreams: Miss Owen applyed to me & I gave her the following Lines which got thither just in Time to be put in the Vase—Somebody told us after that M^{rs} Kynaston had the Wreath that Day—but I believe it was not that Day.¹ M^r Garrick said he had rec^d the following Card by the Post that same Week, & sent some Verses in Consequence.² The Vase of Bath Easton sends Com^s to M^r Garrick, & wishes for an Opportunity of adding a Myrtle Wreath to his Laurel one.—May 1777.

Garrick's Verses I never did hear—these were mine.

Patroness of purest Ease
Can such dry Discussions please?
Can you calmly give directions
About Causes and Connections,
Whilst each empty airy Scheme
Proves that Life itself's a Dream.

All the Bustle at Bath Easton,
All the Folly Criticks feast on,
Blockhead's Envy, Satire's Theme,
Fade before us like a Dream.

He who pumps his Brains for Verses,
He who other's Wit rehearses,
He who in a barren Soil
Labring with incessant Toil,
Works for Wealth, or fights for Fame;
Shall waking find—'twas all a Dream—.

On another Occasion & to oblige the same Lady I sent the

¹ Lady Miller saw fit to publish three sets of verses on this subject in vol. iii of her *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath* (1777): by Edward Jerningham, Charles Toogood, of Sherborne, Dorset, and the Rev. Richard Graves. Mrs. Thrale seems not to have known of these volumes.

² They must have been 'The Pleasures of May at Batheaston' in the 1777 volume of *Poetical Amusements*, pp. 108–10. Other verses by Garrick, 'Grace', and 'Simplex Munditiis', appear in vol. ii (1776), pp. 1–6.

following Nonsense—her Subject at that Time was A Comparison of Ancient and Modern Musick.¹

To modern Trills with ancient Song
How can Comparison belong;
If that be true which we rely on
How Thebes was built by fam'd Amphion,
How to his Lyre the Bricks and Mortar
Came dancing forward from each Quarter;
Till still they stood in equal Rows
Streets or Cotillions to compose;
Watching well pleased the Master's Notions,
Adagio or Allegro Motions;
Our Modern Fidlers scarce can get
A Lodging by their Benefit;
Nor would I trust them to repair
A Breach by Fire in Panton Square.²
Another Sign of bad Musicians
Is this strange Frequence of Seditions;
Terpander play'd to angry Greece,
And the rude Mob walk'd home in Peace;
Our Rioters by Sea and Land are
Not to be soothed by soft Terpander;
While Wilkes's unmelodious Voice
Delights them more than Arne or Boyce.
No longer then dispute the Cause
But give the Ancients just Applause,
Old Times to them the Bays bequeath
Let us confer the Myrtle Wreath.

The Duke of Marlborough fixed his Eye on a French Soldier who fought gallantly at the Battle of Blenheim, & after some Resistance took him: thou art a Fine Fellow said the Duke! if there had been 5000 more such in your Army, we had not been victorious this Day—Ah Seigneur! returned the Frenchman such as I am are plenty enough—We only wanted *One like You*.

When Charles the 1st rose in the Morning of the Day he lost his Head—he bade his Attendants put him on two Shirts, for it is a hard Frost said he, and if I should by chance shiver with Cold, my Enemies will say perhaps that I quake with Fear.

When Sir Charles Lucas³ was to be shot in the Great Rebellion he called to the Soldiers to mind how they fir'd; I warrant we hit

¹ Three poems on this subject by Sir John More, Bart., one by — Mansell, of Cambridge, one by the Rev. Sanford Hardcastle, and one anonymous poem, not Mrs. Thrale's, appear in *Poetical Amusements*, vol. iii (1777).

² The smallest Square in London. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ A royalist, captured at Marston Moor.

your honour says one of them—I have been nearer *you you Dog* a few Weeks ago replies Sir Charles—recollecting his Countenance—when you did *not* hit me.

When Russel¹—Lady Rachel's husband, went to Execution; the last thing he did was to wind his Watch, for I have done with Time said he, & have nothing now to think on but Eternity.

When² Johnson & Burke went to see Baretti in Newgate, they had small Comfort to give him, & bid him not hope too strongly:—*Why what can he fear* says Baretti placing himself between 'em—*that holds two such hands as I do.*

When Peters was executed for the Murder of Charles the 1st, the Hangman shew'd the Head to his Companion who was to suffer the same Punishment the next Instant—with what think you of this Master Hewson? I see replied the other steadily; that thou hast murdered a Servant of God in my Sight; but I defy thee Satan, & thy Cruelty.—

How beautiful is Courage in every Condition of Man!

Mr Panton & a sick Acquaintance were in Admiral Boscawen's Ship when it took Fire in the Year 1759. the Long Boat came to take up a Cargo of Men & save their Lives, but was soon so filled it could contain but *one* Man more, & if any other Person attempted to get into it, they had orders to shoot them immediately. Mr Panton stood on the Deck & said to his Friend—The Flames crackling round 'em—do you be the Man to go in the Boat for I can swim a little, so plunged into the Sea, & providentially both were saved: his Friend was very sick—& no great Friend neither.

A Fat Gentleman was trying to get out of the Cabbin Window, when the Asia, a famous East Indiaman was lost; but he could not accomplish his purpose. A Lascar Servant tore down the Window, got his Master out swam away with him to the Long Boat, which took the Gentleman in, & left the Slave to sink—his last words were God bless you Massa, black Man save you sweet Life. The Master however dy'd of the Fatigue & the Lascar perished in the Water.

So much for instances of Courage Friendship &c

15: Jan: 1778.] Mr Johnson told me today that he had translated Anacreon's Dove, & as they were the first Greek Verses that

¹ Lord William Russell, convicted of complicity in the Rye House Plot, and executed in 1683.

² Hayward (i. 97) quotes this paragraph.

had struck him when a Boy; so says he they continue to please me as well as any Greek Verses now I am Three score¹: I hope added he, I have done them as well as Frank Fawkes;—seeing me laugh at that—nay nay says he, Frank Fawkes has done them very finely.² here however are Johnson's.

Lovely Courier of the Sky
Whence or whither dost thou fly?
Scattring as thy Pinions play
Liquid Fragrance all the way:
Is it Business? is it Love?
Tell me, Tell me, gentle Dove.

" "Soft Anacreon's Vows I bear,
" "Vows to Myrtale the fair;
" "Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
" "Blushing Nature, smiling Art.
" "Venus, courted with an Ode,
" "On the Bard her Dove bestow'd,
" "Vested with a Master's Right
" "Now Anacreon rules my Flight.
" "His the Letters which you see
" "Weighty Charge consign'd to me,
" "Think not yet my Service hard
" "Joyless Task without Reward;
" "Smiling at my Master's Gates,
" "Freedom my Return awaits,
" "But the Liberal Grant in vain
" "Tempts me to be wild again;
" "Can a prudent Dove decline
" "Blissful Bondage such as mine?
" "Over Hills and Fields to roam
" "Fortune's Guest, without a home,
" "Under Leaves to hide ones head,
" "Slightly shelter'd coarsely fed?
" "Now my better Lot bestows
" "Sweet Repast, and soft repose:

¹ 25: March Johnson said to me—so you have writ out my translation of the Dove in the *Thraliana* I warrant: I have so ^sd I; but have you mention'd says he that I intended doing it at sixteen, & never did, till I was 68, for that's most remarkable! *Mrs. Thrale*.

² In *The Works of Anacreon, Sappho, Bion, Moschus and Musæus*, which he published in 1760. Johnson had reason to praise it, for he paid it the high compliment of close imitation in certain parts. Fawkes's closing lines are:

'When my limbs begin to tire,
Then I perch upon his Lyre;
Soothing Sounds my Eye-lids close,
Sweetly lulling my Repose.
Now I've told you all I know,
Friend, adieu, 'tis Time to go,
You my Speed so long delay,
I have chatter'd like a Jay.'

" "Now the generous Bowl I sip
 " "As it leaves Anacreon's Lip,
 " "Void of Care, and free from dread
 " "From his Fingers snatch his Bread,
 " "Then with luscious Plenty gay
 " "Round his Chamber dance and play,
 " "Or from Wine as Courage springs,
 " "O'er his Face extend my Wings;
 " "And when Feast and Frolick tire
 " "Drop asleep upon his Lyre.
 " "This is all;—be quick and go,
 " "More than all thou canst not know;
 " "Let me now my Pinions ply
 " "I have chatter'd like a Pye.¹—”

It is having a good Assurance to write Verses of my own out just by Mr Johnson's; but they are only an Epigram translated from one of Salmasius and called *de luco amano*.—I was thinking they would do well to write on a Pillar in my own Wood at Bachy-graig

So thick the Shade, so cool the Stream,
 Here safe might Mars & Venus play;
 For neither tell-Tale Titan's Beam
 Nor Vulcan's Fire could find their way.

7: March 1778.] I will now diversify my Collection by producing a few bons Mots which I picked up in my London Campaign this Winter; where one might have expected better Gleaning, for that matter, as I kept Company with all the Wits forsooth. Here they are however, the Reparties (as the Idler² says) of my Lord Cackle & Miss Quick which set all the *Good Company* into Laughter.

There was Talk one Evening at Mrs Montagu's of the present State of Politicks: I have lived said She to see many an Opposition come over to the Ministry, but this is the first Time I ever saw a Ministry go over to the Opposition:³—why really replied I, it does remind me of the Observation I once heard made by a Farmer who thought his Sister too forward with a Man She wanted to marry—says he Madam it has no good Look out, when the Haystack follows the Cow.

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 176–7.

² No. 53: 'If for a few minutes we sit down together, she entertains me with the repartees of lady Cackle, or the conversation of lord Whiffler and Miss Quick, and wonders to find me receiving with indifference sayings which put all the company into laughter.'

³ In this month (March), Lord North, discouraged by the defeat of Burgoyne, and France's open espousal of the American cause, made unsuccessful overtures to Chatham to join the Government, on condition that he would support the main policies of the administration.

Another Night—at M^{rs} Boscawens: the Fast day¹ was mentioned, & each asked the other what was said by the Clergyman of their Church on the Occasion: Ramsay the Painter observing mean time, that nobody was qualify'd for the Pulpit that day who did not preach Extempore; for says he the Politicks so turn & veer about I defy a Man to *prepare* himself even if he compose his Sermon but three Days before. M^{rs} Walsingham observed that we were *directed* what to do by Authority—We are all said *She to say after the Minister*—Turn us *oh Good Lord!* and so *shall we be turned*. M^r Thrall however told me that this Joke originated² as the new Phrase says—in the House of Commons.—

Lord Chatham's merits as a Minister were spoken of; I was extolling his political Courage: he had Qualities says M^{rs} Montagu that had an Effect at least equal to Courage:—like the Knight of the dazzling Shield mentioned in Spenser,³ no one could endure his Blaze, and that saved him the trouble of exertion.

Foote's Wit was talked about; the best thing I ever heard of his quoth D^r Pepys, was what he said of Sir Watkin Lewes⁴—who is as he observed an Emblem of his Country, being both *barren* and *Mountainous*.

Lady Lade kept a Servant, his Name *Dennis*: She often complained of his awkwardness, & said at length—this Fellow has *no head*: Why if your Ladyship recollects replied M^r Seward—Saint *Dennis* was always famous for carrying his *head* in his *hand*. this was like one of Foote's Jokes.

When Shakespear's Jubilee was celebrated at Stratford upon Avon, I forget the Year⁵—the Crowd was considerable, & Foote seeing a monstrous fat Fellow amongst 'em:—Pray Sir says he, are you among the *Great* Productions of this Country—Not I faith replies the Man I come from *Essex*: from *where* cries Foote again, from Essex Sir;—and pray then *Who drove you?* says Foote.

The famous M^r Hare⁶ is the Son of an Apothecary; remarkable lean, & has an odd way of dancing Country dances, popping up,

¹ February 27, proclaimed by the King as a day of prayer for the safety of the American loyalists, and the reformation of the rebels. *Gent. Mag.* xlviii. 15–16.

² The first instance of the intransitive use of the verb cited in the *O.E.D.* is in 1775.

³ Prince Arthur. See the *Farie Queene*, i. viii. 19–20.

⁴ A Welshman, later (1780) Lord Mayor of London. *Gent. Mag.* l. 493.

⁵ 1769.

⁶ James Hare, a wit and associate of Charles James Fox, was the son of a Winchester apothecary.

& popping down; this Fellow says George Selwyn puts one for ever in Mind of his Father's Pestle and Mortar.

The same Hare was at Table with Lord Denbigh so famous for his voracious Appetite, & was talking of something that had alarmed him till actually says he my very heart was in my Mouth—if it had [been] my Lord, replies M^r Hare you would most certainly have eaten it.—

Johnson observed Sir Alexander Macdonald¹ would have made a good Mercer; no Sir replied M^r Crawford, he never could have prevailed on himself I think, to have allowed the Inch to the Yard.

Charles Townsend's Wife—Lady Dalkeith; was not eminent for her Delicacy: Lord Albemarle said to him one day—how can you bear your Wife's taking Havannah² so?—I have no Objection replied he my Lord—provided She does not take it *in Bed*

The Jest was—L^d Albemarle who was sent to reduce the *Havannah*,³ had lain *a Bed* during the whole Siege pretending to be sick.

Lord Kelly⁴ was abusing Shakespeare, as deficient in Philosophy & other Requisites of a Poet: he did make some small Mistakes to be sure replies Wilkes; he made *Birnam Wood* spring up in your curst Country—where never a Stick would grow.

M^r Pepys asked a pretty Girl who was skinning Eels the corner of Newport Alley one Morning, how She could be so cruel to poor Innocent Animals? why I don't think it hurts them much Sir said She; *they be used to it*.

Another Instance of equally strange Insensibility—was given by M^{rs} Chapone: She went one Day it seems to D^r Desagulieres in order to be shewn the Lacteal Vessels—A Fellow⁵ brought his Dog for the purposes of Operation; pray Friend enquires the D^r is not that the Dog which once saved your Life?

Yes Sir replies the Man: and have you the Cruelty then to bring him hither to be dissected? Why really Sir answers the Clown, I

¹ Cf. above, p. 169. The full story of Johnson's and Boswell's visit with Sir Alexander at Armadale in Skye, their disgust with their entertainment, and Boswell's subsequent quarrel with him over the account he gave of his host's niggardly hospitality, in his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, is to be found in Boswell's *Journal* (ed. Pottle and Bennett, 1936), pp. 113-19, and in the *Boswell Papers*, vol. xvi.

² The word ordinarily means Havana cigars, or the tobacco from which they are made (O.E.D.), but in this instance I believe it must mean snuff.

³ In 1762.

⁴ Thomas Erskine, Earl Kellie, elder brother of Boswell's friend, Andrew Erskine.

⁵ This passage, through 'come hither *Voluntary*', is printed in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 14.

do believe the poor Beast loves me so, that if he *know'd* I should get a Crown by it, he would have come hither *Voluntary*.

Worsdale¹ the Painter, the Pimp, the—what you will—once told M^r Thrale as a Fact—that he was sitting in the Kitchen of a Brothel with the Mistress of the House.

My Dear Jemmy! exclaims She after a pause—who would do an ill Thing? my wicked Neighbours here are breaking & bankrupting every day—but my Conscience is clear heaven be praised of wronging any one—& see now how I prosper! Make me thankful! even whilst I am speaking—All my Beds are full!

M^r Seward has just brought me a very great Curiosity a Copy of English Verses written by Jones the Orientalist when only 13 Years old.² Both the Author & his Friend swear to their Authenticity or I would not take the Trouble to transcribe them here—it is an Ode in honour of S^t Cæcilia's day Descriptive of the Effects of Musick

Saul & David
Ode

Irritat, mulcet, variis terrorebus implet. Hor.³

Saul by a shady Plantane sate;
Recline, in melancholy State
His moon-broad Target by his Side
Like Carmel shone in Summer's pride:
His crested Helm and Mail of Gold,
On high the matted Branches hold;
His Lance of Ebon richly wrought
Imprints the tender Grass below;
Whose brazen Barb so late had taught
The ruthless Ammonite to bow.
A Stripling Shepherd near him Sung
To sooth his Soul with glad'ning lays,
Ah! blush not David at the Name,
Since thou from this mean Flock became
The Shepherd of the Land.
A Glittering Harp behind thee hung
Which now You take in hand

¹ She says elsewhere that he 'was employed as pimp and parasite, and everything, by Thrale and Murphy in their merry hours'. Hayward, ii. 156. Hayward misprints the name as *Horsdale*.

² Sir William Jones, in his *Poems consisting chiefly of Translations from the Asiatick Languages* (1772), printed two juvenile poems (*Arcadia*, and *Caissa*, a translation of Vida's *Game of Chess*) which he says in the Preface (p. vi) 'were done at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.'

³ Horace, *Epistles* II. i. 212: 'Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.'

With flying Touch and peerless art,
 (What can it less when David plays?)
 Sweet Succour to impart;
 And thus with waken'd Raptures warm,
 Taught the quivering Strings to charm.

I.

Mount with the Lark my Soul and sing
 Till Melancholy learn to smile;
 Arise! nor drop the fluttering Wing
 Till Night surprize the Song:—mean while
 Fair Evening harbinger of rest,
 Impearls the Lilly's closing Bloom,
 And Night Birds the dun Air infest,
 But now my breathing Cittern—come;
 With pleasing Sorcery to cheer
 The clouded Brow of dull Despair.
 Saul—starting rolls his ghastly Eyes around
 And drinks with Ear suspense the Silver Sound;
 But while with pensive Nod, he times the Strain,
 The Master smiles—and strikes again.

2.

The Plants and spicy Flowers he sung
 Of Eden's eastern Grove;
 Each Branch with blushing Gold was hung,
 Each Path was pav'd with Love:
 Eve, haply in a Jess'mine Bower
 With Art upstays some drooping Flower,
 Whose slender Stalk surcharg'd with Rain
 A Myrtle's braided Bands sustain.
 Adam on her Shoulder leaning
 Gently decks her golden Tresses,
 While soft Glances intervening
 Sooth their Souls to soft Caresses.
 Thus in sweet Symphony while David sung,
 On each persuasive Note the Monarch hung,
 Till Sleep—submissive to the Opiate Lay
 Steals on his Sense, and melts his Soul away.

3.

Catch the flying Theme again
 To Nimrod's impious Pride,
 A louder String, a louder Strain
 Ay Me the Rebel cried;
 Shall vassal Birds attempt upborn
 On sailing Plumes the wide expanse;
 Tour the red Portals of the Morn,
 And carol where the Pleiads dance?
 With rustling Clang they spurn the Wind,
 And leave the Pride of Kings behind,

Go to; while Man who dares devise
 In Majesty to mock the Skies
 A Reptile lives, a Reptile dies.
 To Samson raise the trembling Lute,
 What Voice for Samson can be mute?
 T'was Samson bade the Mountain shake,
 Dauntless, as Lebanon he stood;
 What Time in Timnath's mazy Wood
 A Lyon started from the Brake:
 He laugh'd disdainful all the while,
 Untaught to fear, untaught to fly;
 Till in green Covert couching low,
 The Monster roll'd his glaring Eye.
 Then turning with a furious Smile,
 Unarm'd he rent the struggling Foe;
 Who late perhaps on Etham's Plain,
 Far from the precincts of his Reign,
 Had pass'd the rural Cotes; and thence,
 With equal Ease had won his way
 Where Lambs in sleeping Innocence
 On flowery Banks at Random lay.—
 The Hero's Heart was swell'd with pride,
 Like Samson all Things he defy'd;
 He wish'd to grasp the quivering Lance,
 He wish'd the glittering Faulchion to advance,
 Till humbled by a varied Strain
 He rued the Day when Samuel warn'd in vain

4

Hark! to a Dirge—the Songs of Gladness turn,
 In plaintive Sighs the sprightly Timbrels move,
 Mourn Judah mourn: ye Sons of Israel mourn!
 The Cedar falls; and in her blasted Grove
 Our Hope, our Pride, our Paramount decays;
 See! see him of his cloud-capt Honours shorn
 With ragged Locks forlorn!
 Where the shrill Nightingale so lately sung,
 And veil'd in Fragrance tun'd her Evening Lays,
 The dew-drops on his smiling Blossoms hung
 And tinkling Founts in Murmurs told his Praise.
 His Branches now the mopeing Owl sustain,
 And the grim Padocke marks her griesly Reign.
 The King is frantick at the Song,
 Confusion trembles on his Tongue;
 Faint Murmurs tingle in his Ears,
 His Saffron Cheek Despondence wears,
 His Blood forgets to flow:
 His Eyes with varying Passions dim,
 Suffus'd—in dizzy Darkness swim,
 Wrapt in his folded Arms, his piteous Head hangs low.

5:

Hark! how a Voice runs rattling thro' the Skies!

The foaming Waters stand upright:

The Mountains of Lebanon start!

The flying Archer drops his Dart,

Give ear You men of Might!

'Tis the Voice of the Lord, awake! arise!

The Lord is a King of Kings, the Lord is his Name.

High on the rustling Winds he came

Touch the Timbrel to his Praise:

Praise him with the mystick Dance,

Praise him in Seraphick Lays!

Rouze thee Monarch from thy Trance.

Thy Meekness does thy Pride attone

The Lord approves thy Tears, and marks thee for his own.

He sings, a rattling Peal confirms the Strain,

The Prince assumes his wonted Grace again;

No more; in silent Sadness wrapt—he mourns;

His Regal Port, his youthful Blush returns,

Nor David miss'd due Praise, whom Saul bade sound,

In hallow'd Musick through the echoing round,

Ten Lambs are slain which with a grateful Fume,

On the cleft wood, propitious Flames consume,

From golden Cressets, spires of Incense rise,

And Zephyrs waft the fragrance to the Skies.

The End.

I will now have the Assurance to write out two Juvenile Poems of my own; one a Song upon the Marriage of George the 3^d; another intended to have been set to Musick and performed at Drury Lane when the Peace of Paris was concluded.¹ the first is the best—

Song² on his Majesty's Nuptials.

1.

When Pan sought a Consort his Empire to share,

He assembled the virtuous, the witty, the fair;

With each soft Attraction his Passions to move,

The Graces came—led by the Goddess of Love;

But Beauty alone the wise Monarch despis'd,

'Twas a Heart that he sought, & a Heart that he priz'd.

2.

Apollo came next with his Musical Choir

Who neglected their Charms, and rely'd on their Lyre;

While their Patron officious each Muse to prefer,

Read o'er her Performance, and begg'd him to hear,

But Pan with Good humour such Offers refus'd,

For Wit was by Females too often abus'd.

¹ On February 10, 1763. ² written—i.e. the Song was written in the Year 1761. *Mrs. Thrale.*

3.

Next Dian approaching encourag'd her Train,
Of their Bashfulness proud, of their Modesty vain,
So tender, so timid, so hard to be found
That She fear'd they could never consent to be crown'd.
Pan kindly dismiss'd 'em nor ventur'd to blame,
Though he neer saw true Virtue consistent with Shame.

4.

At length it grew Time their Caprice to oppose,
And young Syrinx the Daughter of Merit he chose,
She had not applied, but was seen to rejoyce,
When Jove from Olympus applauded the Choice,
And sent Hermes hither her Picture to find,
Who saw in her Eyes all the Worth of her Mind.

5.

She, fair, unaffected could conquer each Heart
And wise without Cunning could please without Art;
In private Life chearful, in Publick—serene;
How sweet a Companion! how gracious a Queen!
With Spirit good humour'd, with Modesty gay,
Such the Daughter of Merit, the Queen of the May.

With what Raptures indeed did the whole Nation welcome the Accession & Marriage of the present King! how fortunately did every thing concur to make him adored by his People. An undisputed Title, a majestick Person, a British Education, a successful War; all contributed to make him loved & feared, the Object of respectful Terror to all Europe—& of respectful Affection to all England.—See him now¹ however! See *ſ pine our Loss!* Despised at home, ridiculed abroad; insulted by the French, uncertain of Protection or Assistance from the English; his Colonies revolted & declared Independent by foreign Powers; his own Subjects on the point of Rebellion even in his Capital, his Navy out of Repair, his Army in Disgrace, Public Credit a Jest, and a National Bankruptcy talked on as necessary, & expected as irresistible. I am no Politician myself, nor either think much or care much about publick Concerns, which I well know seldom affect private Felicity: The Consternation or Transport we read of in History, seldom means more than I have just mentioned to have seen, in the Contrast between the Year 1761 & the year 1778. and yet—tho' I cannot recollect the difference without Indignation when my Pen is on the Subject, nobody can suppose that I or any one else is less happy upon the whole—we neither eat less, nor sleep less,

¹ Written in March 1778. *Mrs. Thrale.*

nor think of Politicks but to divert each other with raising Pictures in our Minds to entertain an idle Hour. Indeed all political & Historical Reading is to me extremely uncomfortable on Acc^t of its so very distant Removal from Truth: when we hear of Rome's Terror at the Tyranny of Domitian, & reflect how impossible it was that the Emperour's Power could even have been *known*, much less *felt*; by above a thousandth part of his numerous Subjects: when the very Papers of the present Times mention the Calamities of the Nation in one Column, & advertise a Masquerade in the next; when even America itself, the Seat of War, the Cause of Contest, the Ground disputed by rival Armies is just as quiet in reality as ever—what shall we say?—but the last Fact will be questioned.—Ans[wer] it was but last Week I read a new York Advertisement of Perfumery for the Ladies, Anodyne Necklaces for Teething Children, & some new fashioned Sweet meats, fit says the Confectioner for a very elegant Table. Now does not all this prove to a Demonstration that Publick Occurrences affect not private Felicity? The Ladies would not be perfuming their Persons, nor the Confectioner puffing his Wares, if there was any *real* Consternation or Distress.—History is at best a magnifying Glass; but if we wear Spectacles of such Property every day, we shall forget the face of Nature as it is; and expect to find every Flea as large as a Lobster.¹

I will write out my old Ode on the Peace o' th' other Side the Leaf and forbear further Reflexions. [March 21: 1778.

—The following Ode was actually in the Hands of Dr Arne who intended to set it for the Stage when my Father died,² & I hasten'd to withdraw it without any Enquiry.—

Ode on the Blessings of Peace

Recitative accompanied.

Beneath the Solemn Shade of some Old Oak,
By Shepherds blythe, and Reapers long rever'd,
The fancied Favrite of the Faery Train;
Where each returning Night the clam'rous Owl
Hoots at the passing Moon
While thro' the Sapphire Vault serene She glides,
There sat some rural Swains;
Who pleas'd to find their glowing Toil complete
Resolv'd to hymn the bounteous Hand that gave

¹ No better illustration occurs in the *Thraliana* of the ascendancy of Dr. Johnson's views over Mrs. Thrale's mind. Cf. above, p. 192.

² On December 18, 1762. *Gent. Mag.* xxxii. 601. She must have written the Ode before the peace was concluded (in the following February).

Under fair Plenty's Name:
Ceres and Pan, alike unknown to them,
Plenty they saw, and Plenty chose to chant
In Sylvan Strains alternate.

Chorus of Nymphs and Shepherds.

Haste the Harp and Lyre to string
Bounteous Plenty's Praises sing;
Haste your Choral Voices raise
Tune each Note to Plenty's Praise.

Air—a Man.

At her Approach the loaded Boughs are seen
Bending obedient to their Queen;
Each spangled Flowret springs at her Command
And yellow Harvests own her ripening hand.

Chorus.

Tis Plenty fills the fertile Soil
Tis Plenty crowns the Reapers Toil,
Tis Plenty binds the Sheaf;
Her Beauty blushes in the Rose,
In each refreshing Gale She blows,
And blooms on every Leaf.

Semichorus—address'd to the principal Singer.

Thou too Thyrsis join the Song
Sweetest Lays to thee belong;
Our Flocks in pensive Posture laid
Like us enjoy the pendant Shade,
Nor shall the *Wether* now at rest,
With his Bell thy Muse molest,
Only the Linnet, the Linnet in the Tree,
Tunes her unmark'd Minstrelsy.

Single Voice a Boy—repeating

Only the Linnet, the Linnet in the Tree,
Tunes her unmark'd Minstrelsy.

Semichorus to Thyrsis.

Then quit the Crook and joyn the Song,
Sweetest Lays to thee belong:
Quit the Crook, and sing awhile,
Britain blest in Plenty's Smile;
Or if thy Melancholy Mind
Be to mournful Strains inclin'd,
Sing the Woes
Of Britain's Foes,
While wondring Nymphs & Shepherds hear
How distant Nations quake for Fear.

Air a Nymph.

1:

Woes from Britain far retreating
 Sooth our tender Souls to Peace;
 Echo, distant Griefs repeating
 Lends new Charms to present Bliss.

2:

Thus the distant Bolt descending
 Calm we mark its mazy Way;
 While its pointed Path attending
 Pleas'd our Safety we survey.

Semichorus repeats

If then the melancholy Mind
 Be to mournful Strains inclin'd;
 Sing the Woes—of Britain's Foes,
 While wondring Nymphs & Shepherds hear
 How distant Nations quake with Fear.

Air—Thyrsis.—

1.

Hark ! Hark ! how from far the shrill Trumpet alarms !
 Ambition calls;
 The Drum beats to Arms
 The Rampart falls !
 See the panting Prisoners come,
 Ready to receive their Doom;
 See their bosom-bursting Sighs !
 Hear their heartpiercing Cries !
 And spare, Oh Spare the supplicating Eyes
 Of Tear-denying Sorrow.

2.

See in the Gate
 Sad Famine sate,
 And at her naked Side,
 Cold quivering Palsy shake her hoary Head !
 Pale Poverty, and Hunger—hollow-ey'd,
 Consumption wan, and Weakness well nigh dead;
 Yet Death ungorg'd—reviews the reeking Ground,
 Ambition by the bloody Track is found,
 And Desolation spreads her barren Empire round.

Air—a Man address'd to Thyrsis.—

Oh first of Shepherds Hail !
 Pursue the sadly-pleasing Tale;
 Let the sweet Contrast continue to please,
 And the horrors of War, shew the blessings of Peace.

Chorus entire.

For 'tis within this happy Land,
 That smiling Goddess takes her Stand,
 'Tis here She waves her Olive Wand
 And puts forth all her Store:
 Leaving less favour'd fields to share
 The woes of meagre Want and pining Care,
 And Disappointment lank, and Expectation bare.

Air Thyrsis—

Again I feel the sacred Fires
 Again the Tragick Muse inspires;
 The wild American I see,
 Lurking behind the conscious Tree,
 Whistling Winds lift his Hair,
 Twisting Snakes adorn his Ear,
 The War-proclaiming Hatchet by his Side
 Dipt in Blood with crimson Pride
 Vindicates the fatal Blow;
 His once lov'd Friend the Grove pervades,
 Jocund through the thorny Glades
 Rash Savage forbear!
 To tread the fatal Spot beware!
 The Bush conceals a Foe!
 In vain I call,—the well-aim'd Arrow flies,
 Th'unheeding Savage falls—He dies;
 And Life's warm Tide runs trick'ling thro' the Snow.

Air a Man.

Of War no more!
 To him whose Pow'r
 Can bid her Fury cease!
 To George's Name each Note inspire,
 And sound for him the Sylvan Lyre,
 Who grants the gasping World's desire
 And stills her Sighs with Peace.

*Duet.**Man.*

As when bright Sol's warm Face appears,
 The Earth soon dries her dewy Tears:
 As where great George's Banner flies,
 Each weeping Nation—wipes her Eyes;

Woman.

So rules benign, with Brow serene,
 Like Phœbe bright his beauteous Queen;
 Like her o'er Ocean's Power presides,
 And dictates to the swelling Tides.—

Air—a Nymph

Health the ruddy Milk Maid wooing,
 Plenty the Ploughman's Steps pursuing;
 Industry—soft Osiers twining
 Leisure on his Arm reclining
 Blythe begin the Youthful Year,
 Pleas'd in Charlotte's Train to appear.

Concluding Chorus—

Of War no more!
 To him whose Pow'r
 Can bid her Fury cease;
 To George's Name each Note inspire,
 And sound for him the Sylvan Lyre,
 Who grants the gasping World's desire,
 And gives the wish'd for Peace.
 The End.

Doctor Grainger, Author of the fine Ode to Solitude printed in Dodsley's Miscellanies wrote a Poem while he was in the West Indies and called it the Sugar Cane; it was sent over hither of Course,¹ & when M^r Johnson first laid hold of it he put it in his Pocket without Examination, & carrying it to a place² where he was to meet some Literary Friends, told them he had something about him that might in the reading afford them some Amusement: & according begun at the opening of the Poem thus

Where shall the Muse her arduous Task begin?
 Where breathless end?—Say shall *we sing of Rats*?

Thus does an Author differ from himself, & a great Mind deviate into Absurdity merely for want of friends to look over their Performance.—

Payne the Bookseller³ was making out his Catalogue; M^r Steevens the Editor of Shakespeare sitting in the Shop: the People were marking *cum fig:* to one Book perhaps, *nitid: comp:* to another & so on; Stevens observed an Atlas grievously dogs-eared as we call it;—& wrote against it in the Catalogue—*caninis auribus*.—

In the Year 1772. one Captain Jones⁴ was convicted of Crimes against Nature, and sentenced to die: He was a Gentleman famous for his Invention in the Art of making Fireworks, and adapting Subjects fit to be represented in that *Genre*; & had already entertained the Town with two particular Devices which were exhibited at Marybone Gardens & greatly admired: viz: the Forge of

¹ Grainger sent over early instalments to Percy and Shenstone in 1762, and brought the completed poem to England in 1763. Johnson had the MS. of Bk. 2 (in which the rat passage occurred) in January 1764. The reading must have taken place during this winter, as the poem was published in the spring, with the offending passage revised. For the full story see Boswell, *Life*, ii. 453-4, 532-4.

² She obviously did not know what place it was; but later, in a marginal note to D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (now in Pembroke College Library), she said that it was at a meeting of the Club. Boswell says that the reading was at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. *Life*, ii. 453, 533.

³ Thomas Payne, the elder, who was noted for his annual catalogues. His daughter married Captain James Burney, Fanny's brother, in 1785.

⁴ Captain Robert Jones, who was convicted on July 18, 1772. *Gent. Mag.* xlii. 385.

Vulcan¹ in the Cave of Mount Etna, & the calling Eurydice out of Hell—If he is pardoned says Steevens, He may shew off the Destruction of *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*; it will have an admirable Effect.

There came out a Copy of Arabick Verses on the old King's Death at Oxford;—presently by the same hand came out a Copy of Phœnician Verses on the new Kings Accession or Marriage I forget which: Poh! Poh! says old Bates,² I believe 'tis only the same Stuff turned bottom upwards.

Johnson used to joke me for being so fond of this Story.—

Parson Young³ was the Man from whom Fielding really drew his Parson Adams,⁴ & was indeed a very curious Fellow: He took his Eschylus one day & walked so far, it was in Germany the Year 1744: that he at last fairly found himself in the Enemy's Camp: they laid hold on him of Course, & would have hanged him for a Spy, had not the odd Simplicity which carried him thither saved him when there. Dr Collier told this to me from his own Knowledge.

Such—says Mr Johnson was the Success of Fielding's *Amelia*, that a second Edition was prepared in the Afternoon of the Day in which the first was published; but on the next Morning it was contradicted; for by that Time the Town had found out that *Amelia* had performed all her Wonders with a broken Nose, which Fielding had forgotten to cure, & had broken indeed for no other Reason than to impress himself with an Idea of his favourite Wife, who had once met with a similar Accident, & whose Character he had meant to exhibit under the Name of *Amelia*: thus did this oddity spoyl the Sale of one of the first Performances in the World of its Kind;⁵ merely because it was an Error obvious to all Mankind—a *la portèe de chacun* as the French express it; & thus will one *Moral* Fault—as *Lying* for example tarnish the most splendid Character, & counteract the Influence of the warmest Virtues.—This I wrote down one Day from Johnson's Mouth.

¹ Designed by Torrè, not by Jones. Wroth, *London Pleasure Gardens* . . . (1896), p. 105.

² Possibly Johnson's old Oxford companion, mentioned above, p. 214.

³ The Rev. William Young, curate of East Stour, whom Fielding had known since his boyhood. Cross, *Fielding* (1918), i, 344-5.

⁴ Herbert Crofts says this of Dr Young the Tragic Writer, but it was not true of him 30: Oct^r 1783. *Mrs. Thrale*. Croft wrote Edward Young's life for Dr. Johnson's account of him in the *Lives of the Poets*, Johnson supplying the literary criticism. *Life* iv, 58, 482. Croft actually wrote: 'Of Edward Young an anecdote which wanders among readers is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young. He too was a clergyman. . . .' *Lives*, iii. 391-2.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 297.

I myself like Smollet's Novels better than Fielding's; the perpetual Parody teizes one;—there is more Rapidity & Spirit in the Scotsman: though both of them knew the Husk of Life perfectly well—& for the Kernel—you must go to either Richardson or Rousseau¹.

For Sublimity & at the same Time Familiarity with Life Nothing strikes one more than Clarendon's Account of the Fire of London²—De Foe's Plague³ is still stronger but that is a Romance.

George Falkner the famous Dublin Bookseller used to entertain Authors Wits &c. at his Table; one day that Murphy⁴ dined with him he introduced every body one to the other with a short Epitome of their Character & History as—this Sir is Dr Leland a Gentleman of great Worth, & famous for preaching Charity Sermons—this is Mrs Smart⁵ a Lady eminent for selling large Quantities of James's Powders, this is ⁶ a Gentleman of as much Humour perhaps as any Judge upon the Bench.

Mr Murphy's Grecian Daughter is I think unquestionably the best of all our modern Tragedies, & all its Merit is the Power it has over our Passions too; for nobody I believe ever dream'd of repeating a Line on't:

Now though to move Terror & Pity those two throbbing Pulses of the Drama, be the first Thing required in a Tragedy; there are others which are necessary to make it complete, as Sentiment Diction &c. 'Tis entertaining enough to observe the effect of each style separately—& we shall have Cato and Irene at one End; the Earl of Essex & George Barnwell at the other.

I have heard Johnson say that there was no Series of Verses in any English Tragedy so sublime & striking as the Passage in Congreve's Mourning Bride:⁷ beginning thus

How reverend is the Face of Yon tall Pile!

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 282. ² In *Continuation of the Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon* (1759).

³ *Journal of the Plague Year* (1722).

⁴ Boswell records this same story in his *Journal* (*Boswell Papers*, ix. 54), quoting Foote, who was present. Murphy is not mentioned in Boswell's account.

⁵ In all probability wife of Christopher Smart, the poet, who took refuge with Mrs. Faulkner during a period of several years, in the early sixties, when Smart was unable to support her. Her fortunes were closely bound to the famous powders: her father, William Carnan, was partner to John Newbery, the official advertiser for Dr. James; her mother had married John Newbery as her second husband; and her husband had helped to advertise the powders in the preface to one of his poems. *D.N.B.*, under 'Smart, Christopher'.

⁶ A blank is left in the manuscript. Boswell calls the judge 'Mr. Such a one'.

⁷ II. i. 49. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 186.

but Johnson was more a Man of Imagination than Passion, the Distresses of high Life affected him but little; & Lear's cursing his Daughter which makes so many People shudder, took no hold of him at all I think.¹—

Johnson says that Pope's Ideas of the ruling Passion were not well discriminated at all, but mixed with notions of another Sort; the Courtier's Exit² is in the performance of a Ceremony & who can call Ceremony a Passion?

Mr Johnson says—speaking of People's different notions concerning Humour—that one grave old Fellow of a College said of another—my Friend was particularly happy in his Fancy, & eminent for Arch Reparties; being for example ask'd one Day His opinion of some College Beer, he answered humourously that it was Seraphick and there was none like it.—

When Macklin first set up his School for Disputation,³ he opened his House with this Motto which he likewise prefixed to his Advertisement. *Veniam quocunque vocabis*—What does he mean by that now says Foote? or does he only cry Coming Sir.

How difficult it is to come at petty Literature! the long Note at the End of Pope's Odyssey is written on purpose to mislead one: Pope translated but two of the books, as Warburton told Johnson himself at Mr^s French's Rout⁴ in March 1773.

Jeffery French—Husband to the fine Lady last mentioned was Murphy's Uncle—& a Character: indeed his Nephew exposed him as such upon the Stage, under the name of Sir Bashful Constant in the Comedy called the Way to keep him: and delights to tell ridiculous Stories of the Man to this Hour: one day after he had entertained us with some striking Anecdotes, Mr Johnson observed that he would add one Story to the Collection—it was this.

one Michaelmas Day the Weather very cold, & somebody knocking at the Door whom Mr French thought himself obliged to admit; he hastily rung his Bell, & here cries he, calling to the Servant, make haste and throw some Ashes into this Grate quickly—that it may look as if there had been a fire in it.

I once knew a Man myself of an odd Disposition to Acts of unmeaning Vanity; who bargained with the principal Green Grocer

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 282–3.

² Cf. below, p. 257, and n. 4.

³ In 1743, after his dismissal from Drury Lane.

⁴ See above, p. 34, and n. 1. The all but exact duplication of the earlier paragraph suggests that Mrs. Thrale was in both instances copying an earlier memorandum.

in London to send him the Hulls of the first Pease he should sell: at half a Crown the Basket of Hulls—this was in April perhaps, when Pease are sometimes sold a Guinea the Quart, & these Hulls he threw before his Door forsooth, that his Neighbours might be led to imagine he had eat early Pease for dinner. he was a Cheshire Gentleman of 500 p^r An his Name was Heath. does not this Story remind one of the vain Man in Theophrastus with the Ox's head?¹

Is it not very particular that the Italian Poets are ever celebrating April as the Season of Gayety just as we do May in our Ballads &c. because their Spring is so much earlier doubtless?—I was mentioning this to Johnson, but says he is it not more observable that the Greek Poets are never like the Latin ones clogged with praises of pastoral Life, & retreat from the fatigues of Business, the bustle of a large City &c. The Truth is, they had never far to go from the Centre of Athens or any other Greek City to partake of the freshness of Country Air, or the delights of rural Amusement. those Towns were probably none of them larger than Nottingham or Shrewsbury; not more crowded of Course, and totally free from the teizing hurry & Embarras of London or of Paris: We neither hear of such Matters nor of Contempt of Money much among the Greek Authors, while the Latins incessantly fill our Ears with that Virtue; the reason of which it is not difficult to find.

The Greeks were never rich, & I suppose their famous Admiral Cimon whose Fortune & Hospitality were so famed at Athens, never possessed a handsomer House than that in which I write this, tho' one of the first Officers of the State; & perhaps the Garden which is so pompously said to have stood open to all citizens, contained little more than four or five Acres of Ground which is a reasonable Calculation when we reflect that all Greece was scarcely bigger than all Wales.—Once more is not History a magnifying Glass?

I thought the word *vowelled*, which in the Tatler's Time was a common Phrase—² had been derived from these Letters I:O:U: thus quibbled upon—I owe you: but 'tis all a dream: to vowel a Man is to write his Name without the Vowells & so abuse in the publick papers as H-nr- Thr-l- or some such silly Device.³

¹ See *Characters*, xxi—the man who illustrates Petty Pride by nailing up the head of the sacrificial ox over his door.

² I was *vowel'd* by the Count last Week says some one in the Tatler, & I'll be revenged. *Mrs. Thrale*. i.e. 'I am vowel'd by the Count and cursedly out of humour.' *Tatler*, No. 12.

³ The *O.E.D.* derives it from I.O.U.

Burney says that to *smoke* a Man taken ludicrously comes from *se mocque*¹ French & I believe he is right.

He says too that the Derivation of a Bumper is from drinking the Pope's health by the Appellation of our *Bon Pere*²—this is plausible at least.

Quere what is the original of the Mutual Metamorphosis of the Lady & Cat?³ is it because *Bubaste* means a Lady, and *Bubaste* means also a Cat in the old Egyptian?—one should ask Jones The Orientalist, & sometime I will.

The Chymists were originally superstitious, Emblematical and Allusive: Quere whether it is not therefore—on a devotional Account I mean, that Crucibles have always been made with a Circular Base, & a triangular Superficies; the Triangle in the Circle being as we all know the great emblem of the Almighty, mysterious, & ever adorable Trinity: the Crucible was in pious Times always marked with the form of a Cross—from whence its Name.

Why do the Maids set the Poker and Tongs across one another to make the Fire burn? they themselves have forgotten why; the young ones probably never heard: but the Reason originally was, to bless the Fire by the form of the Cross, & so induce it to blaze.

Christ's Cross being set at the head of the Horn Book, that all our Studies might begin for the Glory of God &c. made the Alphabet be familiarly called *Criss Cross Row*; this however is out of Fashion now; & neither Men nor Children are reminded of their Saviour.

Mr Johnson & I were distilling some Pot herbs one Day for Amusement in a Glass Retort over a Lamp, & we observed all the Bubbles to be hexagonal a Thing we could give no Account of. Mr Johnson however took Occasion from that Circumstance to tell me that a Hexagon is that form which contains most Space excepting the Circle, which however not admitting of Coalescence, loses more by being added to another Circle, than it gains by the Superiority of Shape. a Hexagon is therefore on the whole the most capacious form. I have since this was told me, reflected that the Cells of a Honeycomb are always hexagonal; & it comes in my Head that Queen Dido when She cut her Bulls hide to build

¹ See above, p. 145.

² The *O.E.D.* gives the derivation tentatively from a bumping, or thumping (i.e. large), glass.

³ The Lady & Cat still keep their affinity on a Sign Post. *Mrs. Thrale.*

Carthage, set the Slips hexagonally: I'm sure I have read that She did so. Why so? if the Circle contains most Space.

Why is Tincture of Aloes called *Hiera Picra*? or what has the same Meaning—*Tinctura Sacra*? I fancy it was given in Cases of Possession with great Success: & that it *should* be successful I account for thus. Worms, the great Enemies to human Race often produce strange and curious Effects, such as might easily in Days of Ignorance and Piety impose on standers by for Demoniack Possession, & I have a Notion that the Aloe tincture used by the Exorcists producing speedy Amendment—which as a Vermifuge it undoubtedly would—got it the name of Sacred Tincture both in the Greek & Latin Languages.

Mr Lort told me today of a *well bred* Clergyman, who instead of saying *thou Fool* when he read the Burial Service always used this expression instead—*thou Thoughtless man!* He likewise once heard a Parson give the Blessing thus The Peace of God which *surpasseth* all Understanding &c.

Mr Lort told me once that he had seen Pope's universal Prayer in the Original Manuscript; and that this Stanza was there—

Can Sins of Moments claim the Rod
Of everlasting Fires:
Or that offend 'gainst Nature's God
Which Nature's Self inspires?¹

So here is *Oh troppo dura Legge*² again!—no new way even to be *wicked* it seems.

I was mentioning the happiness of Enthusiastick Piety, & observing that no people possessed so much real Felicity as they whose hearts were warmed with that only valuable Cordial: Let us remember however said Johnson that Reason is the only Source of happiness to reasonable Beings; There is doubtless an

¹ She quoted this stanza, on May 12 of this year, to Johnson and Boswell, but curiously enough misquoted 'moments' as 'moment', and did not correct it even after Johnson challenged the sense. *Life*, iii. 346. The authenticity of the stanza was challenged by Pope's editors (*Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, ii. 562, n. 3), but other evidence (see below, p. 405 and n. 3), established its genuineness. In Boswell's version 'moments' appears as 'moment', and l. 3 reads, 'And that offend great Nature's God'.

² Cf. Boswell, *Life*, iii. 346, 527-8. Guarini, *Pastor Fido*, III. iv. 21-4, reads
'Imperfetta natura,
Che repugni a la legge:
O troppo dura legge
Che la natura offendi.'

Boswell said that Johnson noted this debt, but the fact that Mrs. Thrale records it here almost two months before the conversation reported by Boswell took place, suggests that he gave Johnson credit which rightly belonged to her.

Enjoyment in straining Imagination to Madness, & so there is in spurring up the Senses to Brutality: but as both are contrary to God's apparent Intention, so both are perversions of his Gifts, & criminal before his Sight.

Why is the number 13 reckoned unlucky? is it not because when our Saviour sate down to his last Supper—Judas Iscariot—the 13th of the Company, was a Traitor & a Devil. The Portuguese do say that when 13 dine together—one goes to Hell before the Year comes round.

S^r Joshua Reynolds said one must respect M^{rs} Rudde¹ for her Parts tho' her Vices were so great,—why replies Pepys, the highest People at King Satan's Court as well as at that of any earthly Prince will always meet respect from the Vulgar.—

The Speech I made the French Gentleman at the Opera in Paris has turned out more exactly than I wish'd it—America said he will never be subdued—do you yourself think it will? one can be sure of nothing reply'd I, now 'tis defended by Englishmen: there was little difficulty I remember when 'twas to be won from the *French*.² *This they put in the News papers—*

The Duke of Gloucester & the Pretender met sometimes at Rome tis said. our Duke in the Course of Conversation says to the other, It really gives me Pain Sir to see so accomplished a prince as you are—in want of a *Crown*: It gives me more Sir retorts the Pretender to see a prince of your Merit in want of *half a Crown*.

We were saying one day at Bath how G: Selwyn delighted in seeing Executions; M^r Thrale observed that the sole Source of Pleasure in such perverse Appetite must be the consciousness of one's own Security: & that says D^r Woodward could answer only to those who feared being hanged themselves. This Repartie was like Johnson's to Boswell, who after speaking a long Time in Praise of Wine, finished by finding that it made a Man speak Truth:—which is not much replied the other, unless he were a *Liar* when he was *Sober*.³

Roche foucault says that the reason why Lovers are always so *happy* in the Conversation of each other, is because they are ever talking of themselves;⁴ I say that the reason why Married People are almost always *unhappy* in the Conversation of each other is

¹ Cf. above, p. 123 and n. 6.

² Cf. above, pp. 114–15 and n. 1.

³ Cf. above, pp. 195 and n. 3, 196.

⁴ 'Ce qui fait que les amants et les maîtresses ne s'ennuient point d'être ensemble, c'est qu'ils parlent toujours d'eux-mêmes.' *Maximes*, No. 312.

precisely the same: Let both Couple wholly forbear The Topick of Self for one Month together only, & I sincerely think that single Method would suffice to make strange Abatements in the Fondness of one Pair & the dislike of the other—They would become mere common Acquaintance.

No Person seems to me of an Affectionate Disposition towards others, who is not very fond of himself; yet there are some so very much attached to themselves, that they really love nothing else. this however is uncommon.—

Johnson, who thinks the vacuity of Life the source of all y^e Passions, says it is certainly so both with regard to Love & Friendship:¹ In the Hurry of a Battle or the Distresses of a Siege, the Pressure of Poverty or the invasions of Pain, a Mistress or a Friend have certainly small Chance to be remembred; & even in the lesser Tumults of Amusement & Dissipation there is but little Leisure for Attachment and of Course for Reflexion; Public Life he therefore holds to be safest & best for Youth of both Sexes—no harm says he, can possibly be done before so many Witnesses.

As a proof of all this one may observe the Pump Girl at Bath: She is always pretty, commonly well educated, & certainly courted by every idle Fellow who exercises his Wit & Skill at making Love on this Wench, whose whole Employment it is to sit & hear with a Smile & a civil Countenance what every body has to say: yet these Fine Men are sure to be neglected—for they court in public,—and nobody ever heard of the Pump Girl's running away with any of them: She goes regularly home in the Evening to her Sweetheart, whose private Addresses leave the strongest Impression on her Heart: there is her *Epanchement de Cœur*—where should it be indeed but in the Teste a Teste.

Lady Mary Wortley a *luxurious Woman*² understood this Doctrine thoroughly well, as appears by her warm Verses to her Inamorato whose Name I forget.³

But when the *long hours* of *Public* are past,
And we meet with Champagne and a Chicken *at last*;
Then lost in the Joy we confess that we live,
When You may be rude, and Yet *I may forgive*.

¹ We all know the Coldness of Hollanders—& their Distance from the Passion of Love—they are a *busy* people. Italians are counted warm & tender—They are *Idle*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Perhaps an allusion to the line in Lady Mary's 'Epilogue to Mary Queen of Scots': 'What could luxurious woman wish for more.'

³ The poem is entitled 'The Lover: a Ballad. To Mr. Congreve', but Lord Hervey is generally supposed to be the person addressed.

One could not bear to read a Page of the Gentleman Instructed¹ now, & yet what a favourite Book it was—can that ever be the fate of the Rambler?—perhaps so.

We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like the Tide our Work oerflows.

Dr Swift was married to Stella by Bishop Ashe in An Alcove in the Bishop's Garden:—by the Canons of Ireland, a Bishop's presence implies a Licence.²

Says a Gentleman who listen'd while Sterne was abusing Matrimony—Come, Come, Jesus Christ once honoured a Wedding with his presence—but between You & I Sir replies Sterne, that was not the *best* thing he ever did. How comical!

Dr Parker told me he once went to wait on his old School Master & found him in a fit of the Gout:—You catch me here Dr says the good Gentleman with my *Toe ty'd up*. Yes Sir replies Parker I remember you used to tell us long ago, that *To fit it*.³

The City Kitchens were all above Stairs so certainly, that the Cry *within* Temple Bar was always Milk *above* Stairs—*without* the Bar Milk *below* Stairs.⁴—

How great is the Increase of Houses & Buildings in and around London: yet 'tis said the Inhabitants do not increase as may be proved by the Bills of Mortality: If so, & I believe it is so; the people who used to live many Families in one house, now⁵ contrive to have a house for every Family.—Things will soon alter however, if our publick Affairs go on as they do.

In the year 1773 I well remember being pleased with the Answer one Lardner a Wholesale Haberdasher in Southw^{rk} gave to Mr Johnson on the subject of American Affairs, which were then just beginning a little to draw the Attention of a few people concerned in immediate Business with them.—The Trade to those Parts Lardner observed was strangely at a Stand of late:—Come Sir says Johnson, (who thought nothing of the Distress;) they are only taking Breath I hope: Faith Sir replies the other, I fear they have *broken their Wind* though.

That same Spring⁶ the poor Princess Dowager's Effects—even to her Thimble were all sold by Auction—odd enough while the

¹ *Gentleman Instructed in the Conduct of a Virtuous and Happy Life* (1708?), by William Darrell (1651–1721). It was in its tenth edition in 1732. ² Cf. above, p. 34.

³ Cf. above, p. 20.

⁴ Cf. above, p. 67 and n. 2.

⁵ Mar: 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁶ Princess Augusta died on February 8, 1772. Cf. above, p. 32 and n. 2.

people raved about the King's Attachment to her—it was an Attachment of a particular Sort sure enough, for I would not have sold my Mothers Things so. That poor Woman—The old Princess, had bad Luck; She was blamed for her Concern in Political Affairs when I verily believe She could not have read in English the Account of her own proceedings: and She was accused of personal Fondness for Lord Bute, when his Age & hers would have secured any other Couple in the Town from Scandal.

It was in that same Year 1773 I think, that there came out a comical Print of one Arthur Beardmore¹ a busy factious Fellow, teaching his little Son Magna Charta: some arch body published one soon after of Dick Swift the noted Robber, teaching *his* Son the Decalogue; & laying his finger upon the *not* of the eighth Commandment, while the Boy was picking his Father's Pocket of a Halter.

M^{rs} Montagu once told M^r Johnson that Lady Huntingdon² had once told her; that She would advise her to commit some great Crime for the sake of having the fuller Experience of God's Mercy;—I sometimes talk of Extremes meeting—could any thing prove it more roundly? Lord Rochester's Libertine Notions, exactly correspond with Lady Huntingdon's Enthusiastick ones—we have heard the Lady—let us now listen to the Peer.

Sin then dear Girl for Heaven's Sake,
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me, and by Repentance make
A Holyday in Heaven.³

a *Label* of a *Key* was illegibly written; I cannot says a *Servant* make out this *Libel* Madam: that's hard replied I, when there's a *Key* to it.

Says Sir Francis Charlton the Wind was so high last Night it blew down a Story off my House: I rather think replies my Father Sir Francis, that this is a Story raised.—⁴

M^r Dyer told a droll Thing of two Leyden Professors once which happened when he was there a Student: One of them whose

¹ The man who, having been jailed for publishing the anti-government paper, the *Monitor*, in 1763, sued Lord Halifax for damages and recovered £1,500. *Gent. Mag.* xxxiv. 246, 600-1.

² Lady Selina Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, was a Methodist and staunch supporter of Wesley and Whitefield.

³ This poem, which begins 'Whenever Chloe I begin | Your heart like mine to move', is not attributed to Rochester in his *Collected Works*, ed. Hayward (1926). It is published anonymously in Dodsley's *Collection* (1748, 2nd edition), i. 338.

⁴ Cf. above, p. 127.

Name was Mr *White*¹ was much attended to on Acc^t of his Skill in Anatomy—he therefore took the name of *Albinus* by which he is well known in the World as Inventor of some Anatomical Tables we sometimes see advertised: The other Gentleman observing his Countryman's Success, began calling himself *Nigrinus*: till the College so laugh'd at him, (for though his Name was *Black* he had no other pretensions to Notice) that he was actually obliged to quit the Academy.

Lord Chesterfield of whom so much has been said, died the other Day², & many things are related of his last moments: he certainly did expire with these Words in his Mouth “Give Dayrolles³ a Chair.”” So there was the *Courtier smooth*⁴ that Pope speaks of, exemplified very completely.

One of his last Bons Mots was this I heard: Sir Thomas Robinson and myself are dying by Inches:⁵ I fear for that Reason it will be my Turn first, Lord Chesterfield was rather a short Man, S^r Thomas remarkably tall.

Another of the Dying Wits last Words was told me thus;—My old Friend Lord Tyrawley⁶ & myself said he have already been dead some time, but that we chose rather to keep it a secret: it will however soon be announced of us both.

These Anecdotes⁷ I copied from Memorandums made in April 1773.

Mr Boswell keeps a regular Literary Journal I believe of every thing worth remarking; 'tis a good way, but Life is scarce long enough to talk, & to write, and to live to rejoyce in what one has written—at least I feel that I have begun too late.

Here are terrible Reports too about the universal Distress likely to fall on the Commercial World, occasioned by the Loss of

¹ The family name of Bernard Siegfried Albinus was Weiss, but his father, Bernard Albinus, who was himself a doctor of distinction, had latinized the name before him. *Dictionnaire biographie universelle*.

² He had died in 1773. She explains below that she is copying memoranda made in 1773.

³ Solomon Dayrolles, the Earl's secretary and godson.

⁴ 'The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"'

Epistle to Lord Cobham, ll. 252–5.

⁵ Sir Thomas died in 1777. ⁶ James O'Hara, 2nd Baron Tyrawley, who died in 1773.

⁷ Apparently everything from the repeated anecdote of Swift and Stella, on p. 255.

our Colonies, which are now¹ given over I find; & the Loss of the East & West Indies which are hourly apprehended by our dastardly Ministers, who dare not however, strike a stroke to prevent it; nor will relinquish their Places in favour of one who dares—*Lord Chatham*: so if Bankruptcy should come on, and the mode of Life be changed to a more primitive Method; I may probably find Employment enough in making mending &c for my Family, instead of spreading my Table with Peaches in May, & amusing Leisure Hours at the *Thraliana*.—Few People however will bear a reverse of Fortune better than I shall; who have good Health, good Spirits and a firm Reliance that whatever we suffer in this World will if we suffer it patiently, be fully compensated to us in the next:—Houses, Lands, Friends &c. for we have our Saviour's own Word which—if Heaven & Earth pass away, we well know will not pass away. & it appears to me that as in the natural World the nicest Proportion has been strictly kept between the Centripetal & the Centrifugal Force, so as to preserve us on the one hand from being fasten'd to the Ground, & on the other—from being scattered into empty Space; so has our Attachment to *this* Life & our Aspiration to a *better* been in the Moral Dispensation most accurately balanced.—Were our Love of Heaven for example much more intense, & our desires much more strongly directed thither; the duties of our Station would be left undone, & all reciprocation of Kindness or Attention utterly neglected: If on the other Side our present Enjoyments were found sufficient to produce that Felicity of w^{ch} our Nature is confessed to be capable; Heaven itself would soon appear superfluous, and all our Affections be of course concentrated to the dark Spot of Earth which we inhabit. but it is not so.—Let the Voluptuary strain his Senses to the utmost—he never finds the Result at all to equal his Expectation; & let the Enthusiast burst his Brain with Raptures of Cœlestial Pleasure, he still feels the Necessities of Nature drag him back to Mortality, and acknowledges it when he loses either his Fortune, Health, or Friends.

It is common to express Surprise at the unprovoked viciousness of Mortal Man, let us sometimes wonder at their unencouraged Virtue. the Duty of Education has of late Years been practised with an Alacrity truly astonishing to me who can scarcely believe that any one thinks it has answered to another, which daily Experience indeed serves to contradict; nor can one hope or suppose that all such are performing their own Duty careless of the

¹ 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*. She must mean that their eventual loss had been conceded. The war was not concluded of course, until 1783.

Effect, but contented with the Effort, and trusting to future Rewards: what then can spur on the present Age to educate our Daughters with such emulative Earnestness? that every Girls School now of decent Rank has a Master in pay to teach the Misses Verse, Criticism, Geography &c things never dreamed of as necessary—30 nor even 20 years ago. One of these educated Maidens fell under my Notice the other day—I asked her what Needle Work She could do, Oh none Madam, our Governess thinks little of such Matters, we are all learning the *Sciences*: Oh! the *Sciences*, and pray my Dear what are they—Many replies my Companion, but Grammar is one: & what do you know of Grammar Miss said I. I know answers the Girl that a Pronoun stands instead of a Noun for a Substitute and a Representative.—

What part of Speech is *His* then for Example; as *his* Hat, *his* Sword &c?—*His'n* Ma'am? replies the Lass with an Air! I believe it is an Adverb,—A'nt it?—Thus may a Young Lady have sixty or seventy Pounds a Year spent on her Education for seven or eight Years, & return home at last unembellished by any Grace of Carriage, & uninform'd of the Bible History—for that is'n't a Book *at our School* forsooth; unable to cut out a Shirt or Shift, or do one earthly thing of Use: and all for the sake of the *Sciences*. in good Time!

In the humour I am in I think I would leave behind me this Advice to a Young Woman of independent Fortune.—Chuse when you marry some positive Good; and see that you obtain it, & then be content: marry for Love, if you are full of the tender Passion, & have Reason to think it is sincerely returned; marry the Man who has possession of your heart, & enjoy the rare Pleasure of loving & of being beloved; but if this be indeed your Plan, & you sacrifice other hopes to it, be not cheated, nor marry a Man merely because he *says* he loves *you*, & because when you are Idle, you *think* You love *him*: on the other hand if you resolve to live in Affluence see that the Person you wed be really worth the Money you mean to possess, and do not be deceived by a fictitious Rent-roll, or deluded by the Shew of a splendid Trader, whose gay Appearance is as often the Concealment of Distress, as it is the Testimony of Riches: If Rank be your Aim, enquire whether your Lover's Title be a true one, and do not like Miss Lyttelton¹ connect yourself with a Scoundrel, fancying him an English Earl forsooth, when he is not an Irish Baron but by Courtesy.—Young Ladies never do

¹ Probably Miss Hester Lyttelton, sister to Lord Westcote, who married John Fitzmaurice, Esq., of Springfield Castle, co. Limerick.

marry for Virtue I think, when they have the power of chusing; so any Directions to avoid a Hypocrite would be superfluous in an Age like ours; where the Men do not pretend to Goodness, nor the Women to prefer them for it—if they did.

People have a strange Propensity to making Vows on trifling Occasions, a Trick one would not think of; but I once caught my Husband at it, and have since then been suspicious that 'tis oftener done than believ'd.—For Example M^r Thrale & I were driving thro' E: Grinstead and found the Inn we used to put up at destroyed by Fire: he express'd great Uneasiness, & I still kept crying why can we not go to the other Inn?—tis a very good house—here is no Difficulty in the Case: all this while M^r Thrale grew violently impatient, endeavoured to bribe the Post Boy to go on to the next Post Town &c but in vain; till pressed by Enquiries and Solicitations he could no longer elude, he confessed to me that he had sworne an oath or made a Vow I forget which, 17 Years before; never to set his Foot within those Doors again, having had some Fraud practised on him by a Landlord who then kept the house but had been dead long enough ago.—when I heard this all was well; I desired him to sit in the Chaise, while the Horses were changed: & walked into the house myself to get some Refreshment the while.

M^r Johnson told me he knew a Lady who had such a habit of lingering, that She never could get herself dressed for Dinner, till She had made a *Vow* to do so.¹

M^r Minchin, a Gentleman quite of the Bon Ton high in Fortune I believe—at least gay in external Appearance, who has likewise a large Family of Children, is said to be bound by a secret but solemn Oath never to speak to his own Wife, with whom however he continues to live like other People; but bids his Daughters or Servants, or some intermediate Person, always tell her what he has to say; for he never was known to speak *to* her for these last five Years it seems, though they frequently have Company to Dinner—sit at the same Table &c.

Doctor Parker told me last Year a strange Thing of the same kind: his Curate had informed him he said that one —— a Dentist in their Parish had sent for him: and when he came, desired him to witness an Oath or Vow which he intended to take, setting forth that he would not again drink any Intoxicating Liquor for the

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 299, and Introduction, p. xxiv.

space of a Year to come: the Parson enquired the Cause of this odd Resolution; when Ruspini acquainted him, that his Friend had no Power to keep himself sober but by this method; for that he was very much attached to the Sin of Ebriety, which was as great a hindrance to his Wellfare in this World as in the next, for that it incapacitated him to pursue his Business as a Tooth Drawer, by which means he had hitherto got his Living, but w^{ch} Business was sliding away from him very fast. the Year before, when he first thought of this expedient; for added he turning to his Wife, you know my Dear I made the same Vow this Time Twelvemonth & kept it strictly; Yes says She, & I know too that yesterday when the Time was expired, You got so beastly drunk that you were forced to be carried to Bed.—The Clergy man very properly however, declined having any thing to do with such an Affair; declaring it wholly out of his Sphere, & exhorting —— to gain more Command over his Appetites, & not bring God Almighty in between him and his Bottle¹ any more.—

Doctor Parker who told me the above Story this Winter 1777. & the first Months of 1778. shewed me a little Poem written to himself by an old Clergyman of sixty nine Years old just upon the Accession of the present King, or about the Time of his Marriage, in the Year 1761 however; about a Six Pence w^{ch} Parker had lent him or some such stuff—the Curiosity of it consists merely in the Age of the Writer, & in an Allusion to an Anecdote now almost forgotten of the famous Doctor Wilson,² whose Aversion to Monarchy, & earnestness in support of Democratical Principles have of late been so well known to the World: by these Verses however it will be seen, that his Patriotism sprung from very interested Motives, the Disappointment of his Expectations at Court; where he flattered so grossly, as even to pretend to weep in the very Pulpit, for Joy at the King's coming to the Throne.

Dr Thomas to Doctor Parker—1761.

At Wit iratis Diis to aim
Is but to strive against the Stream;
Without a Voice tis mad to sing,
As mad to fly without a Wing;
And equally as mad and vain
To versify against the Grain.

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 299. She there attributes this *bon mot* to Dr. Johnson.

² The Rev. Thomas Wilson, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, where he erected a statue to Catherine Macaulay before she was dead, in honour of her democratic principles. Johnson's friend, Dr. Taylor, succeeded to his place in St. Margaret's on his death in 1784. *Letters*, No. 960, and n.

And yet these Axioms notwithstanding
 I mount my Peg, and ride a cantering
 In hobbling Doggrell—mighty fine!
 To play the Fool at sixty nine:
 Yea Sir the Fool, for I alack,
 Of Writing never had the Fac,-
 Ulty; as plainly if you please
 You may perceive by Rhimes like these.

Whilst you Friend William—

—Ah had thy Christian name been Peter,
 Well had it served for Rhyme to Metre,
 Hast such a Knack that not Hic Hoc,
 Nor Hujus, nor the Cases Voc;
 Nor Dat: nor Acc: nor Ablative,
 I think their Number's one & five
 Can scape thy Verse Jocose—
 Nay had there been as many more:
 A Dozen round or e'en a Score
 They all would to thy sprightly Wit
 To thy Poetick Fire submit:
 All, All must to thy Muses Fancy
 And that's as much as Mortal can say
 Have lower'd the Cap and veil'd the bonnet,
 To've been the Subject of thy Sonnet.
 Oh! were thy Hock but half as Terse,
 But half as *neat* as is thy Verse,
 To th' Devil for me the French might go,
 Be Drank by Imps or Fiends below:
 But for thy Hock—
 My *Mouth* should *ope* in Joyous Lays
 With Throat full wide to sing its Praise
 From Dan even to Beersheba.
 Which is as if a Man should say
 From Chaplain's Cell so neat, so topping,
 Down to the Gun in Dock at Wapping.
 And thus in high Strains with the grandest Decorum
 Dō I sing forth your Praise in Sæcula Sæculorum.

All above written—is d'ye see
 Only by way of Simile;
 As all you said about the Tester
 Is I presume by way of Jest Sir;
 For sure it ne'er could enter *Nobb*
 Parkerian—thus to make a Jobb
 O'th Common Prayer—*A Wilson may*,
 In hopes to be a *Dean one Day*;
Bedew the Pulpit, coax the King,
 For a Golden Preb: or a better thing
 But of you dear Wag—I hope much better,
 So ends the Postcript and the Letter.

This Doctor Parker was formerly an intimate Friend of my Fathers and used to come perpetually to dinner with us in Dean Street; was half a favourite with my Mother & a diligent Lover to Miss; Yet could I never get the Man to tell who he was originally; tho' our Acquaintance was not of Months standing, but of Years.—But after I had been married a while, there came a sprightly sort of gay-Manner'd Clergyman to hunt with Mr Thrale—whose Foxhounds were famous—and to this Man by the greatest Chance in the World I happened to name Dr Parker who was then as now, Rector of Saint James's—What! says Dick Smith—my old Friend the Miller of Coventry! was he ever a Miller Sir? said I—Madam says the little Man I'll tell you. & thus he began. ““When I was a Boy and went to School at Coventry, the Miller's Son whose Name was Parker, and used to bring Wheat for us to grind, or rather Flower for us to bake, shewed an uncommon Disposition to Literature, and our Master delighted in now & then asking him Questions which he would answer with uncommon Adroitness: this being talked of, & the Lad getting intimate with some of the Scholars, they perswaded their Fathers to raise a Subscription & put Him out to the School in earnest—this was done, & he was clothed by the same Means As he was taught, he was said to be then 17 Years old.—In the mean while continues Smith I went abroad with my Parents to Brussels, from whence we did not return till it was but barely decent for me to go to the University, I was so close on 20 Year's old; to Oxford however I went, was enter'd of Baliol, & being always one of the wild ones; got into a Riot the second Day after my Arrival; when me & my Company were heard so noisy in my Chambers that the Head of the House was forced to come in to keep Order—what however was my Astonishment when I saw my old Acquaintance *Parker* walk into the Room in that Character! however he soon recognized my Countenance, and remembering the old Subscriptions &c. used his Authority with Mildness, & the Riot was not punished. I rewarded his Taciturnity by saying nothing of the Cause on't,—and as I soon run away from College myself with a young Woman of Quality as Mr Thrale can tell You; I never had occasion to mention the Man more till now that you Madam accidentally named his Name—and so he's Rector of St James's is he?”—Yes Sir said I, and on the point of Marriage with Miss Whitwell¹—Niece to the Countess of Portsmouth, & Sister to

¹ Mary Whitwell married the Rev. Dr. Parker in 1768. She had no children, and the estate of £7,000 a year which she inherited from her brother on his death in 1797 accordingly

S^r John Griffin Griffin,¹ whose large Estate is settled upon her and her Children, as Sir John has none, nor has Madam Weldren any, who is another Sister, & Wife to the Dutch Ambassador.—

They had another Sister too an Old Maid who dy'd in the Year 1776 of a Spirit of Perverseness I think, but here is the History of Her Death as her Sister M^{rs} Parker told it me.

M^{rs} Parker loquitur.

“ “I had had a large Company of Friends to Dinner, among the rest my Sister Weldren, and I had invited my other Sister Whitwell, but She wou'd not come; & as She sent somewhat a peevish Answer, that She would not dine among such *fine Folks*, & as She was very old, & very cross, & perhaps a little Sickly too; We proposed when our Company was broken up—to go, Madam Welderen & I, to sit with her & coax her into a better humour. Accordingly at nine o'Clock we went to her Lodgings—She was too *near meaning too penurious*, to have a House of Her own:—her Servant however came down, & told us. that She had taken some Whey & was gone to Bed not quite well; we accordingly drove on to the Countess's where we spent the Evening, little thinking of the terrible Catastrophe with which our Ears were to be saluted next day—for about 12 o'Clock M^r Booth's House caught Fire, & his Wife who had been an old Servant of the Family very affectionately ran up to my Sister's Apartment, & called her—She however would not rise but said She was sure it was a false Alarm & huffed M^{rs} Booth for disturbing her Repose—the good Woman went away to look to her own Affairs, and my Sister's Maid pressing her to rise, She at length got up, but in a very ill humour; protesting She should catch her Death with their Maggots: when She was got to her Drawing Room She looked out of the Window, & seeing no bustle in the Street, became still less pleased with her having been disturbed, & said She would go up to her Chamber again: the Landlady coming in besought her to run no Risks for that the Fire was real; to which She replied—Lord M^{rs} Booth do save your Life if you think it in any danger—I know here is no Fire, and care not if there was, for I must & will go back to my Drawers at least—She did go back & returned no more, for the smoke met her as She came out of her Bed Room the last Time: & She ran a

reverted to a distant relative, the then Lord Braybroke, on her death in 1799. *Gent. Mag.* xxxviii. 246; lxix. 1005.

¹ He was born Whitwell, but took the surname of Griffin in 1749, when his aunt, Elizabeth, Countess of Portsmouth (d. 1762), gave him her share of the family's Saffron Walden estate. He became Baron Howard de Walden in 1784. *Ibid.* lxvii. 529-30.

few Steps up the Garret Stairs: there however She sate down—& said I will go no Further I will die here—no body will lament my Loss, & my Dog will not leave me I see; so he will be provided for as well as myself—She accordingly could not be prevailed on to stir, but sate still till She was burnt, or suffocated at least, with her Lap dog by Her Side. M^{rs} Booth who was six Months gone with Child saved her own Life by scrawling out at the three pair of Stairs Window to the Leads of another house & nobody perished but my Sister Whitwell.” ”—

All this dismal happened in June 1776.¹ as well as I remember; M^r Thrale was gone with little M^r Evans of St Saviour's to fish for Trout in the River at Rickmansworth, & we were just come from Bath to Streatham, and were gathering our Folks together I see by some old Verses which I wrote just at that Time to M^r Thrale who went on the Weñsday to Herts, & returned on the Fryday—so I sent the Verses to meet him at the Borough house on the Fryday Morn^g. God knows they are silly enough—but they do not smell of the Lamp at least. I wrote them as fast as I now write this Stuff.

While you are amus'd with your Rickmansworth Fishing
And see the Red Trout look so Crimson the Dish in;
What says my sweet Master to our pleasant Fancy,
Of trying to emulate great M^r Anstie?²
That we by some means for your Sport may provide,
You may read as you travel this *new Stretham Guide*;
Here then we begin, our Adventures rehearse,
Which can't be more easy in Prose than in Verse;
For where there is nothing to tell tis much better,
To make all the Bustle one can with a Letter;
So to Wickham on last Monday Morning we drove,
To carry our Compliments Service and Love;
M^{rs} Nesbitt was just driven out at the Door
But had left Master Arney,³ the Dogs & Miss Moor,
With a young Tawny Brat of their new Commodore.
They offer'd us Cherries, Tea, Coffee and Cake,
But few of their Bounties would Queeny⁴ partake,
And for my Part I fretted that Poppet & Ramper⁵
Should have for no Purpose so silly a Scamper;
I ask'd of their Butler and heard he was nice,
Possessing no Virtue, if charg'd with no Vice;

¹ The fire occurred on Saturday, June 29, 1776, according to the *London Chronicle* (June 29–July 1, 1776), although she says below that it happened on a Monday.

² Author of the Bath Guide written in this Measure. *Mrs. Thrale*. Christopher Anstey, who wrote *The New Bath Guide* in 1766.

³ This must be Arnold Nesbitt's son. No other mention of him survives.

⁴ My eldest Daughter. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ The Coachhorses. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Not an Englishman strong, nor an Irishman bony,
 But a Man half a Miss, a perfum'd Macaroni;—
 They discard him with Pleasure, why we should receive
 Is more than my Wit can find out with your Leave;
 Unless the mere Name of a Nesbitt contains
 Some strange hidden Power of heating one's Brains:
 And they themselves fancy that Albert's fine Man
 Will put their Affairs on a wonderful Plan:
 Since this Fellow then seems only something to titter at,
 I vote for the Man you say lived with Vansittart;
 And I wish he'd make haste at our Table to wait,
 Get Matters in order, and brush up the plate;
 For on Saturday next Lady Cotton & they come,
 Besides a whole Troop I invited from Wycombe;
 And we shall look desperate foolish indeed,
 If of Plate and of Servants we stand so in need.

—Well so much for Business! 'tis Time to be telling
 What Mischief our Matters domestick have fell in;
 Our Dogs by the *Tulippomania*¹ possest
 Everlastingly fighting will give us no Rest
 Our Pea Chickens droop, and our Pheasants don't lay,
 And the Weather's uncertain for cutting the hay;
 But the Children are happy, except perhaps Hetty
 Whilst conning her Lesson for Mr Barretti;²
 If Johnson & he would come down with some News
 My Letter'd have much better Chance to amuse,
 Meantime Mr Scott's house is sold with the Ground
 For seventeen Hundred and seventy Pound:
 And the Furniture next Monday Sennight on Sale is,
 As we were inform'd by their Maid Mr's Alice:

Just now a fierce Battle is fought on the Common,³
 For Love as we're told, of a handsome young Woman;

¹ The Bitch's Name was Tulip who went proud. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² This reluctance to study under Baretto is twice alluded to in letters of Johnson which Mrs. Thrale published in 1788. *Letters*, Nos. 408, 420. Baretto, in a marginal gloss, denied the truth of it ('God knows what lies the woman wrote to Johnson . . . I suspect that this gabble is not Johnson's but her own'), and made it his justification for the libel he printed about her in the *European Magazine* (1788), xiii. 313 ff. However, a document in Baretto's own hand, printed in facsimile by Lord Lansdowne in *Johnson and Queeney* (p. 7), indicates a distinct lack of zeal on Queeney's part. It is a mock-solemn covenant, headed 'Streatham December the 8th at night, 1774', signed by Hester with her full name and her seal, and witnessed by 'Sam. Johnson, LL.D.' and 'Hester Lynch Thrale', in which she promises to work for two full hours at her Italian every day as Mr. Baretto shall instruct her. 'And I promise further, that, whether I am in good humour or out of humour, I will be in earnest and very attentive to my lesson, as if I were in the very best humour, nor will I look about me with a vacant and weary countenance, so that the said Mr. Baretto (alias Taskmaster) shall have no reason, no, not the least shadow of a reason to complain of my disattention, unwillin[gn]ess, and reluctance.' Baretto left Streatham in the month following. See above, p. 44.

³ Tooting Bec Common, the lower Streatham common, on which the Thrale property was situated.

The Ostler and Butcher with proper Parade
 Shake hands in a Ring for the Combatants made.
 But my honest Friend Marrow bone deals the best Blows,
 And the Ostler retires with a sad Bloody Nose:
 Alas my brave Neighbours! no Gazette nor Bard
 With Praise well deserved shall your Prowess reward;
 Whereas let some Faery but change their Degree,
 Let the Butcher be Howe, and the Ostler be Lee!
 Whole Nations suspended shall view the Debate
 And the Victor decide all America's Fate.

But see in this Tumult—or some time to Day
 If my favourite Rose is not run quite away:
 I saw her frisk out on the Lawn I protest
 When Molly stood by me to Day to be drest;
 But She shall be cry'd both at Stretham & Tooting
 And every where else that the Jade can set Foot in,
 Five Shillings reward sure will bring her again,
 And I'm sure I'd not lose her for five nor for Ten.
 I would willingly now close my Letter to you,
 But more serious Misfortunes will plead for their due;
 Our Friend M^{rs} Parker's in real Distress,
 Send somebody over, You can do no less;
 Her *Sister* was *burnt* in last Monday's sad Fire,
 If you send a Man over he'll further enquire;
 But Oh my sweet Love!—what a sad World is this,
 The Sorrow so frequent, so scanty the Bliss;
 That one cannot one's Cares for a Moment beguile,
 And draw from one's Husband an innocent Smile
 But the Gloom of Concern overshadows our Day,
 And shews us that Man was not made to be gay.

Miss Hannah More, Author of the Tragedy of Percy, & of many other pleasing Performances, was unfortunate enough Yesterday¹ to put herself very innocently out of Countenance: We had all been dining at Reynolds's, & in the Afternoon having some other Engagements I went out o'visiting; but as M^r Thrale staid, She did not at all know that we belonged to each other; & called across the Room after Tea Time to Miss Reynolds amongst 'em all—"Why did you never tell me Madam that M^{rs} Thrale was such a pretty Woman?" seeing a dead Silence & odd Looks follow her Question, "Why She is a pretty Woman *enough* sure—a'nt She?" cries poor Miss More again, addressing herself to my Master by way of mending Matters. I am replied he, very glad you like her Madam;—& then all was out. this was in the Year 1777. or the beginning of 1778.

¹ It actually happened several months previously, as she says below. For the confusion of time, see the Introduction, p. xi.

I made worse Mischief by half at Cotes the Painter's once where I was very intimate: Whose Picture is that said I, & that Lady's pray? who is as eminent for her Ugliness methinks, as any one here for her Beauty—hold for Gods Sake says Francis Cotes in a Fright; 'tis my own Wife, it is indeed; & I have been married to her but a fortnight. this was in the Year 1765.

Says Dr Goldsmith to L^d Shelburne, what can provoke the people thus to call your Lordship Malagrida! when by all I ever could understand, Malagrida was a very good sort of a Man.¹ this was in the year 1773.

Says Seward my Constitution is so very atrabilious, that if I marry, my Children's Blood will be nothing but Ketchup;—especially if I get Joe Dickinson's Daughter to have me: it will replied I, have a Chance to be some what like Ketchup indeed, when 'tis nothing but *Essence of Mushrooms*

M^r Tessier was talked of for Manager to the Opera—Lord says Dr Burney now we shall have our Ears grated with French Musick, & what will the poor Italians do then?—why *cry* quoth M^r Seward: for Ut. Gallus cantat,—flet Petrus!² You know.

Grassi the Old Singing Woman was married to Bach the Harpsichord Player, but says Burney She will bring no Children—I wonder says M^r Thrale at that methinks, when She is engaged with

Back and Able.

Bach & Abel.³

Miss Reynolds had an odd dry Manner, something between Malice and Simplicity, which was entertaining enough: One Day⁴ that we had all din'd at M^r Deputy Paterson's, and Verses were talked of—The Lady of the House desirous to exalt her Husband as a Wit, in such Company; begun telling how when he—the Deputy—was 72 Years old, M^r Fitzmaurice had a large Party of gay Friends visiting him at his Seat in the Isle of Wight, where they toasted Ladies, and made Improviso Rhymes upon their Favourites; it fell to Paterson's Share it seems to celebrate Kitty

¹ Cf. above, p. 81.

² A paraphrase of the Vulgate text. Matt. xxvi 75; Mark xiv 72, &c.

³ Karl Friedrich Abel gave concerts in London with John Christian Bach from 1765 onward. According to *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, Caecilia Grassi was born in 1746, and first sang in London in 1766. The date of her marriage seems to be unknown.

⁴ Excerpts of this story, and the song, appear in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 14-15.

Parker, then a reigning Beauty: he promised not to leave the Room, nor even the Table but insisted on Pen and Ink which was granted, & in less than half an hour he read the following Verses to the Company.

When Daphne fled Apollo's Arms,
And in a Laurel veil'd her Charms,
His Godship long'd to bark her;
So do I hate the nuzzling Pride
Of Lace and Gauze that strive to hide
The Charms of Kitty Parker.

But so much Love and so much Light,
Put this Young Virgin in a Fright,
She wish'd it had been darker;
Darkness and Light—all's one to me,
For I can feel as well as see
The Charms of Kitty Parker.

Oft have I view'd Theatric Peg,¹
Unveil to Sight her taper Leg,
The Sylvia of Dan Farquhar;
But neither Leg, nor Lip, nor Eye,
In Beauty or in Youth could vye
With charming Kitty Parker.

Struck with such Charms should liqu'rish Jove
Snatch her 'mong Goddesses above
How would they all remark her!
Hebe is not more Young than She,
And Venus would be glad to be
As fair as Kitty Parker.

Should Pluto in some sudden Whim
Swearing the Prize was meant for him
In Charon's Barge embark her;
Ixion's Wheel no more would move
For each tormenting Fiend must prove
The Charms of Kitty Parker.—

Well! now to be sure these Verses are very happy; very sprightly, very clever considering they were run off all' Impromptu; but they are such Verses as I should have thought no *Lady* would have repeated in a mixed Company; this however M^{rs} Paterson performed with an Air of consummate Gravity, a solemn Accent, & a Theatrical Tone: which Miss Reynolds observing, heightened the Scene by her odd Enquiries; tending to force M^{rs} Paterson I suppose to explanations so very ridiculous that it was with the

¹ Peggy Woffington famous for acting Sylvia in the Comedy of the Recruiting Officer written by Farquhar. *Mrs. Thrale*.

utmost Difficulty one could keep one's Countenance at all: I charged Miss Reynolds with keeping us on the Titter so, when I saw her next, and She pleaded Simplicity; but I think it must have been Malice.

Another Day at the same House we had a splendid Dinner: & when the Servants were setting on the Desert, which consisted of variety of Ices, Pine Apples Peaches &c. M^{rs} Paterson called down the Table to her Husband—"Have you not some curious *Liqueurs* to treat us with my Dear? I thought you promised me some *Neuillet*:" "Oh Yes replies the Deputy, I had forgotten it—fetch hither the *Neuillet*—to his Butler:—Objections were made but in vain, & the Liqueur which was red was served round on a Salver in small Glasses *Secundum Artem*: ev'ry body took a sip, & so did I; but quite without observing the Taste as I was engaged in Conversation with my right Hand Neighbour: however my Attention was soon called off to Miss Reynolds, who in a sort of half Reverie kept saying loud enough to be heard—*Neuillet! Neuillet!* I can't imagine why this Stuff is called *Neuillet!* nobody seemed willing to answer her Enquiry: so She raised her Voice a little, & addressing herself to me across the Table: pray M^{rs} Thrale said She do you know why this—holding up her Glass—is called *Neuillet*? no really Ma'am replied I very innocently—unless perhaps from the Name of the place where it was first invented:¹—*Invented* She cried—Oh! *invented*; very likely: and yet—Lord! sure now it must have been Years ago too;—The *Invention*—of *Cherry Brandy*. I was quite struck, & yet never had in my Life so hearty a Disposition to laugh; for when I repeated my Taste of the Liquor with more intent to mind its Flavour, I began shrewdly to suspect—tho' no Connoisseuse in such Matters:—that the *Neuillet* was in reality nothing but *Cherry Brandy* at last. 1776. or 1777.

Talking of Brandy puts me in mind of another ridiculous Circumstance: We had been dining at M^{rs} Nesbitt's: there were Cards & Tea, & one thing succeeded another so, that we were seduced to stay Supper: about an hour before then, a M^{rs} Payne was announced: a very pretty Woman tho not young, & eminent for the finest natural Complexion I almost ever saw: She was perfectly well dressed, had many Jewels on, & carried herself entirely like a Woman of the first Fashion: She sate down: You don't look well Madam says M^{rs} Nesbitt; I am not well, replies

¹ Neuilly?

the other;—what will you have? says the Lady of the House again—*Brandy* Madam, replies M^{rs} Payne: The other—rising to touch the Bell says—I'll ring for some *Brandy & Water*: no, no *Water* for God's Sake! cries the Visitor, nothing but *Brandy* for me. by this Time the Serv^t appeared—Bring up some *Brandy* in a Caraff, & some *Water* in another small Decanter says M^{rs} Nesbitt: The Man did as he was bid, and the Lady began pouring into a large Wine & Water Glass her *Brandy* very liberally indeed; & did but just dash it with *Water*, perhaps for Shame, as She had observed M^{rs} Nesbitt to insist so on it. M^{rs} Payne swallowed her Cordial however, & tho' the Room was full nobody spoke a Word: In due Time came the Supper—at or after which the Conversation turned chiefly on Female Accomplishments; Musick Drawing &c. of all which M^{rs} Payne acknowledged herself a Professor: I think said She—fastening her Looks upon me—to draw a Head for my Amusement tomorrow Morning—& the Facel shall be M^{rs} *Thrale's* when I called for the *Brandy*. Poor M^{rs} *Thrale* was wholly confounded with this Address—& could only falter out—I am sure Madam I *said* nothing; *Said* Nothing! no need to *say* anything replies She when People set such a *Pair of Eyes* at one as those.

My Eyes after all are not expressive ones; however M^{rs} Payne's Conscience might lend them Animation: they are large and light Grey, neither sweet, nor bright, nor any thing else but common ordinary Eyes. The most *piercing* Eyes I ever saw were my Mother's, Garrick's, and Wedderburn the Counsellors; I was once observing that *his* were like a Writ of Enquiry, and the Conceit was considered as a happy one. For sweetness mingled with Vivacity, no Eyes ever equal'd the famous Lady Coventry's; For Sweetness soft'ned into Languour, none ever surpassed those of the present Lady Westcote¹; For Steadiness, Clearness, & Curiosity of Colour, being the darkest Blue I ever saw; M^{rs} Nesbitt's are the finest.—unless perhaps my own eldest Daughter's who exactly resemble them.

The Eyes of the famous Courtezan Kitty Fischer; being a Species quite apart, deserve to be mention'd: their Colour was of a Sky Blue, like a Ribbon, I never saw so beautiful a Brilliant

¹ My Mother's, Garrick's, Wedderburn's, Lady Coventry's and Lady Westcote's were all what are called *black* Eyes—none of em however but Garrick's & Lady Westcote's were really so; the rest were all Hazle. *Mrs. Thrale*. Lady Coventry was Maria Gunning, the famous beauty, first wife of the 6th Earl. The second Lady Westcote was Caroline Bristow, daughter of John Bristow, Esq., of Quidenham, Norfolk. She married Lord Westcote in 1774. *Gent. Mag.* lxxix. 985.

Blue; the Expression was less peculiar, but the Colour was truly Celestial.

M^{rs} Nesbitt was one of the *naïve* People: M^r Thrale twitted her with bathing at that End of Brighthelmston where the Gentlemen bathed: Lord Brother said She you think that I go there to see the naked men; God knows I would not give *this* now,—snapping her Fingers—to see all the Men in Brighthelmstone naked.—What a Speech!

It comes in my head to write out some Verses I made when I was first married, and M^r Thrale left me to spend a Day or two with some Friends at Harrow on the Hill. I used to divert myself in those Days by spinning, and in Fact did spin a Pair of brown Thread Stockings; which I afterwards knit, and then mark'd, so that from beginning to ending they were all my own Manufactory: my poor Dear Son wore them often, and had them on the Morning that he died; I flung them in the fire that nobody else might ever wear them after his Death. This Amusement is alluded to in the following Verses.

While Harrow's happier Groves detain
Your ling'ring Steps from Streatham's Plain,
To think or write of ought were vain
But Harrow on the Hill;

In vain as home last Night we flew
The varied Landskip lay in View;
No Object could my Eyes pursue,
But Harrow on the Hill:

As much in vain my Wheel I seize
My Temper, not my Flax I teize,
No Subject now my Thoughts can please
But Harrow on the Hill:

And while my Heart in earnest *burns*,¹
Your Stay the murmuring Spindle mourns,
Impatient till my Love returns
From Harrow on the Hill.

1764.

The Verses to my Husband preceded the following to my Daughter, but three or four Years: at three or four Years old She could read & write and do a hundred Tricks; thanks to my own Fatigue & my Mother's Assistance, we were both Indefatigable, that we were: I had however one Week gone to Town with M^r Thrale leaving the Child at Streatham with my Mother; when I went to visit them—Hetty gave me a Rose from the Hothouse, it

¹ I was plagu'd with the *Heartburn*. Mrs. Thrale.

was February 1767: & a great Snow on the Ground: at Night I wrote the following little Poem

A Fable to Miss Thrale Feb: 17: 1767.—

You love a Fable, this may do
To pass away an hour or two;
The Rose you gave inspired the Strain
Another Time perhaps you'll know it,
Roses were never given in vain
To one that call'd himself a Poet;
No Rhymist e'er the Bait resisted
Since Rhymes and Roses have existed.

Offspring of Artifice and Care,
By Contrast only seeming Fair,
Factitious Thing, by Folly bred,
Thus to th' insulted Flow'r I said,
Are these the Sweets that you disclose?
The Beauties of a Hothouse Rose?

And is it worth our Toil and Pain
Such languid Charms at length t'obtain?
Back to your narrow Cell retire,
And flourish o'er your Charcoal Fire;
Ill form'd the Breath of heav'n to bear,
A Hot House is Your proper Sphere.
While yet I spoke the Rose appear'd,
To feel the force of what She heard;
Then seem'd to blush a deeper dye
And form'd indignant this Reply.
Before you hastily condemn,
My feeble Stalk my slender Stem;
Think on Your Daughter's early Bloom
Nor longer scorn my faint perfume:
When with Attention Care and Skill,
You mould her Infant Mind at will,
With pains the frigid Soil prepare,
And force th' unwilling Tree to bear;
Beneath Your fost'ring Hand she grows,
And blooms at length—a hothouse Rose:
Assisted too I'm told in Town
By hands much abler than your own;
If this be all Your Arts have gain'd
Let me no longer live disdained,
Tho' still confess'd a forward Plant,
My Leaves no teizing Insects haunt;
Let her like me her Sweets dispense
With Purity and Innocence.
Content from dangerous Crowds retire,
And cheer the Safe Domestick Fire;

There, should her Prattle once beguile
 Judicious Johnson of a Smile;
 You'd soon confess your Cares repaid,
 And wonder at the progress made.

I have written out old Verses addressed to my Husband and my Daughter in the early Days of my Married State: I will now in the Year 1778 write out a life of my self; at least a little Epitome of whence I came, who I am &c. before I go hence and am no more seen.¹

In² the Year 1070: among the many Adventurers who followed William the Norman to the Conquest of England, came Adam of Saltsburg son of Abraham, Duke and Prince of Bavaria,³ who now lies honourably interr'd in the Cathedral Church of Saltsburg in Bavaria: this Adam his Son, obtained a Grant from the Conqueror, of lands in Lancashire; where he built him a House & called it Saltsbury Court. His *Great Great* Grandson was Henry Salusbury surnamed the Blacke; who in the Year 1190—during the Holy Wars had the honour of Knighthood conferred on him in the Field of Battle by his Sovereign King Rich^d Cœur de Lion: chusing for his Atchievement the Lyon with Three Turkish Crescents—his lineal Descendant⁴ two hundred Years after, whose Name likewise was Henry^e,⁵ died in the field of Battle at Barnet in the Year 1471. fighting for Edw^d the 4th against the Earl of Warwick: he had shewn Mercy to one of the Lancastrians who begged it on his Knees, with these remarkable & haughty Words—

Sat est prostrasse Leoni.

Those Words were therefore made choice of by his Son who survived him, as a Motto to his Arms; and that Son whose Name was Thomas, built himself a Seat in the Vale of Llwydd, in North Wales, and calling it *Llewenny*,⁶ that is *Llew* the Lyon, *annŷ* for us;

¹ I expect to lye in about six Weeks hence when the Analect Book may possibly be closed for ever. 20: April 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*. Henrietta Sophia Thrale was born on the following June 21. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii.

² She wrote a parallel, but shorter and less explicit, account of her life for Sir James Fellowes in her last years at Bath (printed by Hayward, ii. 6–30).

³ The Bavarian origin of the Salusbury (or Salisbury) family is denied by Welsh genealogists (*Athenaeum*, i. 164, 264), but the assertion was not Mrs. Thrale's invention. See the Salusbury genealogy in Burke, *Landed Gentry* (1937), under 'Salusbury of Firgrove'.

⁴ I skip the intermediate men, & Marriages; as I do not mean this for a Pedigree, but such an Epitome of the old Family Tree, as may just serve to keep the Lineage in View—by mentioning only a few particular People that sprang from it. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ Thomas, according to Burke, loc. cit.

⁶ The Salusbury who first settled in the neighbourhood of Llewenny is supposed to have been one Adam Salusbury, of Salusbury in Lancashire, who emigrated to Wales, along with other followers of Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in 1283–4. *Athenaeum*, i. 264. Cf. also Burke, loc. cit., who lists six generations of Salusburies 'of Llewenny' before this one.

placed a Copper Lyon on his House Top with *Sat est prostrasse Leoni*—written round it. This Thomas's Great Grandson was Sir John Salusbury, who marrying a Daughter of David Myddelton of Chester Esq^r.¹ was by her made Father of seven Sons who out-lived him, & seven Daughters who married & dispersed their Progeny about very liberally—The *eldest* of his Sons was Sir John Salusbury who married Catherine Tudor a Relation² & Ward of Queen Elizabeth, the heiress of Berayne & commonly called Catherine the fair:—while his *sixth* Son Roger Salusbury married the Daughter of this very same Catharine by Sir Richard Clough an eminent Merchant, in Partnership with S^r Tho^s Gresham who built the Royal Exchange, founded the College still called by his Name &c. &c. &c. this his Partner Sir Richard Clough bought a small Estate in the Neighbourhood of Llewenny & built him there a Brick House which he called Bachŷgraig, & marrying the Widow of Sir John Salusbury—fair Catharine aforesaid³—had by her a Daughter who married Sir John Salusbury's sixth Brother *Roger Salusbury*⁴ then *Roger of Bachŷgraig*: he *took* the Copper Lyon from Llewenny gilt it, & set it on the Top of his House Bachŷgraig; where it stood to my own Knowledge four Years ago; from this Roger, and the Daughter of S^r R: Clough by Catherine of Berayne was my Father lineally descended, being the 6th from Roger Salusbury & Kitty Clough. In the mean Time Sir John Salusbury the elder Bro^r of Roger had by Catherine of Berayne herself, (who was Mother to Roger's Wife) a Son known by the Name of Sir John the Strong: he had two Thumbs on each Hand, was eminent for performing singular Feats, and he married Lady Ursula Stanley daughter⁵ to the Earl of Derby, & had by her a son whose Name was Henry & was the first Baronet of the Family—this Hereditary Honour descended for three Generations very regularly,

¹ Her family relationship to the Myddletons of Chester and Chirk Castle is variously stated (see Broadley, p. 282). If the *D.N.B.* article on Thomas Salisbury, the poet, is to be trusted, Henry Salisbury, the first baronet, united the families by marrying Hester, daughter of Sir Thomas Myddleton, of Chirk.

² The relationship, according to Mrs. A. M. Knollys (Broadley, p. 281) was illegitimate and distant. She was granddaughter to Sir Richard Velville, also known as Brittagne, who was 'the reputed base son of Henry VII'. In the account written for Fellowes (Hayward, ii. 8), Mrs. Thrale represented Catherine as the legitimate great-granddaughter of Owen Tudor and the dowager Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V. This remarkable woman was married four times, and was known as Mam Gwalia (i.e. Mother of Wales) because of her numerous descendants. *D.N.B.*, under 'Thomas Salisbury' (1555?–86).

³ who took him for his Money's sake. *Mrs. Thrale*. Her other two husbands were Maurice Wynn and Edward Thelwall.

⁴ mention'd at Top of this Page. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ Illegitimate daughter to Henry, 4th Earl of Derby. Mrs. Thrale later glorified her into Dowager Countess of Derby. Broadley, p. 282.

but then there were only two Children left by Sir Tho^s a Son & a Daughter—John & Hester by Name:¹ John succeeded to the Title of Course, but soon drank himself to Death, & so the Baronetage became extinct; while the Estate, being entailed upon his Sister Hester, by his Death become sole Heiress of Llewenny—*She* married, & transferred the same to Sir Robert Cotton a Cheshire Baronet settled at the Abbey of Combermere; to whom She brought no less than nineteen Children:² her 2^d Son Thomas, by the Death of Calveley his elder Bro^r coming next to the Estate; married Philadelphia Lynch, the Gov^r of Jamaica's Daughter, by Vere Herbert—Daughter to Lord Torrington:³—This Philadelphia Lynch brought seventeen Children,⁴—the eleventh of which was Hester Maria Cotton—*my Mother*, who thus married her Cousin John Salusbury Esq^r of Bachygraig, *my Father*.

Now my Father's paternal Estate of Bachygraig was 500^l p^r Annum besides a purchase in Caernarvonshire of about 100^l a Year more, bought by an old Collateral Relation, & left to my Grandfather as to the Head of the Family. this Fortune small as it was, was mortgaged deeply; and involved in every possible Confusion & Distress, when my Grandfather died⁵ & left three Infant Sons⁶ to the Care of his pious Widow Lucy, who lived single to her Death; & having been educated herself to Literature, being an Elève of the famous Doctor Halley the Astronomer, She resolved they should not be bred in Ignorance; so put them to Whitchurch School—where they were to do *all alike*, for She made

¹ This genealogy is confused. But the printed accounts (*D.N.B.*, under 'Thomas Salisbury' [d. 1643]; Burke, *Landed Gentry*, under 'Salusbury of Firgrove') themselves disagree. Hester is variously given as daughter to the 4th Baronet and sister to the 3rd.

² From her it came that the Cottons have most of them been christen'd Salusbury ever since, & are still, in honour of her Memory. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Vere Herbert was the daughter of Sir Edward Herbert. Arthur Herbert, Earl of Torrington, was her brother. Cokayne, *Complete Baronetage* (1904), iv. 84.

⁴ Her husband wrote out a short account of their married history (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 530), which is indorsed in Johnson's hand, 'Mem. Birth of Cottons'. It begins: 'I was married ye 15th year of my age, & in ye 13th year of my wifes, on Saturday being ye 2d of November 1689.' He then lists the births of their first seven children, as follows: Thomas Salusbury, born November 1, 1692 (lived sixteen weeks); Robert Salusbury, born December 26, 1694; William Salusbury, born February 3, 1696, died November 16, 1696; Henry Salusbury, born (at Esher House) June 8, 1697; Philadelphia, born (at Esher House) March 12, 1699; Stephen, born (at Esher House) July 31, 1700; John Salusbury, born (at Esher House) June 21, 1702. Of these, only Robert and Philadelphia reached maturity, along with the later-born Lynch, Sidney Arabella, Sophia, and Hester Maria, Mrs. Thrale's mother. She had two children by her second marriage, to Captain King, who are probably included in this number. Six are unaccounted for.

⁵ Thomas Salusbury died in 1714.

⁶ The fourth son, William, died an infant in 1712. See below, p. 524, n. 3.

my Father from his Cradle breed his Brothers equal with himself: but where unfortunately the youngest Bro^r Henry was deprived of his Senses by an odd Accident, & continued a Burden to the other two till within these 20 Years. John & Thomas however worked at their Book; & in due Timewere entered of Trinity Hall Cambridge,¹ to which Place the Mother—Old Lucy—carried 'em herself.

By this Time however or soon after, Expences began to run high and Cash low: the Estate engaged even beyond its Value, The two eldest Brothers on their Education at Cambridge,² The Mother & the youngest Son spending Money at home, and no Appearance of any good coming to the Family. My³ Father turning out a wild young Fellow with Spirit to spend Money, and earnest Desire to give it away wherever it seemed to be wanted, had soon very little to spend or give, and resolved to come to London and try his Fortune as 'tis called. here he fell in with a very famous Woman, Miss Harriott Edwards; who having struck out for herself a new Plan of Happiness resolved to act the Man & the Libertine: She was a Young Person of large & independent Fortune, who set Reputation at Nought, & Scandal at Defiance; resolved to avoid Marriage, yet have a Son on whom to settle her Estate. She took as I have been told a fancy to my Father; whom She supplied with Money as long as her Taste to his Company subsisted, and when they parted, He picked up another female Friend a M^{rs} Stradwicke. who being divorced from her Husband led a libertine Life till all her Pelf was exhausted: when these Resources failed my Father, he went abroad as Cicerone to his Relation Sir Robert Cotton of Combermere who paid his Expences, & was pleased with his Company; the more perhaps as he did not suspect the Attachment his own Sister Hester had to him, and the regular Correspondence they had long continued to maintain. Miss Hester had indeed been singularly unfortunate; her Father dying young, & leaving to his Widow Philadelphia then but 34 years old, the Care of all his Progeny; the Lady—warm with West Indian Blood, & trusted with unbounded Power, soon married again to an Irish Officer one Captain King, who had already two Sons by his first Wife the Daughter of L^d Loftus⁴ who

¹ John was admitted a scholar at Trinity Hall on January 4, 1725, and took his M.A. degree in 1728. Thomas matriculated there in 1726, graduated LL.B. in 1734, and received an LL.D. in 1740. J. and J. A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, Pt. I, iv. 7.

² They were fellow-commoners at Trinity for two years, and 'slept together as they delighted to tell, & their Cat Tyger on the Bed'. 'Mainwaring Piozziana,' i. 8.

³ Parts of the next two pages appear in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 17-18.

⁴ The three daughters of Viscount Loftus listed in Burke, made creditable matches.

ran away with him when he served my Lord as Agent, & who afterwards coaxed her Papa to procure him a Commission, with the advantages of which after her demise, he wedded the Widow of Sir Thomas Cotton; who had then living, eleven Children by her first Bed: These however soon became the Objects of her Aversion, as they were the Cause of her Reproaches, and leaving the young ones without Clothes or Education to run wild at the Joynture House,¹ She went to Law with those which were older, in order to defraud them for the Benefit of her second Brood which was now coming on apace. She had her on 1st Husband's Death seized the Writings of the Estate, so that when my Uncle, (the before-mentioned Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, with whom my Father went abroad;) came to propose a Marriage with Lady Eliz: Tolle-mash;² the Earl of Dysart her Father observed, that he had *heard* Sir Robert had a good Estate; but that he had no Writings to shew for it—If She used her eldest Son so however, She used her Daughters worse; and Miss Hester, afterwards my poor Mother, was a half starved, untaught Gawkee Girl, when She at the Age of 18: resolved to run away from her odd Mother, & put herself under the protection of Lady Betty & Sir Robert, her Brother & his Wife. They however recommended it to her & her Sisters to board at a neighbouring Town; while Sir Rob^t under pretext of the Old Lady's detaining their Fortune, kept them very meanly, tho' he undertook their Sute at Law against the Mother who in due Time was cast: and now relying on their Ignorance of the World & Impotence to resist his superior Power, he detained their Fortunes himself, for a considerable number of Years, till God Almighty raised them up a Friend in a M^r Boycott³; whose near Relation,—Bro^r I believe—had married the eldest⁴ of these poor forsaken Maidens for Love, and dying in four Years Time left her an Infant Daughter to nurse: this Girl was christen'd Salus-bury, & was to have been a Beauty—& by her Father's Side Heiress to an excellent Fortune: She dy'd however just before She was 15 years old, & tho' her Mother was but 17 Years older than herself, She was affected so deeply as never to recover either Health or Spirits; but in Despite of Youth & Beauty, & numberless Offers of Marriage—She fell into what the French call *la Haute Devotion*; never eat Meat nor drank Wine more; but went in Mourning till her Death which happened 36 Years after her

¹ Esher House, Esher, Surrey, where most of the children were born. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

² i.e. Tollemache.

³ Of Uppington, Salop. *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvii. 365.

⁴ Philadelphia. See above, p. 276, n. 4.

Daughter's¹. In the mean Time her Husband's Brother Mr William Boycott inspired with Indignation maintained the Cause of these unhappy Girls against Sir Robert, who was obliged after a long Contest to pay them their Portions. During this Time however when my Mother's whole Income amounted to but forty Pounds a Year, She was assiduous to obtain all kinds of Knowledge; learned French of one good Old Man who lodg'd in the house I think; & Writing, Arithmetick &c. of some other Vagabond Instructor, I know not who. her Beauty became eminent, her Wit celebrated, & as She took every Opportunity to improve herself, She became so lovely a Creature both in Body & Mind, that her Bro^r Sir Robert grew proud of her, & She was always about with him & Lady Betty, who introduced her into gay Life, where She received many advantageous proposals of Marriage: She however declined accepting any, having secretly set her Heart upon her flashy Cousin John: and when her Fortune was settled, and She became independent, She resolved to bestow it & herself on my Father for whose Necessities it was by no means sufficient; being only seven Thousand Pounds, & an Annuity of 125^l pr Ann for the Life of her Mother the Lady Cotton, who was now no longer young; & having had two more Children² by Captain King, seemed to be quite worne out. Well! my Father durst not return with Sir Robert from France lest this Attachment to his Sister should be discovered, so he staid at Lyons six Months with a French Marquise who died in his Arms, & left him the little he had not spent of hers before.³ with this little Money he came home, & married Miss Hester Maria Cotton,⁴ whose Brother Sir Rob^t protested he would never see either of them more; and now they had only to consider how, and where they should live.—

London was of all Places least eligible to two People who had had so strong a Taste of its Pleasures, & who had now so little power to enjoy them; Bachygraig was the residence of Old Lucy; and her youngest Son; & nothing could be done there without resolving to drink deeply, and run in Debt still more deeply than ever. My Mother's Fortune cleared the Incumbrances⁵ as far as

¹ A note from her to Mrs. Thrale's mother, written on the occasion of Queeney's birth, in 1765, survives in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530. She must have died in or near 1767.

² The eldest was Cotton King, who died in November 1761. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 599.

³ His Gold headed Cane w^{ch} I gave Mr Thrale was a Present from that Lady. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁴ The marriage settlement (*Ry. Charter* 1008) is dated February 13, 1739. A letter from 'Old Lucy' to the bride, dated February 19, survives: 'I return you my best thanks for make poor Jack yors—without which he could not have lived. . . .' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

⁵ Of her capital of £2,500, £1,200 was set aside in the marriage settlement to this end.

it would reach, & her Trustees,—of which Mr W^m Boycott was one,—judiciously insisted; that her Joynture should be the first Part which was lightened of its Load, in Consequence of w^{ch} Resolution a heavy Mortgage to Sir W^m Owen was discharg'd: My Father being seized in Fee of the Estate, had it in his Power to settle it as he would; and my Mother, in her Mad Attachment to him consented to settle it thus:—on her Sons by my Father if She had any—but if She had none, then to the Sons of his next Brother Thomas, Salusbury whom we left at Cambridge—plodding—while we followed my Father through his Fortune hunting Projects—If Thomas however was to have no Sons—my Mother agreed that her Daughters should inherit; but She always wished to have a Son or nothing, Mr Salusbury was so partial to his own Name & Family forsooth. In the mean Time they resolved to reside in Caernarvonshire, at & upon the little Estate bought by my Grandfather's Uncle, and bringing in about fourscore or a hundred pounds a Year. *there*—in a little house rented of Sir Tho^s Hanmer called Bodville Hall¹—they were to live upon the produce of that Estate, added to the Annuity My Mother was to enjoy during the Life of her Mamma Lady Cotton; old Lucy was to be contented with a Trifle, & Tom Salusbury was to get his Living at the Civil Law, while the Estate at Bachygraig should run up & pay itself in Course of a few Years—but Man proposes Alas! and God disposes; old Lucy used to enjoy the whole whatever it was, could not be content with a little, but took up Money from Time to Time under various pretences of repairing the old House &c, till She encreased the Debt considerably instead of diminishing it; & my Father who adored her—could never be prevail'd on to find fault. in the mean Time the Brother at Cambridge who was become a Dr in the Commons; & lived from Lord to Duke, & from Bishop to Baronet, making himself agreeable by a pliant Disposition, high Health and Sweet Temper, & expecting daily the Reward of his Diligence in some lucrative Place; must be maintained in Clothes Horses &c. to carry on *his* Schemes, which my Father fully believ'd would answer *sometime*, so chearfully paid all Expences, for old Lucy had always inculcated it strongly, that whatever my Father possessed, my Uncle was always to share. This Doctrine perhaps was not so pleasing to my Mother, who had now lived two Years with her Husband in a remote Corner of the Kingdom, where no Resources for Conversation could possibly occur, and where they were forc'd to subsist upon their own Stock:

¹ Or Bodfel Hall, near Pwllhely, in the Lleyn peninsula.

this, though they were both People of strong Parts, & cultivated Minds, grew *less* every Day, and unless they had seen their Income growing *more*, they were not likely long to preserve their good Humour with each other. Now for a Woman to quarrel with her Husband under the Eye of the World may sometimes perhaps answer a trifling Purpose, but for a Woman to contend with a Man She is shut up with at a Distance from Society, where the natural Roughness of the Sex is not restrained; & Gallantry can obtain no Reputation; is so dangerous, that I wonder almost how She escaped with her Life, which was as I have been credibly informed, not seldom in actual Danger. with much ado however, and after several Miscarriages from Frights, Contests Falls &c: my Mother did produce a live Child the Writer of these Memoirs;¹ but could never go through another Pregnancy, so hard had been her Labour, and so awkward her Treatment. my Uncle, though his visits were always for Money, yet was welcome to her from his gentleness of Manners, and the power he had over my Father's more ferocious Temper; yet after She had been married four Years, when my Father pressed her to give up her Joynture to be mortgaged again for his Brother Tom's Emolument; She endeavoured at Resistance I believe as long as ever She could; and was at last obliged to write to her Trustees to give up their Trust; my Father forced her likewise to insult them in her Letter, that they might the more readily comply; and leaving her to recover her Spirits as She could, he and my Uncle took her Letter to London, bullied poor W^m Boycott who was now grown old, & the other Gentleman who was indolent, and laid another Mortgage on the Joynture: with this Money my Uncle persued his Schemes, to the prosecution of which we will leave him, and return with my Father to Bodville the Name of our little rented mansion in Caernarvonshire: There my Mother had nursed up her Infant Daughter my simple Self, to play a thousand pretty Tricks, & tell a Thousand pretty Stories and repeat a Thousand pretty Verses to divert Papa at his Return. Rakish² Men seldom make tender Fathers, but a Man must fondle something, and Nature pleads her own Cause powerfully when a little Art is likewise used to help it forward. I therefore grew a great favourite it seems, in spite of his long continued Efforts to dislike me, and now they had a Centre of Unity in their Offspring for which both were equally interested, they began to agree a little better I believe, & bear with patience their Irrevocable Lot: and now *nine*

¹ On January 27, 1741. See above, p. 3, n. 1.

² A portion of what follows was printed in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 18-19.

Years¹ of mutual Misery had been endured; when Sir Robert Cotton, soured by having no Children of his own, and disliking to Excess the Lady whom his next Brother² & immediate Heir had chosen; began to hear of his once fav'rite Sister with some Pleasure, & made overtures of Peace by a slight Invitation of them and me to Llewenny, where he chiefly chose to reside, after Lady Betty's Death³ & the Loss of his Election for Cheshire. To this Letter I was appointed to write the Answer; shewing by this Performance my extraordinary Powers, which already began to gain some Celebrity, and had reach'd Sir Robert's Ears before now; thanks to the puffs of my good Uncle Thomas, who joined with my Parents in adoration of their little Girl; & in hope that *She* would at last repair all the Wounds of the Family. Our Journey however was retarded by the Death of old Lucy,⁴ who sent for my Father & Uncle to close her Eyes, at the Age I think of 78 or 79 Years.⁵ *my* Mother remained in Caernarvonshire with me, and my Father paid the last pious Offices to *his* Mother with a Tenderness which nothing could exceed, & which his Brother Thomas's Conduct alone could equal. Family Affection indeed they both possessed to a very eminent Degree, & their love of their Parent was most amiable perfect and sincere—Old Lucy recommended to them a strict Continuance of their Attachment to each other, charged them never to possess an undivided Guinea; & begged their Protection to her youngest unhappy Son while She expired in their Arms, praying for every Blessing to attend them. Though her Death was their Advantage, they lamented it with the most Affectionate Concern, embalmed her Body with their Tears & Kisses; my Uncle returned to his Quality Friends with the marks of honest Sorrow on his Face, for which everybody honor'd pitied and esteemed him; and my Father came home to his Wife swearing that *no virtuous Woman now was left in being*. Poor Lucy had however been with all her Virtue, Piety & Knowledge a wretched Manager; had impaired her Son's Fortune with most unprofitable

¹ during w^{ch} 9 Years my Mother had never bo^t but one new Gown, & that cost only one Guinea, of a Pedlar that came about the Country: She made her own Candles, Salted her own Meat, iron'd her own Linen & her Husband's & mine; & if he w^d have been but good humour'd protested that She sh^d have been happy. *Mrs. Thrale*. One fact of her father's career at this period she omits—that he was appointed Sheriff of Carnarvonshire in 1748. *Gent. Mag.* xviii. 40.

² See p. 283, n. 2.

³ She died on August 6, 1745. *Gent. Mag.* xv. 444.

⁴ Lucy Salusbury was buried at Dymorchion church on February 14, 1745. Her death therefore preceded Lady Cotton's by almost six months.

⁵ She had held a Lease by her own Life *only*, for 76 Years;—they never had money to put in a new one. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Expences, of keeping up an Interest in the County forsooth; and taking into her own hands Farms which She could not manage: these Faults it was now high Time to repair, Sir Robert repeated his Invitation and we were now¹ to set forward for a new Condition of Life: We therefore sold up our little Household Goods at Bodville, and my Mother always *said* She left it with Regret. When we came to Llewenny my *Father* was received *civilly*, my Mother kindly, and myself Affectionately: so that it seems I told Sir Robert the next Day—why Sir said I ““how good & kind you are at last? and there my Papa & Mama have been puzz’ling what *they* should say, & what *I* should say to the *old Baronet* as they call you to one another; whereas I told them to’ther Day upon the Road, Why says I, Kings & Princes are but Men, and with a clear Conscience I fear not *them*; why then all this Bustle about an *old Baronet*?” ”—Such a Speech from a Child just five Years Old was received with Astonishment & Delight, and Sir Robert, after mentioning my Superiority to the Children of his next Brother Lynch Salusbury Cotton, who had married much to his Dislike,² protested that if I would live always with him, I should be his Housekeeper, & he would give me ten Thousand Pounds.

In a few Days then My Uncle grew fonder & fonder of his Sister and his Niece, and begun to tell my Father it was high Time he thought for *him* to go to London & see what he could do towards getting his own Living, that his Brother Thomas now a Doctor of the Civil Law settled in London, could easily maintain himself by his Business, added to a Chancellorship he had very lately obtained from some Bishop or Nobleman I forget who, and that as to my Mother and myself we should remain with *him*. I thought so, quoth my Father, & am prepared with my Answer. Great as you think yourself Sir Robert, I think as well of myself and Family, and when I go to get *my* Living as a Cobler, *Your Sister* shall keep the Stall clean; and when I go for a Soldier, She shall carry the Knapsack.³

This degree of odly exerted Spirit struck Sir Robert of a Heap as the Phrase is; and he could only say, my Sister has made an odd Choice, but She deserves to abide by it. We were therefore in due Time all dismissed together, but my Uncle though he could not

¹ If her later statements on p. 285, below, are correct—that, at the time of her uncle’s seizure in May 1748, they had then been reconciled three-fourths of a year—this departure took place in the summer of 1747.

² He married his own Cousin too—Eliz. Abigail, Daughter to Cotton of Etwall & Belleport w^{ch} She at last inherited 1000*l* o’ year. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ This Expression I remember to have *heard*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

bear my Fathers Company, did not remit of his Kindness: he sent us to London loaded with presents particularly me who loved him by this Time most exceedingly, for we had spent some Months now between Llewenny and Combermere: I always was in his Sight, reading the Roman History, or marking on the Maps the Places where Battles had been Fought, & such like fancies; till the good Baronet fairly cried over me at parting, & I remember I was like to break my little foolish heart. Sir Robert had however assured my Mother that he would come up in *May*¹ on purpose to make his Will, which was to run thus—His next Brother Lynch was to enjoy the Estate according to Law, but it was to be charged with ten Thousand Pounds for me, ten Thousand Pounds for Miss Cotton² his Brother's eldest Daughter, & a Favourite; 200*£* a Year to my Mother's sole & separate use, not amenable to my Father's Power nor subject to his Debts; and 500*£* a Year to the eldest Son³ of his Brother Lynch, whose Godfather he was & whom he thought well of; a child two Years & a half older than myself, whom he said I should marry,⁴ but that this Lynch the Brother would starve the Lad if he did not render him independent which he meant to do at the Age of 18, with this five hundred a Year.

Well! to London we came, and lodged at a Staymaker's. I well remember—the little Black Lyon in King Street Soho—My Father ran about among his Friends who had not wholly forgotten him, & we every day rec'd the kindest Letters from Sir Robert, who in a Month's Time desired us to go into his fine House in Albemarle Street—t'would save us a Lodging he said; & air the Place for him: Thither we hasted without much entreaty; & there I well remember observing the famous Eclipse of the Sun in 1748.⁵ the present Sir George Osborne & his Brother came over in Lady Mary's⁶ Chair, & we played together all Day, & saw the Eclipse thro' smok'd Glasses. Doctor Crane who was my Fathers principal

¹ this was Dec^r 1747. *Mrs. Thrale*. A letter written by Sir Robert to Mrs. Salusbury, soon after their departure, is dated '9^{ber} ye 9th 1747', and Johnson's endorsement on the back renders the month 'Oct^r', but November seems correct. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

² Elizabeth Cotton, who married Colonel Thomas D'Avenant.

³ 'Bobby' Cotton, who became Sir Robert on the death of his father on August 14, 1775. *Gent. Mag.* xlv. 407.

⁴ he asked me one day, Fiddle (says he) will you marry y^r Cousin Bob: I will marry anybody you please reply'd I;—but do you like him? No Sir said I I like Coz Rowley better; but I like you best of all, & will marry who ever you please for I'm sure you know best. *Mrs. Thrale*. 'Rowley' was the second son, Rowland, who became an admiral.

⁵ On July 14. *Gent. Mag.* xviii. 330.

⁶ Wife of Sir Danvers Osborne (see below p. 285 and n. 2). Her two sons were George, who became the 4th Bart., and John Osborne.

Friend, introduced us quickly to the whole Family of Lord Halifax;¹ whose Tutour he was, & commanded the Household as he pleased: Sir Danvers Osborne² married one of the Earl's Sisters, Sir Roger Burgoyne³ another, the Hon: Harry Archer a third,⁴ & General Johnson the youngest—to all these Ladies, and yet another⁵—Lady of the Bed Chamber to Princess Amelia—my Mother was soon introduced; and as Sir Robert dressed both her & me in the finest Silks and Linnens, we set off in great State & great Comfort this first Winter of our Arrival. May was now at Hand, my Uncle sent up directions to his Lawyer to prepare for the making his new Will, and he had even order'd the packing of Goods by the Waggon which was to precede his Arrival, when he was seized with a Fit of Apoplexy from which he only recovered to relapse into another, that carried him off;⁶ three days before his intended Journey to London.⁷

Our Distress upon this unforeseen, and unprepared for Event, is easier conceived than expressed: All our Hopes blasted at once, & our Possessions not a whit greater than before; though our Expences had been larger, and we had been treated with a Taste of every thing desirable: it was just $\frac{3}{4}$ th of A Year that we had quitted Caernarvonshire, and lived in Pomp Peace & Plenty ever since—though our Fortune was not increas'd a Shilling, on the contrary Bachŷgraig Estate was engag'd for more than it was worth, and we were now in no Situation to save Money—our hopes on My Mother's Side of the Family were cut up Root & Branch; for Sir Lynch, the next Bro^r & Heir to Combermere who now inherited the whole, looked upon us with an Evil Eye as Rivals in Sir Robert's Favour, He and his Lady behaved civilly however, sent us word to stay in the House at Albemarle Street till they came to Town, and Lady Cotton desired my Mother to buy her some fashionable Finery to begin the World with: All this looked better than Expectation, but the very Night they came into the House I was unfortunately seized with the Small Pox, a Disorder her Ladyship

¹ George Montagu Dunk, the 2nd Earl, who was responsible for the first English colonization of Nova Scotia, and the founding of Halifax, in 1749. See below, p. 289 and n. 3.

² He married Lady Mary Montagu in 1740, was appointed governor of New York in 1753, and died in the same year.

³ First cousin of General Burgoyne. He married Lady Frances Montagu in 1739.

⁴ Lady Betty Montagu married, not Harry Archer, but his brother Thomas, M.P. for Bramber, Sussex, on December 22, 1743. *Gent. Mag.* xii. 50; xiii. 667.

⁵ afterwards Lady Ann Jekyl. *Mrs. Thrale*. She married Joseph Jekyll. Walpole, *Letters*, v. 45, n. 2.

⁶ He died on August 27, 1748. Cokayne, *Complete Baronetage* (1904), iv. 84.

⁷ Betty Bridge tells me now—That the Will was certainly made & burn'd—; but I doubt it. *Mrs. Thrale*. Betty Bridge was the daughter of her Welsh agent.

never had experienced; so we were fairly shoved out of the House as I remember, & took Shelter at a M^{rs} Butler's a Roman Catholick of good Family but reduced to be a Mantuamaker & to lett Lodgings in Great Queen Street Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here I soon recovered by my Mother's assiduous Fondness, & here an odd Thing happened worth remarking. My Uncle Doctor Salisbury kept a genteel Man Servant, who with his Master was perpetually at the Duke of Leeds's, where he played often with Lord Marquiss then an Infant—tossing him about in his Arms: the Fellow dreamt one Night it seems that this Child died of the Smallpox, & to prevent his Dream from coming true, took great Pains to carry him *my* Smallpox; which was a Sort remarkable for its favourable Appearance & Symptoms.

All this of course without telling on't either in our Family or in St James's Square. The Marquiss however would not take the Disorder from me, tho' John afterwards confess'd that he had taken every Method to carry it him.¹ In the mean Time I got well very fast, and made Friends apace among my Uncle's Quality Acquaintance. Lady Frances Burgoyne used to have me to play with her Children forever, and I was as familiar at Grosvenor Square with Lord Halifax's Daughters as if I had been at home, dining with them on their Pudding, & often saying my Lesson to their Made-moiselle. Lady Anne Montagu² too used to fondle me shamefully; She had Apartments at Court as Lady of the Bed-Chamber, & I well remember I used to meet this present Prime Minister there—my Lord North, for he was a longlegged Lad about 15, and I was a thing of six or seven at most; so that he used to pinch me, & pull me by the Hair till I squealed; & Lady Anne would cry out while She was engaged in Talk perhaps—Master North; if you can't let the Child alone, I'll turn you out of the Room.

The Duchess of Leeds likewise took an odd Delight in my excellent Company, used to send her Chair for me & set me to read Milton I remember sometimes to Lord Godolphin³ sometimes to M^r Garrick who used often to be there & M^r Quin. The Duke wanted me to learn Musick & Singing too of some fine Italian⁴

¹ The Marquess of Caermarthen was ten Years after this perhaps, inoculated by Cæsar Hawkins there were some untoward Circumstances I've heard, but the Boy did well: however when he was 14 Years old he caught it in the natural Way had a Confluent Sort—was horribly ill and *died*—making out John's Dream at last. The present Marquiss of Caermarthen is his younger Bro^r—then L^d Francis Osborne. *Mrs. Thrale*. George Osborne, Marquess of Carmarthen, died on August 15, 1761. *Gent. Mag.* xxxi. 382.

² afterwards Jekyll. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Her father, the 2nd Earl.

⁴ I fancy it was Monticelli. *Mrs. Thrale*.

who used to perform there, but that Project went off because I had no Voice. Dancing however I partly began already to excel in; I learned of M^r Leviez¹ who lived in Great Queen Street over against us, & who I suppose had but 10^s & 6^d a Month for suffering me to come over the way & learn at his House with other Scholars.—there I got acquainted with M^r Hill of Tern's Children, one of whom is now Member for Shrewsbury,² and in that Family likewise I was a wonderful Favourite. They invited my Mother &c to see from their house in Cleveland Row, the fine Fireworks which were exhibited on Constitution Hill for the Peace of Aix la Chapelle³—at their House in Cleveland Court Saint James's, & with them I continued an Intimacy till my poor Friend Sukey Hill died of A Consumption; & I did not much love the other Sister now Lady Broughton,⁴—nor She me.—whilst I lived at M^{rs} Butlers too I was much fondled by Sir Edward & Lady Smith who quite doated on me—I lost poor Sir Edward very soon though—he died of the Small Pox. I used to meet a Romish Priest there too, & talk Controversy till they used to kiss me to death among them.

Among the many People of Fashion—Catholicks—who came to M^{rs} Butler's, were the Towneley Family; and with Cæcilia Towneley⁵ a Girl near my own Age, I contracted a Friendship which I thank God still subsists, & will I hope be dissolved only by Death. and now it is high Time to mention my poor Mother whose Health and Spirits visibly yielded to the Sorrows She had undergone, & still underwent. My Father, like other Men of desperate Fortunes, flew to improbable Schemes for his Relief; & our little Lodging was now every Sunday a Place appointed for the

¹ Such was my Interest upon People of Fashion at that Time that I got off 25^s worth of Tickets for M^r Leviez at his Benefit because forsooth he was Miss Salusbury's Dancing Master, & here I must remember the Family of Pinfolds who livd in Queen Square Bloomsbury, & who shewed me such Civilities as I ought not to forget.

Tickets were then at Crown Prices too—What an extensive Acquaintance ours must have been, this Fact evinces. *Mrs. Thrale*. She kept up her lessons with Leviez at least until 1757. Her engagement book for that year shows that during the first five months she had a lesson from him weekly. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 616, 1. See also *French Journals of Mrs. Thrale* . . . , p. 91.

² Noel Hill, Esq., of Tern Hall, Salop, who became Baron Berwick in 1784. He sat three times for Shrewsbury. Burke, *Peerage*, under 'Berwick'. His father was Thomas Hill, Esq.

³ The display was on November 7, 1748. *Gent. Mag.* xviii. 521.

⁴ Mary Hill, who married Sir Brian Broughton-Delves. Burke, *Peerage*, under 'Berwick'.

⁵ now M^{rs} Strickland, whose Company I expect here every Day to be with me whilst I lye in. Ap: 20 1778.—I christened my last Daughter Cæcilia after her, & at her Desire. *Mrs. Thrale*. She was only daughter to William Townley, Esq., of Townley, Lancashire, and on her mother's side was great-granddaughter to the Duke of Norfolk. Burke, *History of Commoners*, i. 59.

meeting of rascally Projectors,¹ who pretended to find Mines on our Estate at Bachygraig: upon these Wretches the small portion of Ready Money w^{ch} we possessed was soon expended—we kept only one Servant a Maid, whom we were about to discharge as unable to pay; while my Father would still be seduced to treat these trumpety Fellows with a Dinner, at which my Mother was almost obliged to wait; & we sent to the Tavern for Wine I well remember—a Bottle at a Time. my Mother mean time grew exceedingly ill, D^r de Linden the chief of our Projectors was to be her physician, & tho' I suppose he did little Good, yet She recover'd to suffer still more Misery. My Uncle D^r Salusbury had by this Time obtain'd the Post of King's Advocate, was Doctor in the Commons & Chancellor of St Asaph, besides other trifling Places² tenable with his Profession amounting on the whole to 700^l a Year; yet he never had Money to lend his Brother; the Doctrine of the *undivided* Guinea, not having impressed *him* perhaps equally with my Father, who had now no Resource, & was afraid to stir out except in the Carriages of his Quality Friends who however did not desert us, though they lent us no Cash, nor had I guess any to spare.³ Now there was a collateral Relation of my Father's, Robert Salusbury⁴ by name; the Offspring (as he said) of my Grandfather's half Brother by a Welch Wench whose Character

¹ Diederick Wessell Linden who published a Book on Mineral Waters was at the Head of this pretty Set; he was then in the Kings Bench, but had Liberty to come out o' Sundays, & his Companions were like himself I suppose.

Doctor de Linden, for so he was called; fled the Country many Years after for fear of a Prosecution. *Mrs. Thrale*. In 1761 and 1762 four letters by him were published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxx. 256-7, 341; xxxii. 102, 193-4), two on lead smelters, one on a method of extracting tar from coal, and one on the medicinal properties of the Bath waters.

² He was commissary of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. *Gent. Mag.*, lxxiv. 601.

³ My Mother mean Time sick or well, had me to get up & put to Bed always, My Father to sit up for to all Hours of y^e Night & Morning, his Bed to warm his Shirts to iron the Linen to mend & the Stocks to pleat She however kept up her Dignity too, visited her Quality Friends & dress'd while the Effects of Sir Rob^ts Fondness continued wearable or in Fashion. I was still Tutoed in dancing, History, Geography & Language & She attended to my Translations & Studies as if She had had nothing else to do. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ If the genealogy given in Burke's *Landed Gentry* (1937), under 'Salusbury of Firgrove', is to be trusted, this Robert (or Robin Salusbury, as she calls him below, p. 313), was her father's first cousin, his father being Norfolk Salusbury, brother to Thomas Salusbury, Mrs. Thrale's grandfather. Norfolk Salusbury married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Williams, of Tynwydd. His son Robert (here referred to) married Gwendolen Davis, of Nantyrerwheidd, and had three sons: Sir Robert Salusbury, the Rev. Mr. Lynch Salusbury, and the Rev. Mr. Thelwall Salusbury (called in Burke 'rector of Gravely, Herts.'). For Mrs. Thrale's later relations with these cousins, and especially with the hated Thelwall, see below, pp. 301-6, 313-14. A circumstantial, but inaccurate, account of this branch of the family is contained in a letter to Queeney (Bowood Papers, July 23, 1805), when this Robert Salusbury's son was planning to buy old Llewenny Hall from Lord Kirkwall, its then owner.

was so bad that She contracted a *Disorder* w^{ch} in her *Children* appeared to be the *King's Evil*: this Relation of whom We were all ashamed—had however a Mortgage on my poor Father's Estate, & some other Debt beside for which he had worse Security I suppose, & therefore resolved to come to London & arrest him: he came indeed, but my Uncle was prepared for him; met him designedly at a publick House, picked a Quarrel with him & beat him so as to lay him up. And now it was the Year 17[49]¹ when the Province of Acadie ceded by the French at the late Peace, was to be coloniz'd and new settled for us by the name of Nova Scotia; Lord Halifax then at the head of the Board of Trade I think; remembered my Father, and appointed him Register of the new Colony, the next Place to the Governor's for Honour, & the Salary a Guinea a Day. Cornwallis² a military Man, & Colonel of a Regiment was set at the head of the Business, because it was necessary he should be a Soldier 'twas said; And an Appointment of various Officers was concluded of which I remember nothing & care nothing; for my Father now was happy in the hope of getting his Living, & nothing remain'd but to raise Money for fitting him out. The Steward advis'd him to cut his Trees, but that he swore he w^d not do at any Rate—the Doctor—(my Uncle Tho^s) tried his Credit however, for Money he had none, but there he had bad Success—Cash was however raised somehow & somewhere—S^r Lynch Cotton lent 100[£] and I believe D^r Bernard Wilson another, and my Father set out on Wednesday 3: May 17[49]³ leaving my Mother & myself to scattle on how we could. Lodging was soon found too expensive by *her* who now resolved to live upon Air if possible while the Estate should dis-

¹ Mrs. Thrale had forgotten the exact year, omitting it twice on this page.

² The Hon. Edward Cornwallis, son of the 3rd Baron Cornwallis.

³ Her father's letters and journals written during his two sojourns in Nova Scotia give a detailed account of his life. The company landed at the future site of Halifax on June 21, but lived in their boats until October, while their houses were building. On August 7 Salusbury began his work as Register and Receiver of Rents, which consisted in making out lots for the drawing of land and supervising their division among the settlers. The winter was filled with alarms over a threatened Indian uprising, instigated by the French, which culminated in an expedition, starting on April 5, 1750, under the command of Major Charles Lawrence, against Chignictou, which John Salusbury joined. They reached the Cape on April 20, but found the inhabitants of the village warned and the French under La Corne strongly intrenched, so they ignominiously and unanimously resolved to return. They reached Halifax on May 13. Salusbury's jealousy and distrust of his associates had already been roused. He now grew so discontented that he wrote secretly, on July 16, to his wife, urging her to press Halifax and Crane to have him recalled, and refusing to go on the second Chignictou expedition, in August, because of his hopes of returning. The Governor deferred his promises of allowing him to carry dispatches, and it was not until August 3, 1751, that he was finally sent off. *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 530, 615. For an account of his second voyage, see below, p. 293, and n. 5.

charge its own Incumbrances. for this purpose it was resolved that we should board with one M^{rs} Hayne a Methodist Milliner in Charles Street St James's—who let us have a two Pair of Stairs Room for our Bed Chamber, and the Use of a Parlour—Boarding included—for 40^s a year. Serv^t we had none—my Mother made our Bed, & swept our Room, & the Maid of the House lighted our Fire in a Morning. here I remember we were when the Earth Quake happened,¹ & here when the Prince of Wales—the present King's Father died.²—Duchesses, Countesses, & Baronets' Ladies however visited us in our little Parlour; & my Lessons were not remitted but increased. Sir Lynch Cotton's Wife had by this Time so fastened her heart upon my Mother, that She could do nothing without consulting her, and would trust her Darling Son Bobbey—the present S^r R: S: Cotton—at Westm^r School on no other Condition than that he sh^d come home to M^{rs} Salusbury every Sunday & Holyday, & even sleep with us the Even^g before: in Consequence of this Resolution a little Bureau Bed was put up by the Side of that in which we slept, & there he lay every Sat: Night, & every Vigil of a Saints Day.—a Chariot and Pair was allowed us to take him out a'Airing some where on those Vacation Days, and we used to go either to see Aunt Boycott who lived chiefly at Fulham, or to S^r John Wynn's—who had a House at Chelsey where he was Paymaster; or to Lady Halifax who then inhabited Bushey Park in Consequence[of] my Lord's Post under Government I know not what.³ When Xmas or Bartholomew Tide or any of those long Holydays came—we took the Boy down to Combermere,—our Expences being chearfully paid—and spent the Month or five Weeks very comfortably in the Country, while my Grandmother old Lady Cotton, used to invite us to her fine House in Hertfordshire⁴ from Time to Time. My Mother now lived happily to what She had done; but her Health was still very bad, owing as I have since thought to her Fancy of living almost wholly on Vegetables & Water, for She never would touch a Glass of Wine on any Acc^t and indeed spent upon the whole as miserable a Life I should imagine as could easily be contrived.⁵ When we

¹ February 8, 1750, between 12 and 1 p.m. 'The councillors in the court of king's bench and chancery in Westminster Hall were so alarm'd, that they expected the building to fall; and in the new buildings about Grosvenor Square People ran out of their houses, the chairs shaking, and the pewter rattling on the shelves'. *Gent. Mag.* xx. 89.

² March 31, 1751.

³ Ranger of Bushey Park—a post inherited from his father.

⁴ East Hyde, now in Possession of D^r Bettesworth. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ Yet ever in high Company. *Mrs. Thrale*.

went to East Hyde—my Grandmother's Seat in Herts—which She had built for her 2^d Husband with the Money that grew out of her Own paternal Estate in the West Indies; we grew exceedingly intimate with many of her Neighbors, among the rest with a M^r Thornton & his Lady & Family, he had two pretty little Girls that I used to see often & love dearly—the eldest of which at present—(such are the Changes & Chances of this mortal Life) is reduced by having married a M^r Cumyns who was a shocking Scoundrel,¹ to the necessity of keeping a School in Kensington Square, where my two Daughters Susanna & Sophia² are even now when I go from home; boarded instructed &c.

Other Neighbours too we had where we visited often; I shall mention only one because we were afterwards nearly connected at that house, namely Offley Place, the Seat of Sir Henry Penrice Judge of the Admiralty a famous Miser, tho' a literary Man; who had obtained this Offley Estate by Marriage with Miss Gore the only Child of her *Mother* last Heiress & sole Survivor of the old Branch of the Spencer Family,³ settled in Hertfordshire for many Generations. Sir Henry Penrice had like the two last Predecessors in possession of the Offley Estate, only one Daughter; on whom he had bestowed a splendid Education, and who had besides uncommonly excellent Parts—obscured by ill health—(for She had a confirmed Epilepsy)—and a Stammer in her Voice which rendered her Conversation scarcely intelligible. She however was plump & fair, had a fine Complexion and was upon the whole agreeable enough in her Person: This Lady & her Father took a liking to me forsooth; the old Gentleman called me his little Spright on Account I guess of my Activity and Paleness, and I used to read & talk with them very much & be familiar in the Family.

¹ She wrote once to Johnson: 'Betsy C—— would do well enough, if her husband, whom you call Hoggarel, did not take away her money as fast as she got it.' Piozzi, *Letters to and from* . . . Johnson, i. 186.

² Susan, who was a premature child, and so small, sickly, and peevish that her sisters called her 'little Crab', was not tutored, as her older sisters had been, at home. Mrs. Thrale did not like her, and feared to undertake her instruction, even after her health began to improve (as a result of her attack of measles in August 1773), for fear she would discipline her too roughly. She accordingly sent the child to Mrs. Cumyns's school, before she was yet four, on March 3, 1774. Sophy was sent there also on the occasions of her parents' trips to Wales and France, but was not sent in earnest until September 1777. Mrs. Thrale had confessed in *The Children's Book*, in July 1776, that she had no longer any heart to teach her: 'I have really listened to Babies learning till I am half stupefied—and all my pains have answered so poorly—I have no heart to battle with Sophy.' *Children's Book*, entries for August 4, 1770; May 30, 1772 November 30, 1773; March 3, 1774; July 26, 1776; September 29, 1777.

³ See above, p. 90, n. 2.

Mean Time my Mother was saving every Shilling in her Power, lived wholly on her own Annuity of 125^l a Year, & suffered the Caernarvonshire Rents to go with the others into the hands of Mr Bridge our worthy Steward, who had all her Confidence, & it seems was cheating us grossly all this while. She had however out of the little She allowed herself saved a trifling Sum—to her a large one—half of which She laid out in finery for my Father to cut a figure at the King's Birthday in Nova Scotia, which She sent by a Ship that was lost,¹ and the other half She put into my Uncle's Hands—who transacted all his Brother's Affairs by Power of Attorney, to change a Mortgage on part of the Bachygraig Demesne close to the house. The Man who had the Mortgage threatened to foreclose; My Mother referred him to the Doctor; whose Indolence was such that he dawdled away the Time in which the change might have been made, & in spite of all her Urgency and that of Bridge the *Steward*; the Man seized on my land, & as the Family to which it is fallen is a rich one, there is no probability of its evermore being recovered²—the Estate was then Valued at 70^l a Year but would now have been worth more than 100.—

These Events did not perhaps much contribute to mend my Mother's *Health*, but the Sweetness of her Temper, mingled with becoming Spirit supported her through all. London however She could not bear another Winter, & resolved to run to Hampstead, where however Lady Cotton made her promise that *Bobbey* should go likewise; so we and Bobbey spent in Church Row at Hampstead a Winter and a Summer, during w^{ch} Time I read Rapin's Hist: in French: Plutarch's Lives & Livy in the same Language—every Word,—besides long Translations that I laboured hard to make from French to English & from English into French. My Mother resolved here to have two Parlours in one we slept, & sate in the other; found ourselves with Victuals, & kept a Maid which we had not done before: but what signified saving She said?—She would spend her *whole* 125^l a Year now, *that She would*, & be comfortable. Mean Time my Uncle came often to see us, and one Day—bursting out into Tears of Joy took my Mother suddenly in his Arms & kissed her—told her that he had at length News to communicate that would make us all happy for ever—that he was to be married

¹ He did, however, receive a 'box of Cloath' from her, on June 1, 1750, which, he confided to his journal, was 'much too fine'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 615.

² John Salusbury mortgaged two portions of the estate, Tŷ-coch in the parish of Henllan, and Tŷ-mawr in the parish of Llanrhaidr, to one Collier of London, for £600. The Thralls made an attempt to recover them in 1772, and had them evaluated by Robert Griffiths, who gave a long report, preserved in *Ry. Charter* 1014. Cf. below, p. 296.

to Miss Penrice¹ the Heiress of Offley; that his neglect of his Brother's Affair about the Mortgage was occasioned only by his Mind being wholly taken up in this much greater Concern, that please God he should now have it in his Power to do something in return for all her Kindness, &c. &c. &c. when the first Emotions were subsided, they sate down quietly, & wrote my Father word of the approaching Felicity; desired him to get leave to come over to the Wedding, & made up their Joint Letter in an Agony of Delight. I was kissed enough, & much was hoped, & much was feared, & much was promised to be done for all of us.—

Many Demurs chanced however to retard our Happiness; Sir Harry refused his Consent till he could see whether my Uncle had Interest to obtain his Place of Judge of the high Court of Admiralty if He should resign it to him on pretence of Age Sickness and so forth. And now the Quality Friends came in play again; & oh how they were solicited & tormented to get him this post, w^{ch} in a few Months however he *had* the good Fortune to obtain, together with the honour of Knighthood,² not then as now—The Times; not then as *now*—Well now *Sir Tho^s Salusbury* was a Match for Miss Penrice, and now came over my Father from America upon Leave,³ and all was Gayety, Transport, & Frenzy of Enjoyment. Lady Salusbury half forced her Papa to come down with ten thousand Pounds upon the Wedding day—*her Fits were so bad*—and it was stipulated that my Uncle & She should never leave the Old Man, who was now grown fond of his Son in Law, & indeed of all his Connections.

Many People supposed that Sir Thomas would buy his rich Wife dearly by passing his Time uneasily with her Father, but he had no Leisure to be tired at all, for Sir Harry died—I forget how soon⁴—leaving his whole Fortune real & personal to his *Daughter* making no mention either of Husband Children, Family or Heirs: The Will as I've been told being only six Lines long. Well! my Father soon saw this was all Matter of Dependence to *him*, whatever it might be to his *Bro^r* who soon however despaired of Children by a Woman so very unhealthy, & who though She possess'd many Virtues, was not famous for her *Temperance* either in *Eating* or *Drinking*. My Father therefore resolved to return to his Post⁵

¹ mentioned before as a Hertfordshire Acquaintance. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² On November 18, 1751. *Gent. Mag.* xxi. 524.

³ His journal shows that he sailed, on August 3, without this happy intelligence. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 615. The marriage was probably in November.

⁴ August 10, 1752. *Gent. Mag.* xxii. 385.

⁵ He left London on May 20, 1752, sailed from Portsmouth on May 25, with an enforced

under Hopson the Gov^r newly appointed in Colonel Cornwallis's Room; and my Mother lived sometimes at Offley, sometimes with Grandmama,¹ sometimes at Combermere, and sometimes at D^rs Commons, when the Family was not there. I was never a Moment from her Side, yet I never saw her lowspirited, tho' her Health was always bad, & her Circumstances always low. My Father now wrote her melancholly Letters too, telling how he had fought a Duel at Madera with Capt^a Young of the Sphinx, for shewing Hopson (whom he hated)—more Civilities than him; how much Things were alter'd at Nova Scotia by the Change of the Gov^r; how much he regretted Separation from her; how happy his Brother was grown, & what a miserable dog he still continued; how his Estate was frittering away thro' Sir Thomas's Management who was minding nothing but his Wife, & how he saw no Advantages accruing to them or me from this Match as much as he had been congratulated upon it: My Mother told Sir Tho^s how uneasy his Brother was, and my Uncle without more to do, solicited the Government to recall him which they did, & appointed in his Place a Man that he despised.

My Father came home therefore, but he came home gloriously out of humour; said there was no need to have taken from him his Estate & his place too; and grumbled so that I fancy Sir Tho^s coaxed his Lady out of Money for us, or fed us with it privately; for we now lived much smarter than ever, hired first a Lodging in Jermyn Street—indeed we were there when my Father came home the 2^d Time²—and afterwards a House in Dean Street Soho, where we kept a Man & two Maids, & might have been very happy, if my Father's violent Temper had not put peace & Quietness out delay at Plymouth until June 7, and arrived at Halifax on July 26. Cornwallis returned to England soon, leaving the new governor, Peregrine Hopson, whom Salusbury hated, in charge. He withdrew into a house on the outskirts of the settlement, where he lived alone with a drunken servant (who robbed and tried to beat him) and brooded continuously over his wrongs, chiefly the fact that the Governor had transferred all the functions of the Register's office to the secretary. On March 24, 1753, he asked leave, 'in a most humble entreating manner', to return to England, but was refused under pretexts which he thought were designed to provoke him into going without leave. The journal breaks off abruptly at this point, but we know that he was back in London by September 13, since on that date a note was addressed to him there by his successor, John Collier. *Ry. Eng. MSS.* 530, 615.

¹ Grandmama was to me delightful; & her Son by Her 2^d Husband very agreeable—but hated by her first Husband's Children, tho' as She said She brought Sir Tho^s Cotton an Immense Fortune, & had a Right to do as She pleased with a large Share of it: & so She certainly had. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² My Mother could not submit to live in the City tho' She had submitted to much harder things; & therefore took M^rs Boleyn's Lodgings in Jermyn Street, where my Father found us at his return the last time. She could give up every thing except *Elegant Society*, & that we never lost sight of. *Mrs. Thrale.*

of the Question. And now¹ I was set to learn Italian to flatter Lady Salusbury who was an Adept in that Language; & I used to write her Letters in it, and make long Translations, Dedicating them to her, forsooth, for which, tho' people said She was covetous, I never missed my Reward. Indeed She was extremely kind & indulgent to me, gave me fine Silks, Pearls and a thousand Things. In short She loved my Uncle passionately & me tenderly as his favourite plaything: my Mother She rather fear'd as her Superior in Knowledge & Elegance; and my Father She hated heartily as who can wonder? She was however a Woman of great Piety, Charity, & general Benevolence; had a strong and cultivated Mind, a good Person but coarse Manners, bad Health, and an Appetite for Meat & Drink She never tried to restrain.—After Seven Years Marriage She had never been pregnant, nor ever had desired to bring Children; they would have been distempered Creatures like herself She said, and She was very well pleased with her Husband's little Heiress; whom She hop'd would one Day marry young Radcliffe² of the Priory, to whom She was slightly related, & unite the contiguous Estates. She died in the Year 1759³ Aged 41.⁴ my Father could hardly be moderate in his Joy—my Uncle came to our House for a Week, & then we all went together to Offley; where We were now no longer Visitors Sir Thomas said—but at home. for Lady Salusbury had copied her Father's Will so far as to leave not a Legacy from her Husband, to *whom & to his Heirs for ever* She generously bequeath'd all her Money & her Land.

And now We all lived merrily and happily; my Uncle said he only wished to please my Father, and that we should spend our Fortune and our Time together; my Father said he only wished his Estate in Wales entirely disencumbered; that he should desire

¹ See above, p. 3 and n. 2.

² since dead, & his Bro^r married to Lady Frances Howard, whom he judiciously enough prefer'd to me who *was offer'd him* after y^e Death of his elder Brother. *Mrs. Thrale*. The brother was John Radcliffe, of Hitchin Priory, Herts., who married Lady Frances Howard in 1768. *Gent. Mag.* liii. 1066.

³ Shortly before March 9. *Ibid.* xxix. 143.

⁴ I called one of my Daughters Anna-Maria, after her; & in Honour of her Memory.—The kind & constant Partiality She shew'd me claim'd all my Gratitude, but as I always lov'd & hated after my Mother—I never did *much love her*. *Mrs. Thrale*. The child Anna Maria, named from Lady Salusbury, was born April 1, 1768, and died March 21, 1770. *Lansdowne, Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii. On January 1, 1770, Mrs. Thrale wrote of her in *The Children's Book* that she was 'remarkably small bon'd & delicately framed, but not pretty, as she has no plumpness . . . her spirit uncommonly high, wonderfully passionate from the very first, & backward in her Tongue tho' forward in general Intelligence: she could kiss her hand at 9 months old, & understand all one said to her: could walk to perfection, & even with an Air at a Year old, & seems to intend being Queen of us all if she lives which I do not expect she is so very lean'. She died of 'a dropsy of the brain' (entry for March 21, 1770).

that Mortgage which was so forcibly laid on my Mothers Joynture might be first paid off, & an Equivalent bought for Tÿcock¹ the Estate lost by mismanagem^t in his Absence—both these, my Uncle to do him Justice—promised & *performed*:² gave me whatever Money I pleased almost, & said—ten times a Day I believe—that he had ten thousand Pounds ready for me whenever a proper Match might be offer'd. Matches enough were offered to be sure, some of 'em good ones—tho' God knows my heart, I never regretted a Refusal in my Life—but my Father was by this Time so attached to me, who alone could please his very particular Temper; that the least mention of a Proposal to his Daughter put him in the most violent passion imaginable; & as his Ill humour generally fell heavy on my poor dear Mother, who I thought had already suffered sufficient Misery; I used to keep clear of Solicitations to Marriage with more Assiduity than other Girls use to procure them.

M^r Levinz whose partiality to me I shall ever gratefully remember, offered to settle his whole Fortune—a very large one—on his Nephew Chaworth afterwards killed by L^d Byron³—if I would have *him*; to which no Objection but my Father's Oddity could have been made—M^r Maurice of Lloran⁴ was not an eligible Husband on Account of his Character, nor poor Doctor Owen on Account of his Age, tho' the Latter made most liberal Offers indeed, and the former married a Woman with more Money than myself some time afterwards.—Young Radcliffe of the Priory died very soon after Lady Salusbury, & his Bro^r to whom I was proposed, did not like me I believe—he is Since married to Lady Frances Howard.—

These were however the only Troubles I had for some Years, and these only troubled me to keep clear of them: I used to be my Father's Favourite, my Mother's Comforter and Companion, & my Uncle's Darling. I was next Heir both to the Welch Estate & the Hertfordshire one; & Sir Tho^s having No Joy except in his Dogs, his Horses and myself, I was looked up to—as the principal Person of the Family—my Influence was courted by every one,

¹ See above, p. 292, n. 2.

² as I *thought*—till I learned better. *Mrs. Thrale.*

³ William, 5th Lord Byron, brother to Admiral Byron, the poet's grandfather. The occasion of the duel was a dispute over the game laws, which arose while they were dining at the Star and Garter tavern in Pall Mall, on January 26, 1765. *Gent. Mag.* xxxv. 227–9. Mr. Levinz, Receiver-General of the Customs, survived his nephew only seven months, dying on August 17, 1765. *Ibid.*, p. 395. Byron and Chaworth were second cousins, both being great-grandsons of Viscount Chaworth.

⁴ his Widow is at Bath now 1819 a M^{rs} Corbet living in Greenpark Buildings. *Mrs. Thrale.*

and I never in my Life did ask a Favour of Sir Thomas which he refused: all this made me love him very tenderly, & if he fell from his Horse or had any Accident befall him I was his true & affectionate Attendant: if I wrote Verses it was about his Park, or his Possessions; and to my dear Offley I did rivet my poor foolish Heart.¹ I kept tame Fawns, fondled favourite Hounds, got up in the Morning to make Breakfast, & then followed the Hunters in a Post Chaise—for I was not to be trusted a Horseback forsooth; din'd with our Neighbours or gave splendid Entertainments at home, for which I always wrote the Cards of Invitation, made the Bills of Fare &c. We did live hospitably too I will say, piously & charitably: the poor of the Village close to us came to our house twice a Week for Milk, and twice for Broth with their Pitcher which always was filled. every Week we killed an Ox; the Sir Loyn was roasted on the Sunday for our Table, and the cuttings were on Saturday all thrown into a Pye Dish of immense Magnitude, over which a Pudding was poured & baked in the Oven for Saturdays Dinner at the Servants Table. now the Servants seeing it so every Week seldom tasted it—and on the Sunday Morning the poor out of the Village were to come before Church & eat it fried—Pudden & all together—

We likewise clothed 17 poor Boys & 17 poor Girls who went to Church always of a Sunday in our Uniform and Oh how happily and comfortably I did live. we kept on our house in Dean Street to be sure; but we lived little there, except during the Time of the Admiralty Sessions or so, when Sir Tho^s was obliged to be in Town. I forgot to mention the Death of my Grandmother, which fortunately did not happen till our Prospects were bright,² so that it was not for the Sake of the Annuity that my poor Mother nursed her so tenderly; tho' that little Annuity of 125^l a Year had been our best Friend for 20 Years at least. My half Uncle too M^r

¹ About this Time too, my Friendship for Dr Collier commenced; a Man of perfect Worth, profound Erudition, and polish'd Manners: a Man who engrossed my whole Heart, & deserved it; he was indeed 66 when I was 16 exactly; so *Love* (as it is falsely called,) had no Share in the Connection:—but nobody ever did feel more fond & true Affection for another, than I did for my dear Dr Collier, & he for his *sweetest Angel* as he call'd me.—Yet tis plain I preferred my Mother even to him, & I thank God he soon found out another Girl; Miss Sophia Streatfield, who I hear with pleasure is fit to supply my Place, & loves him—as I did. *Mrs. Thrale*. Sophia Streatfield and she had met at Brighton in the autumn of 1777. See below, p. 323. One of Mrs. Thrale's marginalia records that Collier died in Sophia's arms, and was buried at her expense. Hayward, ii. 34–5. Mrs. Thrale, in her preceding note, overstates Collier's age by sixteen years. He was born on October 13, 1707. R. Benson, *Memoirs of Arthur Collier* [Sr.] (1837), p. 145.

² She died Dec: 1758 as I remember, 2 months before poor Lady Salusbury. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Cotton King, Son to Grandmama by her second Husband, died intestate about this Time; & his Fortune, w^{ch} had been as they agreed to say plundered from the Family, thus providentially returned to it again. my Grandmother however did not die Intestate; She left the Bulk of her Fortune to Her Son Lynch's Second Daughter *Philadelphia*,¹ who purchased to herself for a Husband H: Shelley Esq^r. of Lewes² in Sussex. to my Mother She bequeathed not the least Legacy,³ which was an ungrateful Return enough to all her tender Duty—but *She* My Mother, was born to be good, & to be miserable in *this* World: I doubt not but that She is even *now* receiving *some* Reward of her Virtue which shall become still *more glorious* after the Day of general Retribution.

And now one Year when Lord Halifax went Lieutenant to Ireland my Uncle accompanied him through Wales out of Gratitude for past Services, and my Father must needs go too, to wait on old D^r Crane o' the same Errand. We kept House as usual at Offley, and M^r Thrale came there o' visiting wth his Aunt in Consequence of repeated invitations from Sir Thomas who had met him at M^r Levinz's, and grown acquainted in the manner I am about to relate.—Hertfordshire was talked of;⁴ and Offley of Course; and M^r Thrale it seems with some Emotion mention'd that Offley was the place of his Father's Birth, who was Son to a Cottager in that Village: when my Uncle upon this made more Enquiries, they found out that the House he was born in, was our Dog Kennel; and growing more & more intimate, Sir Tho^s press'd his new Friend to come & see the Place of his Father's Nativity. M^r Thrale was the more willing to comply with this Invitation as he too was an eminent Sportsman, kept Foxhounds in Surrey, & of the finest kind; & as he was a Man high in Fortune himself, delighted in seeing how his Family had prospered by the Ingenuity of his Father, whom he talked on with Rapture; & who it seems was

¹ & who is just dead *now* 1819. *Mrs. Thrale*. She left part of her Jamaica estate in trust to two of Sir Lynch's sons, Lynch Salusbury and Thomas. By a codicil, dated May 6, 1758, she left £1,500 to 'Mary Cotton 3rd daughter of Sir L. S. Cotton'. *Ry. Charter* 1235. See above, p. 14, n. 1.

² He was a connexion of the Shelleys of Michelgrove, Sussex.

³ Oh Yes—She had All the *Plate* & my Aunt Boycott the Jewels. *Mrs. Thrale*. The bequest reads in the will: 'all the Plate, which was the Plate of my first Husband Sir Thomas Cotton Bart. that remains in my Possession, to wit, one Silver Tea Kettle, Lamp & Stand, two Sauce Boats, & cover for one, one Cheese Toaster, One Soup Dish, One Chocolate Pott & Mill, One Sauce Pan, one Chamberpot, Seven Knives & five Hafts, twelve forks, Eleven Spoons & two broken ones, One Porringer, two Waiters, One Tea Pot, one Candlestick, one Soup Ladle, five Plates, One Coffee Pot, One Looking Glass and eight Boxes.' *Ry. Charter* 1235.

⁴ at Mr. Levinz's. *Mrs. Thrale*.

then but lately dead.¹—Now he had never an Opportunity of paying this Visit as I afterwards learn'd till My Father was far enough off; & my Uncle but just returned from his Attendance on Lord Halifax. And now my Mother seemed exceedingly struck with M^r Thrale's Person and Behaviour; She had no Notion She told me that very night, of a Man so handsome, so well educated, and so well bred, being thus totally insensible to the apparent Shame of acknowledging an old Cottager in our Village for his Grandfather, and our *Dog Kennel* for his *Family Seat*. The next Day She appeared still more pleased with our Guest for giving five Shillings to a white headed Lad who was lying on a Bank, because he could conceive his Father to have been such a Boy he said. She therefore applied herself to learning the History of her new Friend from his Aunt;² a very ordinary old Woman indeed, but to whom M^r Thrale paid a mighty polite Attention. The Sum & Substance of the Old Woman's Tale was as follows.

That hers & her Brother's Uncle was a Miller's Boy at St Albans, Edmund Halsey by Name; that he quarrel'd with his Master the Miller, & strolled to London,³ where he got into Child's Brewhouse & worked at their Mill; till by Degrees he was advanced to places of higher Trust & honor in the Trade: that he had not been long prefer'd to the Comptinghouse where he was Clerk, before his Master's only Child a Daughter cast her Eyes upon him, & in process of Time married him: that the Father resolving to make the best on't, & finding him useful in the Business, took him as a Partner, & in fine dying left him & his Wife the Brewhouse—their Inheritance. That Halsey⁴ now at the Head of a prosperous Trade began thinking of his poor Relations in the Country; more willingly perhaps as his Lady brought him no Children but a pair of Twins, the eldest of which dy'd, & the youngest was sought in Marriage for her very great Fortune by L^d Viscount Cobham who laid out Stowe Gardens—is celebrated by M^r Pope⁵ &c. and who had by her no Children at all. Her Father therefore M^r Halsey sent to Offley in Hertfordshire, not many Miles from St Albans, to know what Progeny his *Sister* had, who was married to one Ralph Thrale a Cottager in that Village of Offley: upon this Enquiry herself, (who told the Story) & her Brother—my M^r Thrale's Father—were discovered; She was left

¹ He died on April 9, 1758. *Gent. Mag.* xxviii. 197.

² Mrs. Smith of St Albans. *Mrs. Thrale.* ³ with 4s 6d only in his Pocket. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁴ Member for the Borough of Southwark where his Brewhouse stood. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁵ See his *Epistle to the Earl of Burlington*, ll. 69–70.

behind, but her Bro^r whose name was Ralph too; was carried to Town to be made a Man of by his Uncle Edmund Halsey who did not however as I have heard treat him very kindly—tho' he made a Will in his Favour which he afterwards cancelled too, because the poor young Fellow had married a Wench that Halsey wanted to have for his own Pleasure. Notwithstanding all this, and many more Acts of Tyranny—Ralph Thrale, by a Spirit of usefulness & Diligence; & making himself necessary to his Uncle, who found no other Relation he had, half so tractable; got into Lucrative Posts in the Brewhouse, & between borrowing & buying—after Old Halsey's Death obtained Money to purchase, & soon found himself in Possession of the whole: he bought likewise an Estate in Surrey,¹ another in Oxfordshire, provided for his Sister, who told the Story;—& was married to a rich Farmer old Ralph Smith of Saint Albans—and educated² his Son & three Daughters quite in a high Style.³—The Son he wisely connected with the Cobhams & their Relations—Greenvilles, Lytteltons, & Pitts; to whom he lent Money & they lent Assistance of every other kind.—so that my Mr Thrale was bred up at Stowe & Stoke, and Oxford,⁴ and every genteel Place; had been abroad with Lord Westcote, whose Expences old Thrale chearfully paid I suppose; & who was thus a kind of Tutour to the young Man, who had not failed to profit by these Advantages & who was when he came down to Offley to see his Father's Birthplace, a very handsome and well accomplished Gentleman.—My Mother soon said *this* was the Man for me to marry, the only man She had ever said so of; my Uncle in his awkward way said he saw no young Fellow upon the plan of that young Fellow, that he was a *real Sportsman*, and such sort of Stuff; but I soon saw clearly they were both mad for the Match, which I concluded my Father would never endure to hear of, both on account of his mean birth, and of his being *their* Friend first, before *he* saw *him*; which was alone sufficient to make him take a Dislike to anybody;—besides he was of late grown so Jealous lest I should ever marry at all that there was no hope of My Mother's

¹ Streatham where we now live & I write these Memoirs. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Hayward (i. 10-11) quotes this passage through 'well accomplished Gentleman'.

³ married one of his Daughters to Sam: Plumbe an Alderman of the City of London, one to S^r Jno Lade, a Sussex Bart & left one whom her Bro^r afterwards married to Arnold Nesbitt a Gentleman of considerable Family in Ireland but bred a Merchant in the City of London. *Mrs. Thrale*. Ralph Thrale died on April 9, 1758, and Miss Thrale married Arnold Nesbitt on November 28 of that year. *Gent. Mag.* xxviii, 177, 611.

⁴ He entered University College on June 6, 1744. *Alumni Oxonienses, 1715-1886*. On July 8, 1773, he was one of sixty-nine of North's political supporters to receive the honorary degree of D.C.L. *Jackson's Oxford Journal*, July 10, 1773.

& Sir Thomas's Scheme succeeding—add to this that Mr Thrale had himself taken less Notice of Me than any other Man I had ever seen come to the House almost. My Friend Dr Collier¹ from whom I concealed nothing, seemed likewise rather to dislike the Business, & I apprehended nothing but Mischief could come of their unlucky Partiality.

There was likewise another Obstacle.—Two Years before the Death of poor Dear Lady Salusbury, the old Vicar of Offley—Mr Ringer, growing old & sickly, wanted a Curate, & asked her leave & my Uncle's to go to Cambridge & get him one: to this they made no Objections, & when he was there, he wrote them word that a Youth had offered himself who said his Name was *Salusbury* that he Mr Ringer had asked him if he was related to Sir Thomas, & that he answer'd Yes; that he enquired if he had ever *disobliged* Sir Thomas, that the Lad replied he never had so much as *seen* him; & that in short finding him as the Old Parson call'd him—*A Comely Youth* he had pitched upon him for his Curate. This fretted my Uncle, & put my Father in a Fury; for this *Comely Youth* was no other than a Bro^r many Years Younger than that *Robin Salusbury*² Offspring of My Grandfathers half Bro^r *Norfolk Salusbury* & the Girl mentioned in Page 222.³ whose Disorder had made visible Ravages in this *Youth's comely Face*. Sir Tho^s therefore wrote Ringer a cold Answer to his Letter, & said he must have what Curate he pleased to be sure; so he brought down his happy Choice with him from Cambridge⁴ & now the Distress was how to behave to him. Lady Salusbury—who loved & hated after her Husband—not thro' Weakness however, but extream Affection; said he sh^d not live at Offley, but board at Hitchin the neighbouring Town—where he had the Wit to en-gratiate himself with the Radcliffe's Family, who fondled him so

¹ From Dr Collier I learn'd Latin & Criticism, and gained the little Knowledge of Logic which I have: he was to me a most attentive & disinterested Friend. *Mrs. Thrale*. One hundred and seven letters written by him to Miss Salusbury survive (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 534)—one in 1760, one in 1761, and the remainder apparently (though most of them bear no date) in 1762–3. The last one, undated, belongs to the summer of 1763. The first indication that he was her teacher is contained in a letter of December 18, 1761, inclosing an elementary set of rules for Latin grammar (separately preserved in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 630). Many of the letters are in Latin, partly as exercises to translate, and partly as a correspondence of friendship. After her father's death he wrote to her almost entirely in English. Cf. below, p. 305, and n. 4.

² Who came up to Town to arrest my Father before he went abroad, & whom my Uncle had caught in a Public House and beaten, & never seen since—for when my Father or Sir Tho^s went into Wales none of y^e Family ever durst come near them—or dream of claiming any Relationship to us. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ See above, pp. 288–9.

⁴ He received the appointment in May 1755. *Gent. Mag.* xxv. 237.

that our Folks were ashamed on't, while old Ringer's Attachment to him grew so strong that he wished him to marry his Daughter, and inherit all he had to leave.—The Daughter too—seeing this *comely Youth* had fixed his Affections elsewhere, drowned herself for spite; but her Papa, true to his first Choice, left him the Vicarage, House, Books, and Money, when he died—as soon he did after his beloved Daughter. *Thelwall Salusbury* therefore; for that is his Name, was now independent of us, and we grew civil to him perhaps for that Reason; but no Civilities could conquer his internal hate to the Family, which he concealed under the most obsequious Carriage towards both my Father & Uncle; but particularly towards my Father, who he meant to make his principal Dupe.

Me, he considered as grossly in his way; for I believe he even then had hope of the Estate, tho' then I little suspected it, & he resolved to try by distant Looks & Assiduities whether I was not to be had—This Scheme—from my Contempt of the Fellow—proving abortive; he certainly did not like to see any one else offer, as my Uncle had no Relations,—great as was the Distance—between his Bro^r Robin—and myself. He therefore flattered my Father's Humour in making him Jealous of every Gentleman who came to the house, & while my Father had a notion he meant to get me for young Radcliffe,¹ he was secretly hoping I never should marry at all.—M^r Thrale's Reception from Sir Tho^s & my Mother, alarmed his Fears & awakened his Cautions; he talked to me of the Match & finding that I had no other Care about it than to keep the Peace, he artfully represented to my Father at his return, that I was to be sold to a Man I did not like for a Barrel of Porter; at once inflaming his Jealousy, & exciting his Abhorrence of a Man whose Family was so far beneath our own. My Father's Passions were ready to be played upon; he inveigh'd against their new Friend, said he was a Beau Brewer, would soon be a Bankrupt &c. told me what Mistresses he kept, & what Enormities he committed, and charged me never to have him.—In Consequence of all this Clamour I wrote one Day to my Friend Doctor Collier, & believe the Letter still exists²—to say that I expected M^r Thrale would make me an Offer of Marriage; that I supposed y^e Conditions would be the settling the Offley Estate upon me; that I did verily believe Sir Tho^s would comply with those Conditions,

¹ I have always had a notion that he used to tell Lyes of me to that Young Radcliffe y^t he might avoid making me Proposals of Marriage. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² In the Possession of Miss Sophia Streatfield. *Mrs. Thrale.*

provided I was willing to marry the Man he had so set his Heart upon; but that such was my Father's furious Temper, & such his Aversion to the Match, that I durst not commit a positive Offence against God by disobliging my Father who had the sole Right to dispose of me; and whom therefore I *would* obey, at the hazard of all my Temporal Hopes. This Resolution I likewise communicated to my Father, & assured him that no Temptation should allure me to Disobedience. With this Promise he grew more content; insulted my Uncle upon it, and half harrassed my Mother to Death: diverted himself by ridiculing Sir Thomas's Taste of new Acquaintance, & I think contrived to alienate his Affection from us all as fast as he could.—So well did Parson Thelwall's Schemes succeed.—

Mean Time was added to our Neighbourhood at Offley a young & blooming Widow, M^{rs} King: whose first Husband L^d Kingston's Bro^r¹ had lived with her but three Weeks, and whose Character was that of rapacious Avarice. She cast her Eyes upon my poor Sir Thomas, and used even shameless Artifices to succeed in her Attempts: pretending the most tender Affection for his Person, w^{ch} tho' once eminently handsome, was now at the Age of three-score—loaded with fat, & bloated with hard Drinking no Object as I believe of any Passion but Disgust. She however pursued her point and gain'd it; Thanks to her own Baseness & my Father's Folly; who urged on by Parson Thelwall to tell Sir Tho^s *his Mind plainly forsooth*; persecuted him with ill tim'd reproaches, and ceaseless Complaints, till my Uncle grown weary of our Company—sought Relief from the Widow, & shewed us that our Absence would no longer—as formerly—be a Concern to him. We therefore retired to gnaw one another's & our own Hearts in Dean Street, where M^r Thrale would visit us to add to our Misery, whether we would or no; & where we were hourly joked by our Friends about Sir Thomas's approaching Marriage or my own: till my Father's Constitution though a strong one, gave way to the conflicting Passions it had so long been a prey to; and one Night Collier having sent me a private Letter to say my Uncle was next Sunday to go to Church with M^{rs} King, & I suppressing the Intelligence somewhat awkwardly perhaps, my Father charged me violently that I carried on a clandestine Correspondence with M^r Thrale, a Charge I could not bear, as I had suffered so much, & was like to suffer so much more by discouraging his Addresses—that I

¹ William King, brother to the 1st Earl of Kingston, married Sarah Burrows on October 1, 1754. *Gent. Mag.* xxiv. 483.

answered very warmly to be sure; & so high ran our Contest, that I fainted that Night from the Effects of this Dispute, and my Father died the very next Morning. We did not make up our Quarrel till 3 o'clock I think, & then we parted, but not before I had shewn him¹ that it was not *me* but *my Uncle* whom he had provoked to run away from him. The next Day therefore he resolved to set out for Offley, walked across the park to pick up Colonel D'Avenant to go with him, & in his return—dropped down dead—of an Apoplexy!²—

All Sir Thomas's Tenderness was soon awakened;³ he lamented his poor Brother's Death kindly enough, but it was now my *Mother's* Turn: She had I fancy never loved my Uncle, & now resolved to set him at Defiance,⁴ told her Friends this was the Time to see in earnest whether all his Promises and fine Speeches meant anything or nothing: that She had been too long dependant on his Caprices, & w^d be so no longer; that out of Respect to her Husband She had been his humble Servant all these Years, and now something *should* be done for her She said—he was going to marry it appeared; & her poor Child might after all her Education & Expectation, be turned adrift with only 2000^l or 3000^l I forget w^{ch} that was originally settled on my Father's *Daughter* in case his *Bro'* should have a *Son* which was now likely enough to happen; & prevent poor Hester from having any Estate *at all* after being so long considered as a great Heiress. To this & many other such harangues I listened with no great Delight; I doated on my Uncle, & did not like relinquishing all my hopes of Offley (which I still thought might be obtained thro' his Fondness)—for an immediate & certain Sum of Money: however I always remembered that She was now my only Parent, & had of Course a Right to my entire Obedience; that She had suffered enough without *my* thwarting her, and that in fine Sir Tho^s might now have Sons of his own (or Somebody's he might take for his own) which would as She said leave me upon

¹ by producing the Drs Ltr. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² He died on December 18, 1762. *Gent. Mag.* xxxii. 601.

³ On December 26 he wrote to Mrs. Salusbury, evidently while somewhat tipsy: 'As for My Poor Brothers Paper's or Even his Settlements are I know not. But as I always Intendd the Girl to Have ten Thousand pounds shall make whatever is settld upon Her; and to you a Jointure shall make comfortable to you & In Every thing else My utmost assistance (be Comfort'd).' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

⁴ She declared in a Day or two after my Father's death that her House should no longer be a *Punch House* for Sr Tho^s & his Guests; w^d not let me send him Letters Newspapers &c. as usual, but kept telling me he was going to be married; & that Unless I meant [to] be his Wife's humble Companion like Miss Maude who liv'd with her, She saw not any Connection I could now have with my Uncle. *Mrs. Thrale*.

the wide World with a Certainty of nothing sufficient to maintain me; for that my Mother had in her Marriage Settlement complimented away the Welch Estate from me to my Uncle who was now in actual possession of it all, except 200^l p^r Ann: originally settled upon My Mother for a Joynture.¹

And now Lord Halifax, Sir L: S: Cotton, Doctor Crane, and Doctor Collier never let Sir Thomas Salusbury rest till he had given a Bond for ten Thousand Pounds to be p^d me on the Day of Marriage² and 200^l Annuity till Then; besides 200^l a Year to herself; Annuity for her Life to *add* to her *Joynture* as the Bond was worded. And now my Mother was content enough; said Sir Thomas might be married or be hanged She cared not which; that her Daughter & She should live together the remainder of her Days, & try to be as happy as a quiet Life could make Them. In Consequence of this Resolution & for Change of Place & Conversation we took a Journey to Bath, where we visited my two old Maiden Aunts, Sophia & Sidney Arabella; Sisters to my Mother and Sir Lynch, who had saved their Fortunes and been rich many Years; tho' when we in our distressed State³ had tried to borrow Money of 'em, they were as I have heard always inexorable. during our Stay at Bath I continued my Correspondence with D^r Collier whom however my Mother began to grow tired of; as He rather opposed my marrying *anybody*, and as She grew Jealous of his Influence over me; which as he had now been long my Tutour in the Classics, did grow pretty strong to be sure, and operate upon my Mind on almost every Occasion. Well! She knew her power, & resolved to exert it; fomented a trifling Quarrel between the D^r & me,⁴ so as to keep us at a Distance a while; and in the mean Time encouraging M^r Thrale's Visits, doubted not of settling everything

¹ no Papers had been produced concerning the clearing her Joynture. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² He desired it might be stipulated that I sh^d have my Mothers Consent; but She knowing She c^d depend on her Daughter, w^d have no such Condition tacked to it. *Mrs. Thrale.*

³ 1750—or thereabout when my Father went first abroad. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁴ After which we never more renewd our Intimacy—Married Women should have no *Friends* my Mother said but their Husbands—and so I sate still and lost a most disinterested and deserving Friend:—but I pleas'd my Mother & that was now all my Care. *Mrs. Thrale.* He had pleaded the cause of the Widow King with them, which they resented, and then had had the temerity to write a letter (indorsed 'the last I ever recd. from Dr. Collier, as my Mother would not permit me to answer it or see the Dr. any more') in which he attempted to make it a matter of conscience for her not to marry Thrale: 'But there was one thing in your discourse on this affair which gave a very odd revulsion to my mind I own: That you could never bear a woman that had been the cause of so much uneasiness to your poor father. . . . If this be genuine grief, and cause of Just resentment Doubtless his Daughter will be *doubly carefull* not to *encourage* or *cultivate* any *acquaintance* or *connection* that she must know Her father Held in full as much *abhorrence* for *herself*.' *Ry. Eng. MS. 534.*

very soon to her Satisfaction, & so She did; for Mr Thrale made a liberal Offer in process of Time;¹ & when I urged that I was not now the Fortune he once thought me—beg'd I would mention such a Thing no more; said he knew I had an independent ten Thousand Pounds, for w^{ch} he would Settle eight Hundred pounds a Year; & that for the rest he was willing to take his Chance either for Offley, or Bachygraig, or both or neither; for that if I had been 10,000^l *in Debt*, he would have been happy to have paid the Debt & then married me.

Such Offers were surely irresistible, Mr Thrale went to ask Sir Thomas Salusbury's Consent, who cheerfully granted it, & declared his intention of coming to London & giving me away a Favour not to be refused: The false *Parson Thelwall* too pretended to rejoyce, begged he might tye the Knot as he call'd it, to which Mr Thrale of course made no Objection, as he knew nothing of my Affairs somehow, nor did I know anything of his. Our Courtship (if such it might be called,) was always carried on under the Eye of my Mother, whose Project it originally was; & this so completely, that except for *one* five minutes only by mere Accident, I never had had a Teste a Teste with my Husband in my whole Life till quite the Evening of the Wedding Day.²

We were married at St Ann's Church Soho;³ & came hither to Streatham to celebrate our Nuptials; my Mother, my Uncle, my Husband & myself. The next Day after many Tears of kindness between Sir Thomas & I, he took his Leave, & I remember my Mother rejoycing in his Absence: we remained here till January as the Town house was not ready for us I think; but I know I never *saw* the Town house all the while, nor was ever consulted about any Alterations in it. My Mother lived with me & I was content; I re'd to her in the Morning, played at Back Gammon with her at Noon, & worked Carpets with her in the Evening. Mr Thrale profess'd his Aversion to a *Neighbourhood*, in w^{ch} my Mother perfectly agreed with him, so we visited nobody; he sometimes

¹ He wrote on June 28, 1763: 'Mr. Thrale presents His most respectful compliments to Mrs. and Miss Salusbury and wishes to God He could have communicated His Sentiments to Them last night, which is absolutely impossible for Him to do to any other Person breathing; He therefore most ardently begs to see Them at any Hour this afternoon, and He will at all Events immediately enter upon this very interesting Subject, and when once begun, there is no Danger of His wandering upon any other: in Short, see Them, He must, for He assures Them, with the greatest Truth and Sincerity, that They have *murder'd* Peace and Happiness at Home.' Johnson, *Letters*, No. 152, n. 2.

² She wrote to her Aunt Sidney: 'Our mutual Preference of each other to all the rest of the world, that Preference not founded on Passion but on Reason, gives us some Right to expect some Happiness.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 533.

³ 11:October 1763. *Mrs. Thrale.*

brought a Friend¹ from London, and that She had more Wit than to oppose, tho' She did not encourage it. His Sisters each came once in a formal way, my Mother charged me not to be free or intimate with 'em, & none of them pleased me enough to make me *wish* to break her Injunction. Mean Time my Husband went every day to London & returned either to dinner or Tea, said he always found two agreeable Women ready to receive him, & thus we lived on Terms of great Civility & Politeness, if not of strong Alliance and Connection. Miss Hetty Cotton the youngest of Sir Lynch's Daughters² too used to be much with me, M^r Thrale grew passionately fond of her, so fond indeed that I was not much pleased with the partiality—from *Female* Motives perhaps, but indeed I think not: some of her Sisters had behaved but indifferently,³ & as her Carriage was rather of the lightest, I apprehended some Mischief to her, and blame to M^r Thrale, for as I never was a fond Wife, so I certainly never was a Jealous one; I soon saw that I was married from prudential Motives, as a passive, tho' well born & educated Girl; who would be contented to dwell in the Borough, which other Women had refused to do; & my Husband, whose heart was set upon his Business, had it seems always insisted on: This however I afterwards learned slyly of M^r Thrale's real Bosom Friend & Adviser;⁴ who ruled all his Actions, and had himself made the Match between *us*, which I little dreamed of at the *Time*, God help me.—

Mean Time my Uncle was wedded to the Widow,⁵ who soon weaned his Affections away from me, whom he now never saw but in a way merely formal: my Mother & he too lived on still worse Terms;⁶ her Joynture was not paid She said; & if I offered to think of paying him a Visit or a Compliment of any Sort, She would be out of humour & cry for whole Days, a Thing it was quite contrary to my Duty to endure, & even to my Interest; as She was

¹ Murphy. Bodens. Fitz[p]atrick Peter King Capt^m Conway were les Amis du Maison I liked none of 'em but Murphy. & my Mother despised them all. *Mrs. Thrale*. Simon Luttrell, the 'King of Hell', was also an intimate. Hayward, ii. 23.

² as She was a near Relation my Mother liked her about us, but no one else. *Mrs. Thrale*. She became Mrs. Corbet D'Avenant, and later Lady Corbet.

³ See above, p. 14 and n. 1.

⁴ Humphrey Jackson the famous projecting Chymist. *Mrs. Thrale*. See below, p. 309, n. 1.

⁵ On November 8, 1763, as a letter from the groom informed Mr. Thrale. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

⁶ In January 1765, she demanded from him two years' back rent (£200) of Bachygraig, which he had kept in his own hands since her husband's death. Sir Lynch, she added, was pressing her for the return of the £200 he lent to her husband for his Nova Scotia venture, 'which he assures me has never been repaid by you'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 530.

the only Creature that I saw;¹ & if She was not in Spirits, what a Life I must lead! M^r Thrale was in his Counting house all Morning, at Carlisle House perhaps, or the Opera, or some public Place all Evening, and if I did not keep my Mother in good humour what Chance had I for Comfort? Summer however returned, and we returned to Streatham where we lived quite together, & that was much more agreeable than prancing across S^t George's Fields 3 or 4 Times a Day: Lying In Time now approached though, and I must needs perform that Ceremony in Southwark sorely against my Will—if any Will I had. My eldest Daughter's Birth² was an Event of seemingly great Joy, for M^r Thrale had somehow a Notion we were to have no Children, & even doubted of my Pregnancy till it became quite past all Question. He was therefore very glad to see his little Girl, his beautiful Daughter as he called her; as for poor me, I believe he might visit my Chamber two or Three Times a Week in a sort of formal Way, which my Mother said was *quite right*,—& therefore I appeared to think so too.—

After my Month was up, my Mother return'd to Dean S^t & I to my Occupation of daddling after her, carrying the Child with me as I had the honour of suckling it, till I became a perfect Shadow; & they were forced for very Shame to let me off that Duty, & get me an Ass to suck myself. It was now Time to *teach* the little Girl my Mother said, & bring her forward as She had done by me; I was reproached with want of Attention to my Daughter, & told that I had now—or *ought* to have, something to amuse me without visiting or fooling at Places of publick Resort, like fashionable Wives & Parents. I therefore did buckle hard to my Business, taught this poor Infant twenty pretty Tricks,³ She was no better for Learning, and so my Time was employ'd.

¹ We were in London now—it was Jan^y 1764. I lived in Southwark—i.e. slept there, but spent almost ev'ry Day—with my Mother in Dean Street, to whom I regularly went ev'ry Day at 12 o'clock & staid till 5; & then most probably went again in the Afternoon when My Master drove out to divert himself. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Hester, born on September 17. In September 1809, when Hester, then Lady Keith, was expecting her own first child, her mother wrote: "When Dr. Bromfield first announced your Approach, *Arrival* rather, (for the Approach was coming forward from Saturday to Monday) his Expression to *me* was "It is a Lady Madam; destined to bear what you are this Moment freed from." Bowood Papers.

³ She knew 15 of her Letters when She was 15 Months old, at 20: Months She so astonished Zoffany to whom She sate for her Picture that he told the King of her odd performances. at 2 Years $\frac{1}{2}$ old She put the dissected Maps together, & there are in the World some Cards written by her to particular Friends the day She was 3 Years old. *Mrs. Thrale*. The Children's Book records more fully her accomplishments at two and a half. At that age, her mother wrote, she knew the compass, could trace the orbits and tell the 'arbitrary' marks of the planets, recognized the chief constellations on the celestial globe, knew the signs of the zodiac, the

I now first had the Pleasure of getting acquainted with Johnson, who after our Acquaintance ripened into Friendship, began opening my Eyes to my odd kind of Life. One Day that I mentioned M^r Thrale's cold Carriage to me, tho' with no Resentment, for it occasioned in me no Dislike; He said in Reply—Why how for Heaven's Sake Dearest Madam should any Man delight in a Wife that is to him neither Use nor Ornament? He cannot talk to you about his Business, which you do not understand; nor about his Pleasures which you do not partake; if you have Wit or Beauty you shew them nowhere, so he has none of the Reputation; if you have Economy or Understanding you employ neither in Attention to his Property. You divide your Time between your Mamma & your Babies, & wonder you do not by that means become agreeable to your Husband. This was so plain I could not fail to comprehend it, & gently hinted to my Mother that I had some Curiosity about the Trade, which I would may be one day get M^r Thrale to inform *me* about as well as the *Jacksons*¹ who I observed had all his Confidence: but She saw no need She said for me to care *who* was in his Confidence, that I had my Children to nurse & to teach, & that She

difference between the ecliptic and the equator, and could name the four quarters of the globe, the principal islands, seas, gulfs, and straits of the world, the capital cities of Europe, Persia, and China, the three Christian virtues in English, the four cardinal virtues in Latin, the days of the week, and the months of the year. She knew by heart the first page of Lily's grammar, the table of two, the Nicene Creed, the decalogue, and the catechism through the duty to one's neighbour. 'She cannot however read at all.' At four years and three months, she knew the whole catechism, Latin grammar to the end of the fifth declension, and the distances, revolutions, and diameters of the planets, and could repeat a fable of Phaedrus and an epigram of Martial. At four years and nine months, she started to learn English grammar, and on February 1, 1770, when she was not yet five and a half, she parsed the first couplet of Pope's *Iliad*. On her sixth birthday her mother records: 'She read & persed to Dr. Goldsmith yesterday & he wonder'd at her skill.—She has a little Compendium of Greek & Roman History in her Head; & Johnson says her Cadence, Variety & choice of Tones in Reading Verse are surpassed by nobody not even Garrick himself: it was Pope's Ode to Musick that she read to Johnson. Goldsmith heard her read the Messiah.'

¹ Both Henry and Humphrey Jackson, whose relationship I have not ascertained, were interested in promoting the use of isinglass, as an aid to brewers and vintners in clarifying their liquors. Each wrote a treatise on the subject. Henry's, entitled *An Essay on British Isinglass . . . and rationale of its action in clarifying liquors, interspersed with hints for the further improvement of Malting, Brewing, Fermenting, and for preventing the Wooden Apparatus in the Brewery from speedy decay*, went into a second edition in 1765. Charles Welsh, *A Book-seller of the Last Century*, p. 241. Humphrey's treatise, entitled *An account of the discovery of the manner of making Isinglass in Russia, with a particular description of its manufacture in England. . .*, was read before the Royal Society on November 16, 1772, on which occasion he was elected to membership (*Record of the Royal Society*), and was published in the *Transactions of the Society* (lxiii. 1-15) in 1773. It was apparently Humphrey who held the chief ascendancy over Mr. Thrale (see above, p. 307, n. 4); but this allusion to 'the Jacksons' seems to indicate that Henry too was concerned in Mr. Thrale's affairs.

thought that was better Employment than turning into *My Lady Mashrab*. those were her Words, & well do I remember them; so I went on in the old Way, brought a Baby once a Year, lost some of them & grew so anxious about the rest, that I now fairly cared for nothing else, but them & her; & not a little for Johnson, who I felt to be my true Friend, though I could not break thro' my Chains to take his Advice as it would only have helped to kill my poor Mother, whose health now began to decline, & who was Jealous enough of Mr Johnson's Influence as it was. She had no need however, for from the Day of my Marriage did I never put my Head into a Theatre, or any Place of publick Resort, till my Eldest Daughter in her sixth Year was carried by Lady Lade to see the King at an Oratorio; & I went too, that I might take proper Care of *her*.—but soon the Year 1770 appeared and brought me the news that Sir Tho^s Salusbury was dying, & Application already made for his Place. It had been now nine Years since I had seen Offley,¹ & seven since I saw him; yet my Affection for him suddenly renewed at the thoughts of his Danger, & besides I had a large Stake depending, and supposed myself interested in his Welfare in a pecuniary Sense. This was therefore the first Time I had said I *would* do any thing since I came of Age, and now I *would* not be deny'd. My Mother try'd all *her* Power, & when that failed, my Husband's had little Chance; nor did he trouble himself much either to encourage or contradict me, but laugh'd at the project as a wild one, & said Lady Salusbury would shut me out of Doors he suppos'd, and so I should come back.

The Event however proved far otherwise; my Uncle's Danger was over, & his Joy to see me quite immoderate: he even seemed to triumph over his Wife that he had still one natural Friend left; & after a thousand Kisses, Caresses, & tender Enquiries for all my Children, he detained me that Night; saw me to my Chamber, which he chose for me, because I *used* to love it he said, and seemed so fond of my Company that all the Servants &c. paid me great Homage, He declared me his *Heiress* his *Niece* &c. to them all, and Lady Salusbury sate like one Thunderstruck—yet swelling with rage. The next morning however his Kindness seemed somewhat cooler, the Mistress of the House never came down to Breakfast, & he dismissed me at my own Desire—but in his *Carriage*—w^{ch} he insisted on my taking twenty Miles of the Road: nor did we part, till he had repeatedly promis'd to come & see me & my Son & my Daughters, for I had now a considerable family.

¹ whither I resolv'd to go. *Mrs. Thrale*.

When I came to the Inn where I dismissed his Carriage and Servants, I called one of em to me, and giving them half a Guinea & a Letter charged him to deliver it into my Uncle's own hand. The Letter was intended only to keep the Impression I had made, and was filled with nothing but Expressions of Duty & Affection: I had indeed written him Letters enough when the Breach—if it might be called so—was first opened; but I had reason to believe Lady Salusbury intercepted *them*, for no Answer of any Sort could I ever obtain. Well! I returned to Streatham jocund enough, & highly pleased with my Expedition; I found my Mother & My Master well pleased too, & chearfully resumed my usual Employments and Amusements.¹ I was grown fond of my Poultry my Dairy &c. & had now no other Desire than that of sitting down safely & quietly at Streatham to which of late I had rather begun to attach myself. My Mother's Disorder—a Cancer²—admitting of no Cure, nor even of any hope; I bore it, as one always does bear real Evils I think, with a sort of sullen Resignation: but in Two Years Time³ I was to shew how I c^d bear Evils of a very different kind—still complicated with that dreadful one.—Mr Thrale had for some Time appeared pensive and gloomy—when I asked the Cause, he told me it was something relative to his Business: I grew more inquisitive & he told me that it was the bad Hops he had bought the year before which had spoyl'd all his Beer: I would have laughed at this, but found the Business too serious, and indeed he lost all Sleep & Appetite so fast that it alarmed me;⁴ the more, as Fordyce⁵ had lately broke, & cast a Cloud somehow over all the Commercial World. Nesbitt⁶ too had I heard been somewhat singed, & I concluded tho' I said nothing—that our Misfortune was of the same kind, however bad Beer might be the Pretence to *Me*. well but said I methinks if the Beer is really bad, you should send for Jackson⁷ to cook it; he turned from me upon these Words in an Agony I could not then comprehend,

¹ The agitation of my Mind added to the Journey made me miscarry, but as I had now Children enough, nobody much cared about that: my Health indeed never was much the Cause of their Concern; I had miscarried in London two or three Years before that, when my Mother never remitted of insisting on my Visits to Dean Street except one day when She came to me at the Boro' & grumbled enough at it. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² In the Children's Book the origin of the cancer was attributed to an accidental blow from Harry's head, while they played together in the green parlour at Streatham, two years and nine Months before the date of her death, on June 18, 1773.

³ 1772. *Mrs. Thrale*. ⁴ I was big with Child—as I almost always am. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁵ See above, p. 70 and n. 1.

⁶ Arnold Nesbitt, Mr. Thrale's brother-in-law. Cf. below, p. 389, n. 1.

⁷ who was out of Town upon some Scheme. *Mrs. Thrale*.

but recovered himself so far as to bid me say nothing to my Mother, or to any living Soul of what he had told me. One whole Week I passed therefore in silent Sorrow & Amazement, at the End of which he told us all himself—I mean my Mother & Dr Johnson, & begged for Counsel & Comfort. We gave him what Counsel & Comfort we could; My Mother said She had 2 or 3 Thousand Pounds at his Service—it was her all, but She could live on her Annuity, which if Things came to the worst we should share with her.¹ If Sir Tho^s w^d but *dye* She said, as he had no Sons; we should be sure of the Welch Estate, & there was hopes of the Hertfordshire one. Johnson drove me to Town;² insisted on my talking to the Clerks³ authoritatively, & knowing how & why this Calamity had fallen on us: my Mothers Delicacy was blunted about the Trade—and when I came to examine into Things, what was my Astonishment to hear that the Enemy & the Adversary was that wicked *Haman!* *Jackson* had perswaded my Master to buy the bad Hops, *Jackson* had taught him to brew without Malt; *Jackson* had made him build a Copper⁴ to boyl Timber in, at an immense Expence, & all the Timber boil'd in it was rotten. *Jackson* had his Confidence so compleatly that none of his own Clerks durst speak to him, they therefore resolved to depart.⁵ I now tried first to conciliate the necessary People about the Brewhouse, who declared they would not live *with Mr Thrale*, but they would do *anything* for *me*; only says They Madam get rid of that **Fiend!** he will entirely ruin your whole Family else. I did so, and we soon began to understand each other. Money was raised,⁶ the Beer was mended, our whole Conduct in the management of our Trade was changed, and

¹ Henry Thrale had already borrowed £2,000 from his mother-in-law, on March 25, 1770. *Ry. Charter* 1237.

² I was very big with Child this while—quite near my Time. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Mr Thrale said his Clerks were all going to leave & y^t that was y^e greatest distress of all. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ a Copper to hold a Chymical preparation w^{ch} he pretended w^d preserve the Wood. *Mrs. Thrale*. Elsewhere she wrote: 'He had persuaded him to build a copper somewhere in East Smithfield, the very metal of which cost 2000l., wherein this Jackson was to make experiments and conjure some curious stuff, which should preserve ships' bottoms from the worm; gaining from Government money to defray these mad expenses. Twenty enormous vats, holding 1000 hogsheads each—costly contents!—Ten more holding 1000 barrels each, were constructed to stew in this pernicious mess. . . .' Hayward, ii. 25–6.

⁵ In a small note-book, labelled 'A Book in which was written within and without, Lamentation & Mourning & Woe. 1773', she records a long conversation with Perkins, the chief clerk, in which he said, 'Why 'tis a hard thing Mrs. Thrale (those were his words) to live always in Servitude, a Servitude never made light by kind or even civil Treatment.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 616, 2.

⁶ According to the Fellowes account, they borrowed £6,000 from Mr. Scrase at Brighton, £6,000 from a Mr. Rush, and £5,000 from Lady Lade. Their total debts were £130,000, 'besides borrowed money. Yet in *nine years* was every shilling paid'. Hayward, ii. 27.

we grew prosperous, and loved each other.¹—Women have a manifest Advantage over Men in the doing Business; every thing smooths down before them, & to be a Female is commonly sufficient to be successful, if She has a little Spirit & a little common Sense.

My Mother's amiable Behaviour on this Occasion endeared her to Mr Johnson, & his active Friendship reconciled her to him: Mr Thrale saw his Wife capable to be trusted, and I saw that he was not insensible to the Tenderness which it was my Duty to shew him; so all went better after the Year 1772 than before.—*within doors.*²

Sir Thomas however did not fulfill his promise of coming to see me; but I was told slyly by many Friends that my ill-tim'd Visit had so incensed Lady Salusbury—who considered it as done to affront her—that She had insisted on some Will being made to bar my Succession: he was gone to Bath very ill however,³ & I would have followed him thither,⁴ but nearer Concerns claimed my prior Attention; for now in the Year 1773. big with Child as I was again, I lost my angelic Mother; whose Company & Converse had so long been the great Pleasure and Comfort of my Life—in two or three Months⁵ I heard of my Uncle's falling down in an Apoplexy and leaving a Will—dictated by his Wife no doubt & dear Parson Thelwall—but I fear signed by himself, in a State of Stupor I doubt not.—His real & personal Estates then he has bequeathed to Lady Salusbury for her Life, & after *her*, how shall I write it down! to the Sons⁶ of that very Robin Salusbury mentioned in these Memoirs twice before; once for being beaten in a bad Cause, & once for being the distempered Issue of a Drab by

¹ I lost my Child indeed in the Worry, such was my Agony of Mind at one Time y^t I felt as if suddenly struck wth Death, & accordingly poor Penelope lived only to be Baptized. *Mrs. Thrale*. She was born on September 15, 1772. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii.

² Perkins complained to her, however, on July 8, 1773, that Thrale had 'not done trying Experiments', as he let a cask of sick beer worth £600 perish when it might have been cured with '50 barrels of good stout porter'. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 616, 2.

³ and very angry at the Report of Mr Thrale's Bankruptcy, w^{ch} enraged him exceedingly, & set indeed all the World against us. All Blame, no Pity had We. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Johnson advised her, from Auchinleck, if she did go, to 'take two foot-men, and dress in such a manner as he may be proud to see'. *Letters*, No. 337.

⁵ Her mother died on June 18, 1773 (see above, p. 182), and Sir Thomas on October 30 (*Gent. Mag.* xliii. 581).

⁶ When Lady Salusbury died, in 1804, Robin Salusbury's oldest son, Sir Robert Salusbury, of Llanwerth, Monmouthshire, inherited Offley, and his second son, the Rev. Lynch Salusbury, of Hitchin, Herts., became her personal heir, and took the name of Burrows in her honour. The entail was finally cut, and this Lynch Burrows bought the estate. *Gent. Mag.* lxxiv. 687; Bowood Papers, letter of August 10, 1805.

my Grandfather's half Brother, if such a Drab's Word can be taken.—When *his Sons* are all dead—the Estate is entailed upon *Parson Thelwall*¹ and *his Sons*; then upon old Hughes, Son to my Father's Schoolmaster and *his Sons*, & in Case of failure to all these Heroes of Issue *Male*; then to me & to my Heirs for ever.

Glorious Conclusion of all my once well founded Hopes! and glorious Conclusion of the Year 1773! in the last three Months of which, I lost my Mother, my Daughter,² my Uncle, and the almost certain Expectation I had for more than 20 Years entertained—of the Offley Estate: bringing forth in the midst of all these pungent and corroding Sorrows³ my second Son,⁴ who lived but two Years; and whose health was I doubt not much impaired by my Misery during the Time of Gestation. Oh God forgive those who thus injured me! & save my Soul from being a Prey to Malice, Hatred, or any such Vile passions!—

The next Year 1774 M^r Thrale proposed to me to take a Turn into Wales,⁵ and survey my Possessions in that Country; I consented; but being Still a Novice, forgot the Necessity of taking a Maid Servant; we set out therefore, M^r Johnson & my Master and myself & my eldest Daughter, not quite ten Years of Age; whom I had to attend upon, all the way of Course, as if She was but two; for what but Mischief can a Girl of that Age do for herself? though Hester was more wise, judicious, and tidy than any Child I ever yet saw at her Years. our first Flight was to Litchfield, where I saw M^r Johnson's birth Place, Daughter in Law, Friends &c. from hence we went to Ashbourne, where D^r Taylor entertained us liberally & kindly; here we saw Chatsworth, Buxton Matlock, Poole's Hole, & all the wonders of the Peak, Dove Dale, Ilam &c. Thro' Macclesfield we past on to Combermere where Sir Lynch & Lady Cotton behav'd unexceptionably to us, & their youngest Daughter Miss Hetty, our old Inmate, entertained us

¹ since married to a Miss Greaves a Bastard of Lord Salisbury's, by whom he has several children. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Lucy. Eliz: Thrale a most lovely and promising Girl aged 4 Years. *Mrs. Thrale*. The Children's Book (entry for December 9, 1772) reveals that Lucy was Mrs. Thrale's favourite child, as she was the only one who responded to caresses. The infected ear, which caused her death on November 22, 1773, came from a cold caught at six months old.

³ The Distresses in the Trade & the Tricks of Jackson added not a little to the Misery before. they are recorded in A little Book apart marked as it ought to be Lamentation & Mourning & Woe. *Mrs. Thrale*. See above, p. 312, n. 5.

⁴ Ralph Thrale, born November 8, 1773, died July 13, 1775. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii. Her Children's Book records that Ralph was imbecile. She had suspected it herself since December 31, 1773, and, in April, 1775, Pott the surgeon confirmed her fear, and expressed his belief that the defect was congenital.

⁵ For the separate Journal which she kept on this journey, see Broadley, pp. 158–218.

with a runaway Marriage made however with a very deserving Young Gentleman Corbet D'Avenant Esq^r of Atherley.¹ the next Step was Chester, & the next Llewenny—which House & Estate my Uncle had given over to his eldest Son the present Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, who married Miss Fanny Stapylton a Lady of extreme Sweetness of Temper, & whose Family & Fortune were adequate in all Respects to his own. This House being within two Miles of my own Bachŷgraig, I had frequent Opportunities of visiting it, surveying its Woods &c: and of observing how ill I had been used in many, very many Respects. Tŷ Cock, which Sir Thomas lost for my Father during his Stay in America, I found a very valuable Farm close by the House; and in the hands of a rich Family from whom I shall never recover it: the Equivalent, which Sir Thomas purchased to make my Father Amends for the Loss of this,—falls to his Widow Lady Salusbury by Will; as it had never been properly conveyed to my Father who then lived with his Brother on the most happy Terms, & who had no Notion of a Change in his Affection.—The Mortgage laid by fraud & Violence on my poor Mother's Joynture for Sir Thomas Salusbury's Emolument in the Year 1744, had indeed been discharged by my Uncle in a Fit of Gratitude² when he came to enjoy a splendid Fortune, but what does that avail me! his Widow the present Lady Salusbury sues me to repay it; for why say her Counsel should Thomas pay the Debts of John's Estate, when John has left an Heir?—an Heir indeed God help me!³

From these displeasing Sightings if I turned my Head, I saw a worse; which was that my good Steward Mr Bridge, whom my Mother thought the worthiest of Mankind, had plundered us for 20 Years most grossly:—still keeping the whole Family under a Notion that he was doing his best. Him however I dismissed, M^r Thrale settled with the Tenant at Bachŷgraig who is a Cheshire Farmer, fixed there with Intention to make his Rent of Cheeses according to the fashion of his own County, and we proceeded on to Caernarvonshire to view the little Habitation which had produced myself & contain'd my Parents for nine Years after their Marriage. It is a

¹ See above, p. 113. His estate was Adderley Hall.

² In 1755. *Ry. Charter* 1013.

³ She contested the suit, lost it, and had to borrow money to settle. See below, pp. 440, 540, 550-2. A letter from her, belonging to Major C. A. C. Perkins, written on November 18, 1773, to Perkins (who was in Wales at the time of Sir John's death), asks him, if possible, to get from Bridge, their Welsh steward, the papers proving her uncle's disbursement of the mortgages, and burn them. 'Would it not grieve one now to have this vile Mortgage recharged by Fraud and Violence a second Time? as it certainly will if This Harpy of a woman can lay her Claws upon the Writings.'

truly wild & solitary Place; the whole circumjacent Country varying only from Bog to Mountain, from Mountain to Bog; 115 Miles from the nearest English Ground, & every Spot of it reminding me of my Mother's suffering Virtue. Mr Thrale put this little Estate too on a new Footing, raised it 30*l* a Year I think, so that between both it & Denbighshire and Flintshire my Income is oftener more than less than 700*l* a year, besides the Wood, which is said to be so valuable as to be like to purchase the Estate twice over.

We now began turning our Heads homeward, and taking the two Myddeltons of Gwainnynog and Chirk Castle¹ in our way, proceeded to Shrewsbury where having rested a Day or two, we drove on to Ombersley the Seat of Lord Sandys who entertained us kindly, hospitably & politely—After a Weeks Visit there, we pass'd another Week at Lord Westcote's:—saw Hagley,² the Leasowes, & all the Curiosities of that part of the World, from whence we drove to Oxford—a Place of perpetual Amusement to Starers, as well of Instruction to Listeners: And now we were so near Burke's House at Beaconsfield that we made that our last Stage, and there we heard the ever hateful News—that Parliament was dissolved, & we must all go home to canvassing.—

This Stroke had like to have broken my Heart; I had passed three Months—long ones to me—from my Dear Streatham & my dearer little ones; I had been tied to my eldest Girl hard & fast for so long; to make, to mend, to comb, & to pack; till I was cruelly tired of my Journey; add to this that I was sick and breeding from the Time I left Llewenny in spite of rough Roads & trotting Horses where no Carriages could pass.

And now a sharp Contest for Southwark, and a *Borough Winter*, which of all other Things I most abhor; was like to be the End of my fatigues. To Streatham however we first return'd, kissed our Kids; left them all as we left them before, only adding Hester³

¹ Mr. John Myddleton of Gwainnynog, later (1782) colonel of militia and Steward of the Lordship of Denbigh, and Mr. Richard Myddleton, of Chirk Castle, a connexion of the Gwainnynog family, M.P. for Denbigh (1747–88) and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Denbigh. Broadley, 190, n. 1; 208, n. 1. Cf. above, pp. 128, n. 2, 275, n. 1.

² Lord Westcote lived at Little Hagley, adjoining the famous Hagley Park, which belonged in 1774 to his nephew Thomas, 2nd Lord Lyttleton. Johnson recorded in his journal for September 19: 'We made haste away from a place where all were offended,' and Mrs. Piozzi, commenting on it, wrote: 'Mrs. Lyttleton forced me to play at whist against my liking, and her husband took away Johnson's candle that he wanted to read by at the other end of the room. Those, I trust, were the offences.' Boswell, *Life*, v. 457, n. 1.

³ who was now studying modern Languages with Baretti. Mrs. Thrale. She became his pupil in 1773. In 1775 he published his *Easy Phraseology*, written for her and dedicated to her.

to the Stock—and hurried to Town to quiet the Minds of our Constituents who were run mad with Republican Frenzy, and had made choice of a half American Representative.¹

With Difficulty however and diligent Attention we saved our Boro'—and Mr Thrale in return for the Trouble I had taken, permitted my coming home to Surrey very kindly; and now by the way of getting myself some Comfort, I took my easy Pad & rode to Kensington for Air & Pleasure—he & I however most unprovokedly fell down together, and I cut my Face with the Gravel so as to procure lasting disfigurement, though not to a Degree of great frightfulness.² My Master's Behaviour on the Occasion claims all my Gratitude; he was very sorry for me indeed, very tender of me too, & concerned exceedingly lest I should miscarry, which thank God I escaped: But I was now become much more his Friend and Companion than formerly, had been useful at the Election, and in Short tho' less handsome, was more agreeable to him now than ever.

Mr Thrale likewise soon conferred on me more solid Obligations in the Month of July 1775: when I went down to Brighthelmstone to see my second Son who had been sent thither for change of air—the last Resort;³ I told Mr Scrase how kind my Husband had been to me; how he had delivered up my Welch Estate to me to settle & dispose of as I pleased, & that I was come to consult him about it, while Mr Thrale was in Derbyshire, & Doctor Johnson at Lichfield.—We agreed at last that the Settlement should run thus, To be entail'd first on my eldest Son by Mr Thrale & his Issue—then to the 2^d Son, and so on as many Sons as we might have: in Default of Issue from the Sons—then to my eldest Daughter & her Sons: in failure of such Male Issue, then to the Sons of the 2^d

In 1780 he translated it into Spanish for her use. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, pp. xii–xiv. See also above, p. 266, and n. 2.

¹ William Lee of the Virginia Lees, and American completely. He was brother to Arthur Lee, who in 1776 was confidential agent in London for the American Congress, and to Francis Lightfoot and Richard Henry Lee, leaders in the Revolution. William settled in London in 1768 to engage in trade, and became involved with the Wilkes faction. *Dictionary of American Biography*.

² The accident, according to her Children's Book, occurred on or near November 5 (1774), in Hogmore Lane. The saddle pommel struck her side, and she also got a blow on her jaw and two black eyes. She was carried into Mrs. Cumyns', thinking that she was about to die. She bore the scar on her jaw to the grave, and, according to Mangin (*Piccoliana*, pp. 8–9), asked Roche to paint it into the miniature he made of her at Bath in her old age.

³ As her unpublished letters to Johnson show, she went on July 4 to Brighton, where Ralph had been since before June 7, but returned to London, at Mr. Thrale's insistence, on July 7. The child died on July 13. She went back to Brighton to see him buried, and returned on the 18th. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 539.

Daughter, & so on to the Sons of every Daughter—in Case none of my Girls bring Sons—then to the Daughters of the eldest Girl first, & so on—If none of my Children bring *any Issue*, then to Mr Thrale & to his Heirs for ever.

Scrase did not fail like a good Attorney & true Friend to inform me, that as I was seized in Fee of the Estate—I had a Right to leave it to which ever of my Children I pleased; or to keep such a Right in reserve, for the greater Encouragement of them to duty & Attention: but I scorned to create such paltry Dependancies, & resolved to entail it according to *Birth* alone, that there might be no Temptation in me to practise, or in them to suspect so mean partiality. He likewise let me know, (what I have since found too true) that my Sons might dye young!! that having none but Daughters by Mr Thrale, I might marry again; & be sorry to see the *Daughters* of the *first* Bed inherit my Estate to the prejudice of the *Sons* of the *latter*. This Supposition was however *too* shocking; that I should take advantage of my Husband's Permission to dispose of my Fortune, and so settle with an Eye to a second Marriage!—reserving something for the Offspring of another Connection—no! no! Mr Scrase! not *so* insensible neither to Tenderness, Gratitude or Duty. one must have been *An Attorney*, not a Woman to have such a thought in one's head.¹—

I lost my little Ralph however, that Year 1775. & Mr Thrale partly to divert me, & partly to give our eldest Girl another little Turn about the World,² for the sake of Improvement, took her and me & Mr Johnson a Journey through Normandy to Paris—from thence to Fontainebleau, back again to Paris, & from France home through the Low Countries, seeing in our Way every thing that was curious. We took a Maid Servant too, & meeting Mrs Strickland at Rouen, She joyn'd our Party, & added greatly to our Comfort Convenience & Delight.³

My return was pleasing, for I found all well; but in the Close of the Year I lost an Infant Daughter, Frances Anna Thrale⁴ by the

¹ According to a letter written to Mr. Scrase on August 17, 1775, her cousin, Robert Cotton of Llewenny, was first named heir in case her own children died before her, but, repenting this, she substituted Mr. Thrale and his heirs. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 600.

² Cf. above, p. 114. They left London on September 15, reached Paris on the 28th, stayed there until November 1, and crossed the Channel home on November 11. *The French Journals of Mrs. Thrale . . . , passim.*

³ She had been educated at the convent of Notre Dame de Sion, belonging to the Austin English convent in Paris, and had many friends in France, including Mme du Perron, and her sister, Mme du Boccage, whom she introduced to their party. *Ibid.*, pp. 78, 121.

⁴ She was born on May 4, 1775, and died on December 9 of the same year. *Lansdowne, Johnson and Queenny*, facing p. xviii.

Influenza as they call'd it; a Disorder which carried off many feeble People, among the rest my pretty Fanny & her Wet Nurse.

The Year 1776. was rendered a dismal one to me by the Death of my dear, my eldest Son: a Boy of the most promising Health, Virtue, Sagacity, & perfect bodily Proportions—ten Years of Age¹ too, and I thought him reared; but I was too proud of him, and provoked God's Judgments by my Folly:—Let this Sorrow expiate all my Offences Good Lord! and through the merits of him who dried the Mother's Tears, as She follow'd her Son's Bier, & bid her Weep not! Suffer me no more to follow my Offspring to the Grave.

In the the Year 1777² I brought another Daughter nam'd Cæcilia Margaret: on my Birthday of this Year Mr Johnson presented me the following Copy of Verses—but I see my Vanity could not suppress them till now; they are written out Page 91³ of this very Volume; wherein are many Trifles mention'd twice over I do not doubt.

It is now the Year 1778. and there is a Cloud over all England I think; Mr Thrale too feels the Influence of the bad Times upon his Business as he tells me; and is grown low spirited enough,⁴

¹ He was born on February 15, 1767, and died on March 23, 1776, at the age of nine years and five weeks. Lansdowne, *loc. cit.* Her Children's Book (April 9, 1776) gives a detailed account of his last days, but fails to make clear the exact cause of his death. He had been in high health and spirits, going with them to show Count Manucci the Tower on Friday, and 'examining the Artillery, & getting into every Mortar till he was as black as the Ground'. On Saturday, March 23, he rose merrily, went to the baker's for his roll, and carried it to eat in the clerks' quarters in the brewhouse yard. He brought home twopenny cakes for his sisters, and made them dance minuets for them. At ten o'clock, while Mrs. Thrale was brewing tea for her breakfast in her dressing-room, the maid came to tell her that Harry was 'making a figure of 5:10 so we always called his manner of twisting about when anything ailed him'. She sent for Lawrence, but was not seriously alarmed until the child vomited and she saw his countenance alter. Then in a fright she sent for Jebb, and herself administered a hot bath. When Jebb came, he gave in quick succession hot wine, usquebaugh, and Daffy's elixir, after which Harry felt better, and sat up, saying he had no pain. But Jebb, who evidently distrusted the symptoms, went for Heberden's help. The boy died 'at 3 or 4' that afternoon, after a brief struggle. Apparently Mrs. Thrale was not with him at the time, and it is impossible to tell, from her account, whether Jebb had told her of the gravity of his condition, or even whether Jebb himself was aware of it. The symptoms sound like those of a ruptured appendix.

² On February 8. Lansdowne, *Johnson and Queeney*, facing p. xviii. She was named from Mrs. Strickland and Margaret Owen, but, as Mrs. Strickland was a Roman Catholic, she could not act as sponsor. Miss Owen, Mrs. D'Avenant, and Mr. Seward were the godparents. Children's Book, entry for February 26, 1777.

³ See above, p. 211.

⁴ Johnson attributed Thrale's low spirits, probably rightly, to his grief over the loss of his son. On October 15 of this year he wrote to Mrs. Thrale: 'Is my master come to himself? Does he talk, and walk, and look about him, as if there were yet something in the world for

fearing he shall outlive *his* Fortune—and Prosperity, perhaps that of the Nation in general; which doubtless has of late made rapid Strides towards Destruction.¹ He is therefore not quite as glad as I am when he contemplates my present State of Pregnancy²—the twelfth Time it is; & one *may* bring a Son, and one *may* have some Land to leave him, or if the Country be ruining in his Time, he *may* save it! The Time of Gravitation is a Time of Hope, and I will not despond!—For let the worst happen which can happen:—we have possessed great Affluence, & we *might* have enjoyed it; and when Perplexities will come, Let us reflect & say with holy Job—

“Shall we receive Good at the hand of the Lord?—and shall we not also receive Evil? The Lord giveth, & the Lord taketh away; and blessed be the Name of the Lord!”³—

Thus have I brought
My Story to that Sum of earthly Bliss
Which I enjoy.⁴

And if this Month⁵ produces the closing Scene, when could it have happened half so well? had I died in my Maiden State my Parents would have followed me—I'm sure they would; and my Uncle would Have *thought* him self undone by the Loss of his *Heir*. I am now in a Family whose Tenderness—at least for me—will never hurt them; and though Mr Thrale has as much Regard for me I believe as I deserve, the Loss of a Wife might easily be borne in Times of great Expence—as it might serve for an Excuse to retrench till Fortune should smile again, & he might marry a Woman whose two or three Thousand Pounds thrown in at a lucky Moment, would give him twice the Satisfaction that ever my Thirty or Forty Thousand Pounds⁶ has given him.

which it is worth while to live? . . . To grieve for evils is often wrong; but it is much more wrong to grieve without them. All sorrow that lasts longer than its cause is morbid.' *Letters*, No. 583.

¹ One of her unpublished letters to Johnson shows that, in April of this year, she again asked Mr. Scrase for a loan to aid the brewery. The trade profited during the summer, and Thrale was ready to repay the loan in October. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 540. ² See above, p. 274, n. 1.

³ Job ii. 10; i. 21.

⁴ Cf. *Paradise Lost*, viii. 521-3. ⁵ May 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁶ To make this intelligible we must remember that I brought ten Thousand *in hand* as the phrase is, My Mother left me 2500, an Aunt—Sophia Cotton—500^l more, this makes thirteen; the Copy holds dropt in Herts to me as heir at Law, which Lady Salusbury forgot—sell for two Thousand, and if my Welch Estate is not worth fifteen more—I am sorry; not reckoning fifteen Thousand Oak Trees on it—for they have all been number'd and marked.—My Aunt Sidney left me 100^l so did Aunt Boycott & Dr B. Wilson 300^l. *Mrs. Thrale*. Her Aunt Sidney did not die until 1781 (see below, p. 482). The ending of this gloss is squeezed into a corner of the page, and was evidently added later.

With regard to my Children they are all under eight Years old, except the eldest Girl; who would doubtless consider her Mother's Death as a Riddance from Company she cannot like, but is obliged to keep some hours every day. She does not even *pretend* to love me, and for my Part I respect her Sincerity:—nobody ever did love their Mother as I did, unless perhaps My Father & my Uncle; but in our Affection there was little Virtue! *my* Mother was an Angel upon Earth, and is now an Angel in Heaven!—

I will give a Description of my own Person & Character over Leaf—& so conclude the 2^d Volume of Thraliana.

The Person of her who writes these Memoirs is so little that the Description of it ought by no means to be large: The Height four feet eleven only, and the Waist though not a taper one quite in proportion. The Neck rather longish, and remarkably white—so much so as to create Suspicions of its being painted—This however is particular only because the Woman is a brown one, with Chesnut Hair & Eyebrows of the same Colour strongly mark'd over a pair of large—but light Grey Eyes. The Complexion however is perfectly clear—the Red very bright, & the White eminently good & clean. So much for Colour; *Expression* there is *none* I think;¹ and the Grace—which resembles that of Foreigners—is more acquired than natural; for Strength & not Delicacy was the original Characteristick of the Figure. By keeping genteel Company however, and looking much at Paintings, learning to Dance almost incessantly, and chusing Foreign Models, not English Misses as patterns of Imitation; some Grace has been acquired; & if any Accident has hindered her Speaking among Strangers who do not know her—The first Question is when She quits the Room,—does not that Lady come from abroad pray?—& I fear the Answer is too often—*no doubt on't*; do not you see how She is painted? The² Character of her Mind however is almost wholly Italian, or rather Welch perhaps;—for her Temper is warm even to Irascibility; Affectionate and tender, but claiming such returns to her Tenderness & Affection, as busy People have no Time to pay, and coarse people have no Pleasure in paying: She is a diligent & active Friend, who spares neither Money nor Pains to oblige, but who is soon disgusted if the Person obliged does not express the Sense of Obligation—by Nature a rancorous and revengeful Enemy, but having conquered that Quality thro' God's Grace;

¹ The Eyes are so pale Colour'd there cannot be much Expression. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² This section, through 'when & how She was offended', was printed by Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozz's Thraliana*, pp. 18–19.

She is now apt *really & bona fide* to forget when & how She was offended. Though rather Avaricious to procure Money, She inclines to profusion in the spending it; yet is no Carer about Trifles respecting either great Matters or small—for there may be trifles in great Matters—Her Knowledge of Ancient Languages is superficial enough, In modern ones She is rather skilful; and her Comprehension of Universal Grammar is perhaps somewhat uncommon. Geography & Astronomy were her early Studies, and She had a love for Poetry, which often drove her into the Absurdity of making bad Verses, & sometimes of publishing them. She took up an odd Whim of writing in the Newspapers when She was a Girl of 14. and sent her Letters slyly, no Friend suspecting her of such Employment, till She herself informed her Mother of her Tricks, as She had no Reserves from *her*, & hated from her Cradle a Clandestine Disposition: And now there was no Controversy about a Bridge, an Exhibition, or any such bauble but Miss Salusbury's Letters on the Occasion were printed under various Names & Signatures; so various, that She has long ago forgot them all: except her first Essay as a Political Writer in good Time! which was signed Thomas, and called itself the history I think, or Memoirs of the Albion Manor; it was published on the Dismission of the Duke of Newcastle from his Employments at the very beginning of this King's Reign, when Lord Bute was just come, or coming into Power.¹ This Letter was answered & buffeted about very comically; & being first inserted in the *St James's Chronicle*, was reprinted in a Pamphlet call'd the Political Magazine with the Answer signed John by whom was meant my Lord Bute. Another *Jeu d'esprit* was well received by the publick—but I have no Copy of that neither; I mean an American Eclogue—imitating the Style of Fingal. The Fable from the French of Mademoiselle Bernard² was still more admired; & printed in the Magazines of the Month, from whence I have seen it in Boarding Schools given to Girls for a Copy. this I have by me, & shall write it out in the next Volume of this Farrago—should I live to begin the next.³

Of this Volume here is the

Finis.

¹ Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle, lost his office to Bute on May 26, 1762. Her letter, which appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle* on July 24, represents Thomas as lamenting that he has been turned out of his office of steward of the manor by a dirty Scotch boy.

² Cf. below, pp. 351-3.

³ Mrs. Thrale was expecting a confinement. Henrietta Sophia was born on June 21.

THRALIANA

19: May 1778.] The¹ Person who wrote the Title of this Book at the Top of the Page and on the other Side—left hand—in the black Letter; was the identical Miss Sophia Streatfield mentioned in Thraliana Vol: 1: Page 27.² as Pupil to poor dear Doctor Collier after he & I had parted. By the Chance meeting of some of the Currents which keep this Ocean of human Life from stagnating, this Lady and myself were driven together 9 Months ago at Bright-helmstone: we soon grew intimate from having often heard of each other, and I have now the honour and Happiness of calling her my Friend. Her Face is eminently pretty, her Carriage elegant, her Heart affectionate, and her Mind cultivated. There is above all this an attractive Sweetness in her Manner, which claims & promises to repay one's Confidence, & which drew from me the Secret of my keeping a Thraliana to deposit all kinds of Nonsense in. as a Proof of her Knowledge I will only mention that having one Day talked together about an old Task I once had set me in the Doctor's Time, to translate from the Spanish as I remember, concerning the Deus Endovellicus;³ when She went home She enclosed the following Paper⁴ to me in a Letter—which will serve as a Specimen of her Learning.

ἘνναλιⓈ & δ, Mars, seu Martis Filius, Deus Bellicus. Eust: esse Epitheton Martis tradit. Hom: Il. ^{χ³²}. ἴσος Ἐνναλὶν κορυθαίκι πολεμίσῃ Il: p. 259. ἀτάλαντος Ἐνναλὶν ἀνδρεϊφόντῃ. Itidemq; Xen: Anab: 1, Ἐνναλὶν ἐλελιζοσι. et Arrian: Ἐνναλὶν ἀλαλαζαντες ἐναντίοι ἐφέροντο. et Plutarch: in Probl: Rom: tradit Spartanos τῷ φονικωτάτῳ θεῶν Ἐνναλὶν σκύλακας ἐντέμνεν. Apud Soph: in Ajace. ἡ χαλκοθώραξ ἡ ἘννάλιⓈ, Schol: tradit distingui Martem ab Enyalio. significari enim τῷ χαλκοθώρακⓈ. Nomine Martem et Plut. in Rom: ex quibusdam refert Quirinum dictum fuisse τὸν Ἐννάλιον. Accipitur Adject: etiam pro Martius, & Mavortius, Bellicus. Dionys: Afer de Situ Orbis Ἐννάλιοι Ἀνδρες. Idem. ἘνναλιⓈ Θερμῶδων.

As a Specimen of her Knowledge concerning her *Friend* I will only

¹ Hayward (i. 111) quotes this passage through 'Secret of my keeping a Thraliana'.

² See above, p. 17. 'Thraliana', in beautifully lettered Gothic script, appears on the verso of the first fly-leaf of Volume III, and at the head of the first page of text.

³ The translation survives in *Ry. Eng. MS.* 628, and is endorsed: 'This was a strange thing for a Child to do. it was written in the Year 1755 or 1756—at latest, by H. L. Salusbury.'

⁴ It is pasted on to the diary page.

say that having shewed her the other day three Translations of a few Verses written by Voltaire She immediately guessed one of them to be mine, and pitched upon the right. The Verses are very like some in Parnell, but rather better in my Opinion—I will write them out over Leaf, with the English by D^r Hawkesworth, by Fulke Greville, & by H: L: T.—

Stanzas by Voltaire¹

Si vous voulez que J'aime encore
Rendez moi l'Age des Amours;
Au Crepuscule de mes Jours,
Rejoignez s'il se peut — L'Aurore.

Des beaux Lieux ou le Dieu du Vin,
Avec L'Amour tient son Empire;
Le Temps qui me prend par la main
M'avertit que je me retire.

De son inflexible Rigueur
Tirons au moins quelque Avantage;
Qui n'a pas L'Esprit de son Age
De son Age a tout le Malheur.

Laissons a la belle Jeunesse
Ses folâtres Emportemens;
Nous ne vivons que deux Momens
Qu'il en soit un pour la Sagesse!

Quoi! pour tousjours vous me fuyez
Tendresse, Illusion, Folie;
Dons du Ciel qui me consoliez
Des Amertumes de la Vie!

On meurt deux Fois Je le vois bien
Cesser d'aimer, et d'être aimable;
C'est un Mort insupportable
Cesser de Vivre ce n'est rien.

Ainsi je deplorais la perte
Des Erreurs de mes premiers Ans;
Et mon Ame aux Desirs ouverte
Regrettoit ses Egaremens.

Du Ciel alors daignant descendre
L'Amitié vint a mon Secours;
Elle etait peutestre aussi tendre,
Mais moins vive que les Amours.

Touché de sa Beauté nouvelle
Et de sa Lumiere éclairé;
Je la suivis — mais Je pleurois
De ne pouvoir plus suivre qu'elle.

¹ 'A Madame du Châtelet', *Œuvres complètes* (1877), viii. 512.

on the other Side we read the Translation by Mr Greville, I cannot find Doctor Hawkesworth's, but shall send to Miss Streatfield for it; She has a Copy I am sure, and so I think has Burney—he would have done it better than any of us but I could not perswade him to try.

Me to Love's Joys would you invite
Then shew me Love's forgotten way;
And join to the cold Gloom of Night
Vivacious Morning's gladning Ray.

From the gay Rapture of that Scene
Where festive Mirth prolongs the day;
From Bacchus and the Cyprian Queen
Alas! Time beckons me away.

Since old then let him make me sage
And teach me well myself to know;
Who joins the wings of Love to Age
Adds wretchedness to Age's Woe.

Let me quit Youth's voluptuous Plan
And Reason's Dictates once believe;
Two Moments make the Age of Man
One then to Wisdom let me give.

Yet,—art thou then for ever fled
Thou dear Delusion's real Joy?
And flatt'ring Hope by Fancy fed
Free from those Truths that Peace destroy?

That twice we die full well I know
We cease to love, and cease to please;
This, this is Death in all its Woe,
To cease to live—is peace & ease.

'Twas thus in sad Reflexions lost
I linger'd still on Pleasure's Ground;
Still loath to quit the flow'ry Coast
Tho' there for me no Flow'r was found.

When lo! with decent lovely Mien
Soft Friendship caught my raptur'd Sight;
She seem'd to vye with Beauty's Queen
And shew'd more placid tho' less bright.

Enamour'd of her modest Grace
The Beams of Comfort o'er me shone;
I follow'd her with willing Pace
Yet sigh'd to follow her alone.

The same Stanzas from Voltaire imitated by H: L: T.

1.

Love must now give way to Reason
Love in Youth alone can charm;
Let our Sun in Life's last Season
Light us though it cease to warm.

2.

Shady Bowrs I bid Adieu t'ye
Sparkling Eyes and rosy Wine:
Other Cares than Mirth or Beauty
Suit a Sober Man's Decline.

3.

Let Old Time exert his Rigour,
Some Advantages we'll gain:
Reason rises in her Vigour
Whilst the meaner Pleasures wane.

4.

Life, of two short Hours consisting
Riper Age and hasty Youth;
That at least that's now existing
Give to Reason & to Truth.

5.

Then for ever must you fly me
Sweet Illusions must we part?
Never Comfort more supply me
Sooth no more my sorrowing heart.¹

6.

Must we lose both Love & Pleasure
Twice to feel the Stings of Death?
They were Life's far dearest Treasure
What's to them the Loss of Breath?

7.

Thus my Youthful hours lamenting
Soft I mourn'd the moments past:
While each half-dead Sense fermenting
Prov'd that Folly rules the last.

8.

Till array'd in heav'nly Splendour
Friendship hasten'd from above:
More Affectionate and Tender,
Though less gay perhaps than Love.

¹ The line is amended from: 'Heal no more my bleeding heart.'

9.

To her alone and her Direction
I commit my future plan;
For the former fond Connexion,—
We'll forget it—when we can.

I must leave the next Leaf Blank till I can get Dr Hawkesworth's
Verses which I have at present mislaid.

Stanzas from Voltaire by Dr Hawkesworth.

1.

If still the Lover I must play
For me the Lovers Age renew;
Back to this Evening of my Day
Bring the gay Morn that once I knew.

2.

From the bright Lawn and Rosy Bow'r
Where laugh the Gods of Love and Wine,
Time, that sad monitory Pow'r
Directs these ling'ring Feet of mine.

3.

But let his unrelenting Will
While Old it makes me, make me sage:
Of Age he feels the total Ill
His mind who suits not to his Age.

4.

The playful Follies of their State
Leave to the Fair, the youthful Throng;
Of Life two Moments are the Date
To Wisdom then let one belong.

5.

But must Love's dear Delusions fly?
His tender Follies, sportive Strife;
Vouchsaf'd in Pity from the Sky
To sooth the various Woes of Life.

6.

Alas I feel that twice we dye
We cease to love and cease to please;
This swells the heart, this melts the Eye
We cease to live with careless Ease.

7.

Thus backward when my Youth I trace;
I sigh to find its Follies past;
My Heart would give soft wishes place
I still would trifle to the last.

8.

Come then fair Friendship from above
 Come smile to peace my anxious mind;
 Though less thy Charms than those of Love,
 Thy Heart's as faithful and as kind.

9.

Pleas'd with the new, the placid Grace,
 The Mind that Wisdom calls her own;
 I follow'd but with mournful Pace
 And sigh'd to follow her alone.

It was always said of Doctor Hawkesworth that he imitated Johnson's manner, and so for ought I know he did, but it was likewise said of Baretti, whose manner was quite peculiar to himself, & very unlike Johnson's as could be. Baretti had the polite exterior of a Foreigner, & though his expressions were violent, & his Voice loud, it was the Voice and expression of a warm headed Italian, not of an Englishman. Doctor Hawkesworth has left a Tragedy¹ in Manuscript, which I have had the reading of, that I think capital; if want of Probability in the Story be excusable, for that seems to me its only Defect: but Hawkesworth doubtless was one of the few, both as a Man & a Writer; his ode on Life in Some of the latter Vol^s of Dodsley's² Collection has more of an original Poem about it than one often meets with, & his Story of Sultan Amurath in the Adventurer³ excels any Eastern Tale either by Addison or Johnson: there is another Number of the Adventurer particularly happy in shewing off the Foibles in common Life; I mean the Story of Mr Friendly & his Nephew John.⁴

Poor Dr Hawkesworth! hunted out of his Life for that unlucky six thousand Pounds which at last he never received,⁵ this unfortunate Man had not Strength of Mind to despise his Persecutors, but broke his Heart & died⁶—no Imitation of Johnson in that at least—*He* would not easily be teized to Death, his Enemies may let alone trying.

Was I to make a Scale of Novel Writers I should put Richardson first, then Rousseau; after them, but at an immeasurable Distance—Charlotte Lennox, Smollet & Fielding. The Female Quixote &

¹ call'd the *Rival*. *Mrs. Thrale*. Johnson secured the MS. for her to read from Hawkesworth's brother-in-law, John Ryland, in September 1776. *Letters*, No. 498.

² Pearch's. *Mrs. Thrale*. Vol. iii (1770), p. 143. ³ Nos. 20, 21, and 22. ⁴ No. 17.

⁵ Lord Sandwich, as a favour to Garrick, commissioned Hawkesworth to revise and publish *Cook's Voyages*, in a resplendent and unnecessary edition, in 1773. For this he did little work, and was reported to have received £6,000 (Prior, *Malone*, p. 441), but, as he died on November 16 of the same year, he may actually never have received it. See below, p. 696, n. 7.

⁶ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 274.

Count Fathom I think far before Tom Jones or Joseph Andrews with regard to Body of Story, Height of Colouring, or General Powers of Thinking. Fielding however knew the Shell of Life—and the Kernel is but for a few.¹ I was shewed a little Novel t'other Day which I thought pretty enough & set Burney to read it, little dreaming it was written by his second Daughter Fanny,² who certainly must be a Girl of good Parts & some Knowledge of the World too, or She could not be the Author of *Evelina*—flimzy as it is, compar'd with the Books I've just mentioned.³—Johnson says Harry Fielding never did any thing equal to the 2^d Vol: of *Evelina*⁴

Talking of Classing Authors, I remember to have seen a Book called *Crito*⁵ written by Polymetis Spence as they called him, where Beauties were classed under these three Heads—Colour Grace & Expression, & 20 settled as the perfect Number, which some might reach, but none could exceed. It would not be amiss to class one's Friends in that Manner for Example⁶

	Religion	Moral-ity	Scholar-ship	Gen ^l Knowledge	Person & Voice	Manner	Wit, Humor, & Good humor		
Lord Sandys	10	10	12	11	10	11	0	0	19
Lord Westcote	8	10	10	15	10	12	5	0	15
Lord Mulgrave	0	1	11	15	6	0	0	5	0
Lord Harrowby	17	15	10	7	9	10	0	0	14
Fitzmaurice	—	—	—	15	8	8	10	5	0
Johnson	20	20	19	20	0	0	15	16	0
Murphy	1	4	15	15	13	15	17	15	15

¹ For Johnson's similar view, see *Life*, ii. 49.

² The date of this, Mrs. Thrale's first mention of Fanny Burney, must be on or shortly before July 18 (see p. 333, n. 2 below). Fanny recorded the episode of her father's returning the books and revealing her identity, in her journal for July 20. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 46. Mrs. Thrale had read the book 'during her last confinement' (*ibid.*, p. 94), i.e. preceding the birth of Henrietta Sophia on June 21, but did not as yet know the author personally, although she must have seen her on her visits to the Burneys' home on March 20, 1777, and in the winter of 1778. *Letters*, No. 512, and n.; *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, ii. 152–3; below, p. 448, n. 7. Fanny's first introduction at Streatham was sometime after August 3 of this year. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 53. *Evelina* had appeared in the preceding January.

³ Written before she had yet heard Johnson's opinion of the book. He returned the first volume to her on July 22, and took away the second on the same day. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 48. Thereafter she became one of the book's most ardent puffers. She took Fanny with her to Tunbridge Wells and Brighton in October. The following passage from one of her letters to Johnson, written on October 19, throws an interesting light on the minority opinion of *Evelina*: 'Mrs. Montagu cannot bear *Evelina*—let not that be published—her Silver Smiths are Pewterers She says, & her Captains Boatswains. The Attorney General says you must all have commended it out of a joke, My Master laughs to see me Down among the dead Men & I am happy to see him laugh.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 540.

⁴ This sentence, crowded in at the bottom of the page, is evidently a later addition, written after Johnson returned the second volume to her.

⁵ *Crito, or a Dialogue on Beauty* (1752), by Joseph Spence, author of *Polymetis* (1747).

⁶ Part of this table was published by Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 21.

	Reli- gion	Moral- ity	Scholar- ship	Gen ^l Knowledge	Person & Voice	Manner	Wit, Humor, & Good humor		
Pepys	5	10	15	6	7	7	1	1	10
S ^r Joshua Rey ^s	—	—	0	14	12	10	0	0	10
M ^r Lort	17	12	16	15	5	5	0	0	10
D ^r Burney	18	18	8	15	13	16	0	3	19
D ^r Calvert	—	—	12	10	9	9	0	0	10
D ^r Jebb	0	—	10	10	10	10	0	0	10
Garrick	10	15	3	16	18	17	19	19	0
Seward	0	17	12	14	9	10	18	0	0
Boswell	5	5	5	10	10	8	7	3	19
Bodens	0	0	0	10	6	15	15	15	15
Evans	15	15	10	10	9	8	0	0	5
Thrale	18	17	9	9	18	17	0	0	5
Burke	16	10	14	19	12	14	0	0	0
Cator	0	0	0	13	3	0	0	0	5
S ^r Tho ^s Mills	—	18	0	10	9	9	0	1	19
Sir Joseph Mawbey	10	10	4	8	5	7	0	0	14
Sir Rob ^t Cotton	10	10	5	5	0	0	0	0	0
Sir John Lade	0	0	0	5	10	8	0	0	0
Baretti	0	6	6	17	4	6	0	5	0
Beaucherc	0	0	16	18	0	0	7	3	0
Berenger	—	—	—	—	5	10	10	10	10
G: Hamilton	0	0	10	12	15	13	2	0	4
Cumberland	14	14	10	10	13	11	8	0	0
D ^r Beattie	18	18	11	7	7	6	0	0	0
James Harris	0	10	20	10	5	3	0	0	5
S ^r Rob ^t Chambers	12	12	12	12	12	5	0	0	10
Colman	—	—	15	10	4	3	3	3	0
Langton	18	18	17	6	5	5	0	0	0
Paterson	—	—	0	10	10	5	0	1	1
Scrase	0	0	0	19	15	14	0	2	11
Shelley	5	5	2	5	5	5	0	0	7

Now with regard to these People I really think they are very fairly rated: those that have 0s have none of y^e Quality mentioned, those that have Strokes made thus — I do not know well enough to decide N:B: by Good humor is meant only the Good humour ne[ce]ssary to Conversation.—Now for the Women; as they must possess *Virtue* in the contracted Sense, or one w^d not keep em Company, so that is not thought about, & I would not be contracted about Beauty neither; it is general Appearance rather than Beauty that is meant by Person Mien & Manner the useful Knowledge we can all comprehend—By y^e ornamental is meant Singing Dancing Painting & suchlike.

	Worth of Heart	Conversation Powers	Person Mien & Manner	Good humour	Useful Knowledge	Ornamental Knowledge	
M ^{rs} Montagu	18	20	18	15	15	15	101
M ^{rs} Boscawen	—	18	10	15	—	10	53
M ^{rs} Byron	—	15	16	17	18	5	71
M ^{rs} Crewe	16	15	19	—	—	10	60
M ^{rs} Reynolds	20	10	4	2	0	15	51

	Worth of Heart	Conversation Powers	Person Mien & Manner	Good humour	Useful Knowledge	Ornamental Knowledge	
Lady Gage	10	0	10	19	0	0	39
Lady Sandys	10	0	0	15	10	0	35
Lady Westcote	—	1	14	5	5	0	25
Lady F: Burgoyne	17	12	17	2	17	11	76
Lady E: Archer	—	5	15	0	15	11	46
Lady Harrowby ¹	—	5	7	7	7	10	34
Lady Rothes	11	0	6	6	9	0	32
Lady Barrington	10	2	4	12	17	0	45
Lady Gresham	—	0	0	10	—	0	10
Miss Streatfield	20	10	16	20	—	12	67
Miss Brown	15	8	14	19	—	17	73
Miss Horneck	—	10	20	—	—	16	46
M ^{rs} Bunbury	—	0	19	17	—	2	36
M ^{rs} Nesbitt	15	2	15	10	—	2	44
M ^{rs} D'Avenant	9	3	10	17	16	2	55
Lady Lade	8	6	10	15	18	3	60
Lady Cotton	19	1	9	20	5	1	55
Lady Wynn	19	0	0	18	4	0	41
Lady Wake	—	8	13	—	—	4	25
Lady Mills	0	0	12	16	0	0	28
M ^{rs} Smith	16	9	6	10	3	6	50
M ^{rs} Pepys	—	0	7	17	—	0	24
M ^{rs} Burke	17	8	8	18	—	0	51
M ^{rs} Parker	12	10	9	9	18	9	
M ^{rs} Strickland	15	5	15	17	15	0	
M ^{rs} Pitches	10	0	10	10	10	0	
M ^{rs} Rice	—	0	15	11	—	1	
Miss Owen	10	0	10	6	2	1	
M ^{rs} Paterson	—	5	9	9	—	0	
M ^{rs} Puget	16	2	15	15	18	0	
M ^{rs} Paradise	0	2	15	0	10	0	
M ^{rs} Cumberland	—	0	15	0	—	0	
Lady Gideon	20	2	16	15	—	2	
M ^{rs} R. Cotton ²	—	5	14	10	10	2	
M ^{rs} Carter	17	15	2	8	—	18	
M ^{rs} Chapone	18	16	0	0	—	15	
M ^{rs} Burney	10	7	0	17	—	9	
Miss H. More	20	7	0	10	20	20	
M ^{rs} Cumyns	12	6	2	10	19	8	
Miss Thrale	14	8	13	0	10	14	

I have run this foolish Amusement already out of Breath before half my Acquaintance are classed: if I was to endeavour at classing myself It should run thus

M ^{rs} Thrale	17	17	10	10	12	10	
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I have heard M^r Johnson remark that nobody could ever relate any Thing that Pope *said*; we were settling it that he made no

¹ The addition in the final column is wrong for Lady Harrowby, Miss Streatfield, Mrs. Bunbury, and Mrs. D'Avenant, the reason being that Mrs. Thrale changed some of the ratings after adding them. The divergence is greatest in the case of Sophia Streatfield, second thought raising her to 78. The addition was carried only through the first page.

² Possibly the wife of her cousin, Rowland Cotton. She is not mentioned elsewhere.

figure in Conversation, when M^{rs} Montagu recollecting herself observed that She had never heard him speak indeed, but She once had heard him cough: you heard then Madam says Johnson as much from him as anybody ever did.—

One loves Addison better than Pope, as one loves Hector better than Achilles; but one feels that Pope & Achilles were superior, & one feels sorry for it too.

There came out Books called Every man his own Broker, and every Man his own Brewer, & such Trash; it was that Year when Beauclerc married Lady Bolingbroke,¹ & L^d Ossory the Dutchess of Grafton;² why have not we a Book called Every Man his own Cuckold says M^{rs} Montagu?

I have heard said M^{rs} Montagu³ of an Opposition going over to the Ministry many a Time, but never till now of a Ministry going over to the Opposition—I fear tis ominous.—why Mad^m said I it does remind me of the Observation of a Farmer who when He thought his Sister too forward with a Fellow She meant to marry—It has no good Lookout Sister says he—when the Hay Stack follows the Cow.—

Things are said very comically sometimes, & surprize one by their oddity & suddenness. a M^r Pearson, Minister of some Church in Litchfield, contradicted M^{rs} Porter⁴ on a Subject She was earnest to maintain: now *that's* just like D^r Johnson Sir said She, but you *are* very like Him for that matter; I don't mean that you have a *Great Capacity* like Doctor Johnson; but that you contradict one every Word just as he does.⁵

When Burney went to canvass for the Post of Organist at Lynn in Norfolk, he applied to one of the Aldermen for his Vote, who seeing him a slight thin young Fellow—Ah says he Young Man! you may do well enough for the *small* Pipes, but I'm afraid you have not *strength* enough for the *Great* ones.

D^r Burney was elected Organist at Lynn⁶ however, and was shewing off the Instrument in all its Variety of tones; it had 31

¹ On March 12, 1768.

² On February 26, 1769. *Gent Mag.* xxxix, 168.

³ This was in Feb: 1778. when L^d North propos'd his Conciliatory Plan to please the Minority. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. above, p. 234.

⁴ Daughter to D^r Johnson's Wife by a former Husband. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 298–9. Lucy Porter made the Rev. John Batteridge Pearson her heir. He was perpetual curate of St. Michael's, and prebendary of the cathedral. Boswell, *Life*, ii. 541.

⁵ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 298–9.

⁶ He held the post from the winter of 1750–1 until 1760. *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, l. xxxix–xli.

Stops, & was eminently excellent. One of the Corporation after listening attentively says to his Companion:—Brother Clark, your Daughter learns to play at Top of the Musick—can You tell me when he will come to the *Flats & Sharps*.

Mr^r Thrale over brewed himself last Winter, and made an artificial Scarcity of Money in the Family which has extremely lowered his Spirits: Mr Johnson endeavoured last night² & so did I, to make him promise that he would never more brew a larger Quantity of Beer in one Winter than eighty Thousand Barrels;³ but my Master—mad with the noble Ambition of emulating Whitbread & Calvert—two Fellows that he despises—could scarcely be prevailed on to promise even *this*, that he will not brew more than fourscore Thousand Barrels a Year for five Years to come. He did promise *that* much however; & so Johnson bade me write it down in the *Thraliana*; and so the Wings of *Speculation* are clipped a little; very fain would I have pinioned her, but I had not Strength to perform the Operation.

Oh what a Curse upon Commerce is this modern Spirit of *Speculation* as 'tis called! but lest it should one Day become an unintelligible Phrase, I will here give a Page or two to explain it.⁴

By *Speculation* is meant Trading upon Conjecture, buying large Quantities of any Commodity when cheap, in hopes it may soon become dearer; & so it was that Fordyce by *Speculating* upon the Stocks laid out in them the Money entrusted to him as a Banker, hoping by a sudden & expected Rise to sell out with immense Profit & Advantage; & so Sir George Colebrooke purchased prodigious Quantities of Alum, intending to dispose of it when scarce at his own Price; but the Stocks by some Chance fell instead of rising, and Fordyce ruined himself & hundreds more:—while the People enraged with Sir George Colebrooke's rapacious and monopolizing Spirit, entered into Combinations to obtain Alum & Hemp some other way, or do without; till the *Speculator* was left to contemplate his unsold Commodity, fretting his Health away in Ignominy & Distress.—Brewing more Beer than is necessary merely because Malt is cheap, or buying up Loads of Hops in full Years, thereby expending one's ready Money in hopes of wonderful

¹ Hayward (i. 74) quotes this passage through 'perform the Operation'.

² 18: July 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ If he got but 2/6 by each Barrel eighty Thousand half Crowns are 10,000 Pounds—& what more would mortal Man desire than an Income of ten Thousand a Year—five to spend, & five to lay up. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ The earliest example of this use of the word in the *O.E.D.* is in 1774, in a letter of Walpole's, telling of Colebrooke's failure. *Speculative* appears eleven years earlier.

Returns the ensuing Season—is of the same Kind; for a French War, a new Tax, or ten Thousand unforeseen Incidents, may by lessening the Consumption on a sudden;—punish the Spirit of Speculation at *our House too!*—if God Almighty finds it fit to make *one* other Example of those who fall into this fashionable Frenzy.—

The History of Sir George Colebrook deserves Attention, as well as I could collect it—thus it runs. Sir George Colebrooke was, I have been always told, Grandson to a Taylor; whose Son or Sons made an immense Fortune I never heard how or have forgotten; but the Money left to Sir George amounted to a hundred & thirty Thousand Pounds, to which he added fifty Thousand more by his Marriage with Miss Gavenham¹ a West Indian whom I remember at Queen Square Boarding School when I used to visit my Cousin Miss Cotton there, & be intimate at the house: besides all this, his Bankers Shop brought him a good 8000² eight Thousand Pounds² a Year. This Wealth however could not content his Imagination, which was ever busy among Schemes of further Profit & further Pleasure. From an elegant House at Southgate he remov'd to a splendid & expensive Seat at Gatton in Surrey: from Broad Street in the City he hastened to Arlington Street St James's, where he occupied the Duke of Leinster's magnificent Habitation, with more Magnificence than His noble Predecessor. he bought Estates in the North, Lands in the ceded Islands, had strong Connections in the East Indies, was Director of the Company, Chairman of the Committee & what not! his Wife was covered with Jewels, his Children harrassed with variety of Masters, he bought Pictures of great Value, & all was Rapacity, and all was Profusion. what was remarkable however in Sir George Colebrooke, was, that he never had Money for trifling Occasions; would borrow a Guinea to give to Charity or spend at a Turnpike Meeting, & though liberal enough in the spending of Thousands, was observed to be tenacious of little Sums. After having dazzled the World for about 20 Years I think, he fell a Victim to his Spirit of Speculation; & is now³ living at Boulogne on his Creditors' Allowance of 300⁴ a Year, after having solicited & with Difficulty obtained for his Second Son the Post of Writer to the East India Company. he has three Sons and three Daughters;⁴ the

¹ According to his obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (lxxix. 787–8), his wife was Mary Gaynor, of Antigua.

² I put it in Letters that no Mistake may be supposed. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ The children who survived their father were: Mary, who married the Chevalier Charles Adrien de Peyron; Louisa, who married Captain Andrew Sutherland; George, a major in

eldest Boy is unfortunate in his Health, but one of the Girls was *said to be pretty*, while her Father was *thought to be rich*. Poor Sir George Colebrooke! he broke three Times: twice patch'd up, the Patches gave way, & he still broke again in the mended Place. it is now completely over with him I fancy. Somebody was saying how ill he looked after his first Blow; Yes said I,

Those Alum Stypticks with *contracting* Pow'r
Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flow'r.¹

He was a pretty little Dapper Man when at his best; one Summer that Green Coats & White Wastecoats were worne, Lady Lade observed that Sir George Colebrooke looked like a Leg of Lamb & Spinach.²—

Fordyce begun the World an Adventurer; & had at one Time as I have heard those who knew it—say: amassed by this *Gaming* method of Commerce called *Speculation*—more than three Hundred Thousand Pounds. as he amassed it however only to trade with in the Alley, it all went at once; & left him & Lady Margaret Lindsay whom he married, to the mercy of Fortune: They however were luckily *Scotch* People, so had a Pension settled upon them on which they now live, and face the World with a Degree of Confidence which no other Country could produce.

The Heroe of last Century³ was a Welchman; but *Speculation* was then unknown; he was only a Hero of Profusion, and a Beacon kept burning by Providence I guess, in order to warn others from frantick & Extravagante Expençe. George Wynne was a lowborn Lad in the County of Denbigh, who had left him a small Estate of about a hundred a Year: Some neighbouring Gentlemen hearing of his good Luck contributed Money towards putting him to School, but he was a Dunce & could be taught nothing. in Process of Time he married suitably to his new Condition, and soon after he came of Age a Vein of Lead was discovered on his Estate: Money poured in of Course, and George felt the Ardour of outshining his Neighbours. he hastened to London, listed under the army; James Edward, the second son, who became judge of appeals in Bengal; and Henry Thomas, who likewise went to India, and became the first great Sanskrit scholar of Europe. *Genl. Mag.* lxxix. 787–8.

¹ He was a mighty Man for *contracting*, he *contracted* for Hemp, & *contracted* for Alum; all his Schemes are *contracted* now. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. above, p. 70, and n. 2. ² Cf. above, p. 26.

³ it was not in the last century but about 35 Years ago I believe that Sr George Wynne shewd off. 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*. His estate was Leeswood, in Flintshire. He was made a baronet in 1731, and on his death (date not known) he was succeeded by his brother John, who died in 1764. The baronetcy expired with John's son, John, the 3rd baronet. Burke, *Extinct Baronetcies*.

Sir Rob^t Walpole, contested an Election with Sir Watkin Williams,¹ lost it, had a Borough & a Baronetage given him to make amends. Sir George Wynn now began building at Leeswood, & furnishing with a Degree of Splendour which would not Disgrace these Times² of glorious & more than Roman Luxury. His Iron Gates alone cost 1500^l his Service of Plate was gilt, his Equipage gay to excess, & his general Mode of Living madly Magnificent both in London & in Wales. He forgot however to realize any thing, so when the Mine failed which it did after yielding the Sum of three Hundred Thousand Pounds; he had nothing left at all but Debts & Finery; which selling for less than half what it originally cost, he ended his Days in the Kings Bench Prison—having Leave to walk out on Sundays, when I have seen him in the Park many Times, & considered him as a Creature permitted by Providence to warn Mankind of the Dangers incurred by Sudden & unmerited Riches.

When he had not been married more than two Months, & before there was any Reason to expect the Events which afterwards took Place, his Wife related to her Neighbours the following Dream.

I was said the Woman, one Night in Bed with my Husband, & I dreamt that he & I were walking in the Field near the House; when I suddenly observed the Ground before us to cleave open, and a Horse to rise out of it *all Gold* & shining as the Sun: I will mount him says George Wynn; Oh no said I Husband! in the Name of God let him alone, it is the Devil indeed it is. Prythee be quiet my Dear replied he; & instantly jumped on his Back; the Horse was gentle, & he paraded about upon him for a while, the Ground however soon opened again, swallowed up both Horse & Rider, & I waked in such a Fright as I am yet but half recovered from.—This Dream poor Lady Wynn used it seems often to recollect in her Days of Prosperity, & She used to Say to her silly Husband from Time to Time—Name of God Husband have a Care; surely Less ado might serve!—my Father calling one Day upon the Family here in London, found her Ladyship ill of a nervous Fever & attended by D^r Mead—in her lowspirited Fit She told *him* this Story, which I doubt not *he* thought a Reverie of her Disease; but my Father who had been told of it before, knew by this Accident that it had made a very lasting Impression.—I am myself perfectly convinced that in Homer's Phrase

Dreams do descend from Jove.

¹ Later Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P. for Denbighshire from 1716 to 1749.

² 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

and am inclined to think that many People have been indulged with strange Warnings from above, relating to their Lives Fortunes, Happiness &c. When I was at Chester many Years ago with my Mother & the Cottons—there visited us a M^{rs} Gordon, Wife to a Colonel Gordon who was intimate in our Family—She related the following Story which struck me extremely and may be here introduced not very Mal a propós

I had said She, not long lost my first Husband, when being left as you all know somewhat distressed in my Circumstances I changed my House here at Chester for a Lodging, where I had been settled some time when a Neighbour of mine M^{rs} Williams came to me one Morning & begged me to walk with her in the Rhu Dee—a meadow under the Town Walls: I desired to be excused, but She repeated her Request with an Importunity that had something odd in it: I still endeavoured to refuse, urging my Mourning &c.—Mourning! said She with some Emotion—but said She you *must* indulge me, my Heart's set upon it—I then put on my Cloke without further ado, & as we went She told me She had had a Dream, a very strange one about our walking in the Rhudee. I was vexed at being dragged abroad on so silly an Errand, advised her coldly not to mind Dreams, and as we continued our Walk the Conversation took a quite different Course, however we had not taken many Turns in the Meadow before my Companion grew pensive & absorbed in her own Thoughts, so that She did not answer, nor appear to heed what I said—I was about to reproach her with being bad Company when She set up suddenly a loud Shriek, & fainted immediately in my Arms. I was greatly distressed, & the more as we were quite alone, & I could see nobody near us but a Man on Horseback in a black Coat who was galloping on towards the Town & did not seem disposed to stop: I called to him however more than once, & begged him to assist me in recovering my Friend & getting her home or at least into some house: the Fellow was civil enough, but desired when My Companion should give signs of Recovery that he might be dismiss'd as he likewise was sent to one M^{rs} Williams about an Affair of *Life & Death* & wished I could direct him to her House. by this Time She waked in great Trepidation, & fixing her Eyes on the Fellow asked him after her Brother Colonel Ormsby who I knew was abroad: The Man replied he is dead Madam, & has left everything to M^{rs} Williams his Sister here at Chester to whom I am going with the News: She instantly turned to me, & said I saw the Man

coming along & could not stand it; he is the very Person I saw in my Dream & it was to meet him that I tempted you hither, for I dream'd you were walking with me—I knew the Horse too from the Impression my Dream had made, for as to Horse or Man they neither of 'em ever saw me. No Madam says the Servant that I'll be sworn; for I did not live with my poor Master but six Months before He died in Germany.—

Is not this a very singular Story?

When¹ I myself was at Lisle in Flanders in the Year 1775, I walked with Mr Johnson & Mr Thrale round the great Church there, and in one of the Chapels I observed myself to stumble in an odd manner, so as to give me uncommon Pain, & at the same time to excite strange Ideas of Terror, wholly unaccountable to me, who am neither timorous nor over delicate: I looked at the Altarpiece. & saw it was the figure of an Angel protecting a boy about twelve Years old as it should seem, & somehow the Child struck me with a Resemblance to my own, and alarmed me in an unusual Manner. I prayed for the Safety of my young ones, & as I came out of the Chapel I asked an old Man to *whom* that Chapel was dedicated—he replied—to the Guardian Angels of Children. I resolved to walk round the Church & go into every Chapel in it to see if I should stumble in *them*. I *could* not stumble however, but when I returned with better Spirits to the Children's Chapel, I stumbled again and even hurt myself: The Impression it made alarm'd me, & as I could not rid myself of the uneasiness it caused, I told Mr Johnson in the Afternoon when Hester was gone to the play with her Papa: he bid me be careful not to encourage such Fancies, & talking the Thing through cleared my Head of it for a Time: soon after our Return from abroad however, I was dreadfully alarmed by my Son's Sudden Illness & Death,² & though he continued ill but three Hours, this Old Superstition haunted me all the while the more perhaps as I had two days before, going down to Dinner with Company,—when he was perfectly well & at School—heard something like a preternatural Voice³ call me by my Name; but this I never mentioned to any one, lest I should be suspected of Madness. mad notwithstanding all this Folly I am *not*; the Disorder never was in my Family, nor have I ever had any predominance in my Imagination which could cause me to suspect

¹ This story is printed in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 23-5.

² On March 23, 1776.

³ That of his Guardian Angel perhaps—airy Tongues that Syllable men's names Milton calls them. *Mrs. Thrale*. See *Comus*, l. 208.

myself for an Hour. I have the best Health in the World; no Indigestions, no Head Achs, no Vapours: no Change of Weather affects me, nor did even the Loss of my only Son lay stronger hold on my Heart than it was utterly impossible to avoid. My Mind is an active whirling Mind, which few Things can stop to disturb, & if disturbed, it soon recovers its Strength & its Activity.

When I lived at Dean Street with My Father & Mother we kept two Maids and a Man: a Person whose Name was Susan Verity was our under Servant, cleaned the House & cook'd the Victuals, She came from Mr Bird the Ribbon Weaver's, answered her Character perfectly, and had lived with us three Years & been a great favourite, when I—a Young Woman of 16 or 17 Years old perhaps—dreamt the following Dream.

I dream'd that going down on some business into the Kitchen I saw six ill looking Fellows sitting round a Table on which was a bowl of Rum Punch which smelt very strong, a Brace of Pistols with Bottles Glasses &c: & Susan appearing as their Servant—waiting on them: The unexpected Sight so terrified me that I waked, & was for a while inclined to go down Stairs & see if all was safe—but after thinking a little I disposed myself to sleep again, and rose with quieter Spirits in the Morning. when I saw Susan however, I recollected my Dream & told her on't;—She trembled and seem'd in great Confusion but this I imagined might proceed from Resentment of being suspected, so I soon made a Laugh of it, & assured her that I had no such Thoughts in my Head.

We went to Offley soon after this, & left her as usual the sole Care of the House, found it clean at our Return, but in two or three Months, Susan was wholly disqualified for her Service by the Agony She suffered in hearing her Husband was apprehended for a Thief. Her Distress was violent, & during the first Fit of it She confessed to my Mother, that her Husband would frequently come to our house when all were a bed, bring his riotous Companions with him & drink themselves drunk: She said they always paid for their own Liquor, but threaten'd her Life if She did not let them in, & afford 'em all Accommodations in her Power: She had often been on her Knees to them She said, to keep them from making such a Noise as would have waked us, & our disturbing them might have been fatal indeed.

How providential then was my uncommon dream!¹

¹ I likewise dreamed once when about 14 or 15 Years old that some one told me as if Authoritatively—that the World was ending and the Conflagration already begun in France: Oh

I will say no more of Dreams, there are odd Realities enough in this various World without Imaginary Curiosities. Here is a singular piece of Ignorance in the Medical Way.

In the beginning of the Year 1771 my eldest Daughter Hester Maria was grievously tormented with Worms, so I took her to a Mr Evans Apothecary at Knightsbridge, whose Nostrum was then at the height of Repute, & who had even contrived to coax the Physicians to his Side, particularly Dr Jebb, who in verminous Cases often recommended him. He prescribed his Powders for my Girl, but they operated so violently that I was quite terrified, & took it in my Head that there was Red Precipitate in the Composition: strongly impressed with this Idea, I run wildly¹ to Evans, rubbing a Guinea as I drove along to see if it would change the Colour on't: but when the Man saw me big with Child as I was, and crying most bitterly—such was his Compassion that he told me his Nostrum, charging me upon my Honour never to tell the Secret while *he* lived—This was what he told me. That his little Boy having been Ill some time had at length an Acute Inflammatory Fever so violent as to render him delirious; that he sent for James's Powders and when the Child had taken 'em he soon voided a vast many Worms; thus at one stroke losing the Original Disease and the Symptomack Fever.

Evans immediately perceiving this sudden & unknown Power of the Medicine, bought a Quantity of it, & disguising the Colour by the addition of Cinnabar, called it his new Medicine for the Worms. Some Months after this, I had occasion to consult Dr James—it was for my poor Mother's Cancer—so In the course of our Conversation I shewed him Evans's Powders; what are they Sir said I—can you *guess*? Something of Mercury replied he I fancy, but tis *impossible to know*:—however you may always cure Worms without Quick-Silver by giving Tin² with Wormseed, & the Use of the Aloe Clyster.

Thus did Evans continue selling James's Powders for an Invention of his own Seven Years at the least during the old Doctor's Life, & the Dr never knew nor found out the Trick. Lord bless me! what a strange Thing that is to reflect upon. Evans is still³

said I, is it to be *that way*? why then 'twill soon *be here*; I thought we were all to have *gone at once*. since this Dream I have been constantly perswaded that the World is *near an end tho'*. Mrs. Thrale. Whether this was added before or after 1789 cannot be inferred.

¹ I was big with Child. Mrs. Thrale.

² Baretti considered Mrs. Thrale an unnatural mother for giving Queeney tin pills. *European Magazine*, xiii. 315.

³ Aug: 1778. Mrs. Thrale.

alive, but he don't love to see me, since he put himself in my Power.¹

How like one Joke is to another! I was reading to day where Menage tells a Story of a notable Fellow in his native Town Angers, who was such a bustler that they called him in Sport Monsieur Tracas:²—I could have told M^r Menage as good a Thing. For at Hitchin in Hertfordshire whilst I lived at Offley, there was a Man of the Name of Midwinter an Apothecary who talked so perpetually during the War in 1760 or 61 about Le Prince de *Soubize* as the Name often figured in the Newspapers,³ he all the while pronouncing it thus Prince *Soubizzy* like an English John as he was; that his Neighbors at length caught up the Word, and poor Midwinter went for the rest of His Life by the Honourable Appellation of *Prince So busy*.

Says Seward to Burney—how charming is such a Piece of Musick naming it—composed by Handel: I love Handel replies the other as well as you—but don't commend him in a wrong Place; that piece of Musick goes like a Wheel without Fellies, bumping upon the *Spokes*: Well! Well! says Seward—He was at least then an excellent *Spokesman*.

Johnson says the following 8 Lines of Burney are actually sublime—they are the End of a dull Copy of Verses enough, but the Lines themselves are most excellent.

The Monster Death keeps full in Sight,
And puts the Faery Hope to flight;
Blackens th' Horizon all around
And points to the Abyss profound.

'Gainst Nature's Laws 'tis vain to plead
I see the Joys of Life recede;
And all its Prospects fade away
Amidst the Horrors of Decay.

In former Days when I lived in Dean Street, particularly the last Year my Father lived, & during the Interval between his Death & my Marriage, we were very often visited by Herbert Lawrence; Brother to the General⁴ who courted Miss Rich & died in America: He was a capital Musician I believe, & played sweetly on the

¹ Cf. above, pp. 29-30.

² *Menagiana*, ii. 36.

³ In his campaign against Prussia, in the summer of 1761, he was betrayed by the Marécha de Broglie and defeated by the Prince of Brunswick, for which the King exiled him.

⁴ Charles Lawrence, who died in 1760. He succeeded Hopson in 1753, as governor of Nova Scotia.

German Flute; he never could make me Sing, but nothing would serve him but I must at least write a Song, & he would set it to Musick: I looked over Boileau, and imitating his Epigram¹ of

Tout me fait peine & depuis un Jour, &c.

I wrote the following Lines which he set sure enough & Beard sung it one Spring at Ranelagh.

Whence comes it Phillis since we met,
Our Sylvan Games to celebrate;
When Sports went round—with magick Mien
You tript it lightly o'er the Green,
That something ever since that Day
Upon my Spirits seems to prey?

The pleasing Sense of sweet Repose
No more my beating Bosom knows;
And ev'ry Symptom seems to prove
The Melancholy Truth—I love:
Nay never frown, for if I do,
Assure yourself—it is not You.

We were collecting Translations of the Arria Pæto about the same Time—This is M^r Lawrence's.

Thus to her Pætus faithful Arria said
When from her Side she drew the shining Blade;
Think not My Lord this Wound thy Consort feels,
Thine far more sharp—in Apprehension kills.

M^r Johnson told me an odd Thing today: Robinson the Primate of Ireland had said to M^{rs} Montagu that there was a District not far from Dublin called Fingal where the People still spoke the old English Language; and says he they will even to this Hour take up Chaucer & laugh at what we cannot understand. Now see says M^r Johnson how little Wit is wanted to *lye with*! The Language of Chaucer was never the common Language of the Multitude, nor could people of the Rank he mentioned *ever* understand it: Chaucer was written in the high Court Dialect of his Time, & even at that Time totally unintelligible to the Vulgar.

Seward was speaking of M^{rs} Walsingham, & in Course of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams her Father a Man as we all know highly esteemed for his Wit: Johnson said he did not deserve the Celebrity he obtained except for his Libertinism and his Prophaneness.—Nay Sir says Seward he had the *Lumieres* as the French call it—Ay replied the Doctor he had just light enough I believe to light him to Hell.²

¹ 'A Clymène.'

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 211.

How oddly ignorant People are of some Things while they know so many others! M^{rs} Walsingham, whose Accomplishments are so celebrated & so various, told Seward the other Day that She had given her Husband *Fish* for Dinner, because he was sick, & the Physicians had forbidden him to eat *Animal Food*.

Dr Burney, whose Parts almost rival his Virtues, told me t'other day that his little Grandaughter had got the hooping Cough; I replied She must change the Air—Ay said he so the Doctors tell us Madam, Pray *why* is Change of Air good for the hooping Cough? Because replied I it is supposed to proceed from the biting of an Animal on the Lungs, received thither by *Inspiration*;—*Inspiration* cries Burney with a Laugh! he thought I was in Jest having never heard the Word used as opposed to *Respiration*, and not recollecting any Sense it had but the common one.—

Says Johnson to Cator when we dined with him last, I think Sir your Water is cooled with Ice; Yes replies the other Sir, is it too cold for You? No sure answers M^r Johnson Sir, I meant only to commend your *Curiosity*:¹ *Curiosity* cries M^r Cator—*Curiosity* of all things! he had no Notion that any thing but *Inquisitiveness* could be meant.²

I know not whether the Misrepresentations some Authors make of the World & of Human Nature proceed most from Ignorance or Malice.

Lord Corke observes³ that on the Continent, in Italy particularly, the Ground is all highly cultivated, no waste Land says he, no Common, nothing but Plenty:—Where however continues he are the People? where I say are the Inhabitants?—all dozing, droning their Time away in Convents.—one would wonder methinks how the Ground could be so cultivated if the Folks were all locked up or fast asleep.

Lord Kaimes again tells us a wild Story⁴ of Savages who eat all

¹ His fourth definition in the *Dictionary* is: 'Act of curiosity, nice experiment.'

² M^r Brown of Wimbledon well known for his Taste of the polite Arts, & his valuable Collection of Pictures Busts &c. was one Day in Company when I related my having seen an Ape corresponding with Buffon's description of the Mandrill: I mentioned his Tameness Docility &c Pray Madam says Browne what Language did he talk, I should have liked to converse with him. *Mrs. Thrale*. He was probably Fanny Browne's father, Mr. Lyde Browne.

³ *Letters from Italy, written in 1754 & 1755, to Wm. Duncombe Esq.* (1773), Letter 6, p. 64.

⁴ Probably a reference to the passage in *Sketches of the History of Man* (1774), i. 33, where, in attempting to show that men are of fundamentally different races, he tells of the African Giagas, 'who bury all their children at the moment of birth, and chuse in their stead the most promising children taken in war. There is no principle among animals more prevalent

their own Children, & have done so for six Hundred Years backward—he then begins gravely to argue about Parental Affection, never reflecting that if the Children were eaten the Race could not be continued.

In the History of inferior Animals still stranger Mistakes are made: Goldsmith talks of Cows shedding their Horns,¹ & Thompson makes his Hen & Chicks to be

Fed & defended by the fearless Cock.²

whereas the Cock hates the Chickens, & takes all their Meat from 'em—he'll give it the Hens indeed, but then it is the laying ones, not them who sit, or who have Young to nurse. Goldsmith is however the Hero of Absurdity; he makes his Hyæna untameable,³ & is in doubt whether the Rat is not a venomous Animal, so violent are his Bites & so dangerously inflammatory the Swellings they occasion. Now I have myself stroaked a Hyæna, which Cross the Shew Man kept for a long Time, & used to let lie by his Fireside unchained till Company came, & he tied him up among other Beasts for Shew; and as to a Rat, my Dogs have in killing 'em been often bitten, nor did any Consequences arise, except that the Wound dropped Blood, & the Dog licked it well.—Pennant speaks most rationally about Natural History of any of our Countrymen, and among the Foreigners, Buffon makes Amends to *most* readers by his elegant Style & profound Ratiocination for his frequent Mistakes in the Facts.—

Johnson in his *Irene* frequently mentions Singing Birds⁴ though I believe the Birds about Constantinople are nearly mute: Thompson observes that in hot Climates the Birds scarce ever sing,⁵ & I took notice that I never heard so little singing in the Woods any Summer of my Life as this, which has been such a remarkable hot one. The warm Weather began in April & is not over now.⁶

The Apple called a Carraway by Shakespear in the *Supper* Master Shallow gives to Sir John Falstaff,⁷ has been explained by the Commentators into a Sweetmeat, whereas the Apple still keeps

than affection to offspring: supposing the Giagas to be born without hands or without feet, would they be more distinguished from the rest of mankind?

¹ *History of Earth and Animated Nature*, i, Bk. 2, chap. 2. It is a borrowing from Buffon (see above, p. 67). Each says that the cow sheds her horns at three years of age.

² *Spring*, l. 774.

³ Goldsmith says (op. cit., i, Bk. 1, chap. 2): 'though taken ever so young, it cannot be tamed'. Buffon was his authority, as usual. See *Œuvres complètes* (1825), vi. 337.

⁴ II. vii. 33–8, 81.

⁵ *Summer*, ll. 735–40.

⁶ 20 Aug^t 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁷ 2 *Henry IV*, v. iii.

its original Name in Somersetshire to this Hour. Stephen Fuller promised the other day to send me a Basket of them.

24: Sept 1778] The Weather is still offensively hot—we shall have more Thunder I suppose—the Thunder & Lightning last April when I went to Brighthelmstone—to Mr Scrase¹—was so violent as to break & set on Fire a large Bottle full of Spirits in Mr^s Lucas's Window, at the moment I was there, so I saw it; I could not however make Mr Johnson believe the Fact.

Mr Johnson's Incredulity amounts almost to Disease;² he will not believe that a Haystack was ever burned, or a Waggon ever set on fire by the Friction of the one I mean, or the Fermentation of the other: he is a sad Mortal to carry a Wonder to, for says he I am of poor dear Dr Goldsmith's Mind—he looked for new Thoughts a while but was at last convinced as he told me—that whatever was new was false.—

1: Dec: 1778.] Lord Robert Manners told me a strange Thing this last October 1778.³ he had had his favourite Dog hanged at the request of all his Family because it had been bitten by a Cur suspected of Madness—he made the Men however bury him in a Dunghill that was in the Farm Yard—this was over Night—and the first Thing he saw in the Morning was his old Favourite who came to salute him as usual.

The Heat of the Dunghil had it seems restored the Creature to Life and Lord Robert then insisted he should take his Chance—he did so and died of old Age eight Years after.

A Story told this Year in the Newspapers⁴ about a Man's Head seen in Hornsey Wood is a very curious one; 'tis well authenticated I hear, but Johnson don't believe it.

Is it not strange that the World should have been so long without knowing that Cocks do not wait till Morning before they crow, but crow as often as they wake in the Night?—though this Fact does not lye very deep, 'tis plain the Poets have not got at it yet.—

Lord Robert Manners told me the following Story this last October or November 1778.

¹ See above, p. 320, n. 1.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 241, and below, pp. 468–9.

³ At Brighton, where they were from October 5 until about November 26. Broadley, p. 129; *Letters*, No. 591.

⁴ It was a Man set by advice of some Quack Doctor in an Earth Bath, & terrified a Boy into temporary Madness who walking early in the Wood one Morn^g saw a live Head on the Ground its Eyes moving & no Body visible—I see not how such an object on such a Mind should have less Effect. *Mrs. Thrale*.

We were says he in the thickest of the Battle at Fontenoy,¹ when I observed my Friend Honeywood endeavouring to cleave down a Soldier of the Enemy; his Hanger stuck in the Shoulder, when the Fellow thrust Him thro' the Side with his Bayonet, & another, on Horseback Struck him on the Face with a Sabre so that he immediately dropt—I saw no more of him till the next day, when the Waggon were carrying off the wounded Men; and upon one of those Machines I saw Honeywood thrown, his Head & one Arm dangling over the side, and half a dozen or more Soldiers in the same Plight lying a' Top of him.—Poor Fellow! said I to a Friend standing near me, thou art done for sure enough. but what was my Surprize when we came to Hanau, in receiving a Message with Mr Honeywood's Com[~] and desired I would come to see his Wounds drest by Middleton the Surgeon whom I found in the Room—Now Bob look sharp says the gallant Creature & thou shalt see *my Brains* & bear witness that I have some: his Head was accordingly so laid open that Middleton said I did actually see his Brains.²—This Honeywood is now a General Officer & a hearty Man,³ but the strangest part of the Story is the perfect Resemblance it bears to a Story of a French General told in one of the *Anas*: the Menagiana I think.

Lord Robert gave me his Honour that this Fact was true, & said moreover that he verily believed General Honeywood did not feel quite like another Man; for says he seven Years after this Affair I overturned him my own Self in a high Chaise, & when I recoverd my Wits a little & asked if he was hurt.—pry'thee Bob says he learn to drive better, & in the mean Time get me a Surgeon for sure as a Gun I have broke my best Leg.—one was it seems always a little the worse for the Fontenoy Business.

The present Earl Ferrers's⁴ Eldest Son Lord Tamworth has had

¹ Actually at the battle of Dettingen, in 1743, two years before the battle of Fontenoy. A letter from Colonel Charles Russell, dated July 17, 1743, from the English camp at Hanau, describing Honeywood's wounds, is printed by Mrs. Toynbee in Walpole's *Letters*, i. 359, n. 9.

² This story appears in her letter to Johnson, dated November 11, 1779 (Piozzi, *Letters to and from . . . Johnson*, ii. 88), in a form so similar as to raise a suspicion that she falsified the text of the letter, copying it out of *Thraliana*. This undoubtedly happened in the case of other letters (see below, p. 711, n. 4), which makes her not above suspicion. The date, if the letter is genuine, must surely be a mistake for 1778, as she would not have revived a story heard the year before to send Johnson in 1779. But even if it were dated 1778, we should still have to believe that she remembered on December 1 the exact wording of a long letter written almost three weeks before. The evidence of the manuscript copy sent to the printer, preserved in *Ry. eng. MS.* 538, is negative, since it is obviously a copy prepared for the printer.

³ General Philip Honeywood lived until 1785. *Genl. Mag.* lv. 159.

⁴ Her connexion by marriage, his wife being Catherine Cotton, sister to her Uncle Lynch Cotton's wife.

his Hip dislocated by the Scrophula I know not how many Years—I asked his Father for him one day, & expressed my Concern at his Lameness—He *was* very lame indeed Madam said he; but this Summer he drank Neville Holt Water for two Months regularly, & now he walks away as nimbly as can be—*upon a Pair of Crutches*. Lord Ferrers is a crazy Fool however, & has a Charter for being absurd; but what shall we say to the Physicians who sent a poor Gentleman to Brighthelmston that he might bathe in the Salt Water for a stiff Knee? which would be cured by the Sea on the same Day my Lord Tamworth's Hip would be set by Neville Holt Water; and I am just now reading a Book of Travels through the interior Parts of North America; where the Writer (who for other Observations deserves Attention if not Respect) tells me the Indians possess some Herbs which are admirable in the Cure of *Fractured Bones*. These were Carver's Travels.¹

Some of our Servants had got the Itch this Summer, so I set 'em apart, and had them well anointed: the other Servants wanted me to physick them, that is purge them very roughly; *that* said I will do nothing, it is a Disease of the *Skin*: my own Maid being wiser than most of them, I shew'd her the Animal magnified; & told her how it burrowed under the Cuticle, how that it was catching as Lice were catching &c. when I had done my Harangue—I think however Madam says She that the Girl should have some Physick given her—to *strike it out*. so little could I make myself comprehended.

I gave the infected Person a Grain of Calomel a day for a Week after the Sulphur Unguent, & all was well; after a Purge at the Weeks end.—to clear away what might be left of the Mercury.—

We were diverting ourselves with Goldsmith's Idea of every body's being like some Dish of meat² we agreed that

Johnson should be	-	-	Haunch of Venison
Pepys -	-	-	a Perigord Pye.
Bodens -	-	-	a Piece of Sturgeon.
M ^{rs} Montagu -	-	-	Soup—à la Reine.

¹ The story of M^{rs} Rose in this book is very fine. *Mrs. Thrale*. Jonathan Carver, explorer of Minnesota, published his *Travels* in 1778. The account of the bone cure is on p. 391. The story she mentions is of Mrs. Rowe (not Rose), a New England woman who, after being captured with her son by a band of Canadian Indians, killed all her captors in their sleep, scalped them with their own tomahawks, and made her way safely home with her child (pp. 332-4).

² See *Retaliation*, ll. 5-16.

Sophy Streatfield ¹	-	-	-	White Fricassee
M ^{rs} Byron	-	-	-	Provincial Toast.
Seward	-	-	-	a Ham.
D ^r Burney	-	-	-	a dish of fine Green Tea.
M ^{rs} Smith	-	-	-	an Aspique.
Tom Cotton	-	-	-	Water-Suchy.
Lort	-	-	-	Beef Steaks.
M ^{rs} Pepys	-	-	-	Boil'd Whiting.
Fanny Brown	-	-	-	Landskip in Jelly.

to these M^r Johnson desired he might add the following

My Master	-	-	-	Roast Beef
My M ^{rs}	-	-	-	a Gallina
Miss Burney	-	-	-	a Woodcock
& Sir Philip Jennings	-	-	-	a Roasted Sweetbread.

I was shewed this Sonnet² t'other day.

It is by M^r L'Abbé Larignan.

M^r Lort shew'd it me.

1.

J'aurai bientost quatre vingt Ans,
Je crois qu'a cet Age il est Tems
De dedaigner la Vie;
Aussi Je la perds sans Regret
Et je fais galement mon Pacquet,
Bon Soir la Compagnie.

2.

Lorsque d'icy Je partirai
Je ne sçais pas trop ou J'irai
Mais en Dieu Je me fie,
Il ne me peut mener que bien
Aussi je n'apprehende rien
Bon soir la Compagnie!

3.

J'ay goûté de tous les Plaisirs
J'ai perdu jusqu'aux Desirs
A present je m'ennuye;
Lorsque l'on n'est plus bon a Rien
On se retire & on fait bien
Bon soir la Compagnie.

This trifling thing one could not help trying to translate, here is the Attempt:—as I remember I hit it off all at once—in five

¹ Sophy Streatfield will make a *Brown Fricassee* of me soon—I see, I see. my Husband is in Love with her. Fowl fricassee—broken up will be poor H. L. T. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² It is not properly a Sonnet—but what signifies what it is! *Mrs. Thrale.*

Minutes, the whole together—Original and all would not have been worth ten.

1.

Arriv'd at Grave and Grey Fourscore
Tis Time to think on Life no more,
Time to be gone, and therefore I
Can quit this World without a Sigh;
Without or Sorrow Care or Fright
Can bid the Company Good Night.

2.

When hence we part tis hard to say
Whither we rove, or which the Way:
But he that sent me here will show
My doubtful Footsteps where to go;
So trusting to his Truth and Might
I bid the Company Good Night.

3.

I've tasted here of ev'ry Joy
But Time can Taste itself destroy;
It teizes me to see how soon
Quite good for nothing I am grown;
When such the Case, tis surely right
To bid the Company good Night.

Burney has set these Lines to Musick & says they make an admirable Song.

Another of my Poetical Frolicks of this Month¹ may be seen in A Public Advertiser under the Name of

A Tale for the Times—

to Sir Philip Jennings Clerke Bart. I chose him as a Sportsman—& of the Minority Party; I confess the Verses imitated from Vanbrugh.²

I once a Pack of Foxhounds knew
Who much resembled—we know who;
A sprightly Huntsman at their Head
Willing the chearful Chase to lead,
A Whipper In³ whose clam'rous Crack,
Resounded on each Babbler's back;
But who could well caress and feed
From Platter or from Trencher,
The Dog who to deserve such Meed
Would diligently venture.

¹ Dec: 1778. *Mrs. Thrale*. It was actually published on November 28, 1778.

² The rhymed fables in *Aesop*. See below, p. 351.

³ Lord Chatham then *M^r Pitt*. *Mrs Thrale*.

Our Kennel now so famous grown,
 Call'd ev'ry Hill and Dale their own;
 No Cover in the County grew
 But ev'ry Shrub¹ of it they knew,
 No Fox's overvaunted Wile
 Could their perfect Scent beguile
 Nor Stag so strong
 Run them too long,
 They left every Horseman behind for a Mile.
 Now in the midst of all their Pride,
 Poor Huntsman² died!
 The new one tried
 Another Whipper In;
 He unexperient³d in the Field,
 Ev'n in their *Language*³ all unskill'd;
 Careless of Tone, or Speed, or Nose
 His Weight of Anger fell on those
 Who lick'd the hand of their old Master⁴
 Whene'er he to the Kennel came;
 Till even Gratitude grew Shame
 And Virtue a Disaster.
 The Huntsman⁵ saw this would not do,
 His vile Associate would be torne,
 Some day by the Indignant Crew
 And that could not be borne;
 Another Whipper In he hired,
 He of his Place too soon grew tir'd
 A new one, and a new one came,⁶
 This could not ride, that found no Game;
 One fool⁷ to feed them took no Care,
 Yet left the Kennel door at Jar,
 When numbers rushing out at once
 Immortaliz'd this stupid Dunce,
 Who shutting hastily the Door,
 Wounded and crush'd as many more:

And now the mutilated Pack
 Vainly to Times long past look back;
 When clustring down the chalky Cliff
 Their gallant Deeds outstript Belief,
 Their Foot so fleet,
 Their Cry so sweet,
 So perfect their Nose,
 Their Union so close

A Man might have cover'd them all with a Sheet.⁸

¹ read Bush. *Mrs. Thrale.*

³ Lord Bute—a Scotsman. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁵ George 3^d. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁷ George Grenville. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁸ a common Sportsman's Phrase. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² George 2^d. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁴ Pitt. *Mrs. Thrale.*

⁶ rapid changes of Ministry. *Mrs. Thrale.*

Far other Fancies fill them now
 Rebellion lowers upon their Brow,
 Sullen and sad they sit within,
 And snarl upon the Whipper In;
 Some few except—the *courser* Sort,
 Who for their *Victuals* pay him court;
 While those who first their home forsook,¹
 Alter'd in Manners Mind and Look,
 Settle at Sea—take to the Water,
 And unless all I hear are Slanders;
 Have quite put off their pristine Nature,
 No longer Hounds,—but *Newfoundlanders*.

This wild irregular Measure is a sort of Favourite with me, I learnt it in Vanbrugh's *Esop*—a sweet Comedy though impracticable upon the Stage.—my *Three Warnings* is of the same kind, & so is a Fable imitated from Mademoiselle Bernard which I printed in the Saint James's Chronicle about two Months or three before I was married.² I would write out the original here but cannot find it, nor know I where her Poems are to be found, this Fable however beginning

L'Imagination Amante du Bonheur
 Sans cesse le desire, et sans cesse l'appelle,

is to be seen in Buffier's *Grammar*³ among the Collection of Verses, where I first took a fancy to amplify & imitate it as may be seen in the Attempt over Leaf.

Imagination's Search after Happiness.

Struck with his Charms whom all admire
 Whose Beauties colder Bosoms fire,
 Imagination ventur'd forth
 To try if Fortune would discover
 The haunts of Happiness her Lover
 Nor fear'd the Frowns of Wit or Worth
 No blame could on her Choice be thrown
 When once the Object's name was known.
 To Love's gay Temple first She flies
 And darts around her piercing Eyes,
 And is my Hero here She cries?
 Perhaps he may the God replies,
 But freely search our Groves around
 Nor think yourself confin'd;
 His Name our Echoes all resound
 Perhaps his Form You'll find.

¹ American Migrations & Revolt of the Colonies. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² 1763. *Mrs. Thrale*. It was published in the issue of September 8–10, 1763.

³ *Grammaire françoise sur un plan nouveau* (1709).

The Nymph was pleas'd, her Search renew'd
 Thro' each soft Maze her Love persued,
 At ev'ry Turn his Name She heard,
 And much She hop'd and much She fear'd.
 Till as She ran with rapid Force
 Fair Delicacy check'd her Course.
 With eye severe the lovely Maid,
 Blush'd for her Friend while thus She said
 "I never thought to see you here
 "Without a Veil too—Fye my Dear!
 "To seek your Lover! and is this
 "A likely Seat for sober Bliss?
 "Believe my Words and quick recede
 "No Happiness lives here indeed." "
 Imagination stood corrected
 Then swiftly from her Presence flew;
 And soon her wand'ring steps directed
 T' Ambition's Palace now in View.
 Fix'd on a Rock of steep Ascent
 The glitt'ring Fabric stood;
 The way was slipp'ry as She went
 And wet with human blood.
 Her Lover's Form on high was plac'd
 To tempt her Steps along;
 But when the Phantom She embrac'd
 It vanish'd and was gone.
 From hence with trembling haste She fled,
 And to the Realms of Riches sped;
 Consumptive Care, & dropsied Pride,
 And tinsel'd Splendour here She spied;
 Dignity Pomp and Pow'r She saw,
 And Fashion that keeps Fools in awe,
 Nor aught was wanting more or less,
 Save what She sought for—Happiness.
 What has our Heroine next to do
 Her Journey She begins to rue,
 For why! we are all at Sea again,
 No Places now remain
 To try our Fortune in tis plain;—
 And yet this foolish luckless Love
 Would let her have no rest:
 Though 'gainst it all she could she strove
 Still it would flutter in her Breast.
 While thus She thought, and would have spoke
 Sudden a Voice the Silence broke.

"Come to my Cott despairing Maid,
 "'Tis mine alone to give you Aid;
 "Take my Advice you'll quickly find
 "Your coy capricious Spark grow kind;

"Come to my Cott, and live with me
 "In unreprieved Pleasures free." ¹
 "Content, that smooths the Bed of Age,
 "Meek Peace that loves the Hermitage
 "And Contemplation—hoary Sage!
 "With me long time have deign'd to dwell,
 "And dignified my mossy Cell." "
 If you such Company can bear
 And will a while inhabit there,
 Nor more your Search renew,
 Your Lover will no longer fly
 Tis his to court when we deny
 And fly when we pursue:
 The Virgin weigh'd & found her wise,
 Nor scorn'd to own herself to blame;
 But took fair Piety's Advice
 Uncall'd the Lover came.

I could not help thinking the other Day as I read the Epigram of Martial ending thus

Iam dic Posthume de tribus Capellis.²

that it would have a good effect enough in English adapted to the present Times—Dec: 1778.

The Question is I heard you say
 Who is to keep America?
 The Opposition make a Stir
 For Keppel against Palleser,
 Lord North complains they won't agree,
 And bawls for Unanimity.—
 I am content, and think 'tis right
 To try who will, or will not fight;
 And I and every Fool can find
 Things best when Folks are of a Mind:
 When all these Points are settled—pray
 Who is to keep America?—

I wrote this last Month or two a Couple of Letters in the Public Advertiser signed Jacquet Droz—the real Jacquet Droz a Showman of Automata was fretted, and wrote a serious denial of his being the Author; my Answer³ had I think some humor in it and good natured Wit—I have lost the Copy and am sorry for it—it was very comical.

a Young Fellow one Whitchurch who is since gone mad I think,

¹ Milton, *L'Allegro*, l. 40.

² *Epigrams* vi. xix. 9.

³ Her first letter appeared on November 20, his disclaimer on November 27, and her answer, which took the form of a facetious comparison of herself and Droz as rival showmen of automata, on December 1.

kept a Latin Diary of all his Proceedings—he had been to see the Tragedy of Hamlet, with Colman's Farce call'd the Duce is in him—from a Tale of Marmontel¹—M^r Whitchurch's Memorandum run thus, describing his Entertainment at the Theatre.

20 Jan: 1772. Hamletus Princeps Dannemarci et Cacodæmon in illo est.

He had seen Shakespear's Hamlet—& Coleman's Deuce is in him.

The two *wittiest* things in our Language in Verse & Prose are D^r Young's Conjectures on Original Composition I think, and D^r Swift's Ballad on the South Sea.

The two Tragedies which go nearest one's Heart I think—in our Language I mean—are Southern's Fatal Marriage and Lillo's Fatal Curiosity.

The two best Comic Scenes in our Language according to my Taste are the Scene between Squire Richard & Myrtilia in the Provoked Husband,² and that between Sir Joseph Wittol, Nol Bluff and Sharper in the Old Batchelor³—not the kicking Scene but the friendly one.

The two best *Declamatory* Scenes where the Sentiments and Language are most perfect, seem to be the Scene between Juba & Syphax in Addison's Cato,⁴ & that between the two Ladies in Johnson's Irene.⁵ I know that both are unDramatic, the latter more peculiarly so, than ever was, or ever ought to have been hazarded—but for Language & Sentiment it is most Superb.—Superieure as the French say.⁶

Johnson says the finest Tragic Scene in our Language, for Drama Sentiment, Language, Power over the heart, & every Requisite for Theatre or Closet, is the Tomb Scene in the Mourning Bride.⁷—

I think, that trying to be *every* thing it escapes being *anything*.

No Book was ever so popular as Don Quixote; The Classics themselves are more confined in Fame: Don Quixote is the Book for high & for low, Indocti doctiqu[e]⁸—French, English, Germans, Parents & Children, Servants and Masters: in every Nation

¹ From *Le Scrupule*, and *Alcibiade, ou le Moi*, in *Contes moraux*.

² By Vanbrugh; see Act iv, scene i.

³ By Congreve; see Act II, scene i.

⁴ I. iv—the tempting scene.

⁵ III. viii—the scene in which Aspasia tries to turn Irene from Mahomet.

⁶ Sebastian & Dorax is the next best Tragic Scene of mere Declamation. *Mrs. Thrale*. Dryden's *Don Sebastian*, iv. iii.

⁷ By Congreve; see Act II, scene i. Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 186.

⁸ Horace *Epistles*, II. i. 117: 'Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.'

Quixotism is proverbial, & the Don Naturalized.¹ Biva pues, Cervantes!

I am inclined to think the Name of the Province of Castile comes from Questilla a diminutive of Questa—a Quarrel or Wrangle rather. there is a French Phrase even now; *Ils ont eu Castille ensemble*: to say they Have had a Dispute.—

One Wilson a Man of some Eminence followed the Enthusiasts a while ago,—when Warburton the Bishop of Gloucester meeting him by chance, expressed his Concern that so literary a Man should be led away by the Methodists: I am not a Methodist my Lord sayd Wilson, I am a Moravian; Oh ho replied the Bishop—you remind me of a Young Fellow I knew once at College—his Tutour seeing him look pale one Day—Sir said he you seem quite Ill of late, I fear You are *Clap'd*; No Sir but I am *Pox'd* replied the Lad: You are like him M^r Wilson.—

I have been beginning a large Piece of Needlework today not beginning it neither, My Mother begun it forty Years ago, and I will finish it:—I cannot work like her though—I can do nothing like her; Would I could! If I live to conclude my work—it is designed for a Bed—I will mark this Verse of Virgil in the Corner.

Sequiturque *Matrem* non passibus *Equis*.²—

Johnson says Women who will not work & cannot play at Cards must drink Drams of necessity. I love work dearly, and I can bear Cards well enough now & then; sure I shall never take to Dram drinking—I hate every sort of Drink at present but Toast & Water, tho' there is one other Liquor I could *delight in* and only one. Champagne.

Sophy Streatfield is adored by her Mother³ but does not return her Affection: She is Dutyful & attentive, but 'tis done to please God & not herself. For true Love of one's Mother & real preference of her to all human Kind, I believe I am a singular Example.

Johnson says it was not right though!

¹ M^r Johnson & I betted a Wager about this Position; I said there would be found three Servants out of our eighteen who had read Don Quixot & he said not.—I however came off more than Winner, Old Nurse, the Nursery Maid, the Dairy Maid, my own Maid & M^r Thrales Valet had all read the Book, & related some Adventure out on't; for that Johnson insisted on, as a Proof of their having read it; & he objected to the Windmills as a too popular & common Story to be considered as corroboratory. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 333-4.

² *Aeneid* ii. 724: 'sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.'

³ How should she love a silly, drunken, old painted Puss Cat? tho' the best Mother under heaven: to confer Benefits will seldom procure Affection; one must either give Pleasure, or enforce Esteem. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Lady Grosvenor is very avaricious says somebody; odd enough observed M^{rs} Cotton—Women of *that Disposition* are seldom covetous; I see many of them care no more for Money than the Pope.—Why the Pope is somewhat a bad Example replies Seward, for he grants *Indulgencies* for Money you know:—so indeed does Lady Grosvenor.

The D'Avenants have Christmass'd here; & declared their Intention this Morning to leave us next Tuesday: I did not said I, count on losing you so soon—why Mad^m says Seward to M^{rs} D'Avenant—I find you have been reckoning without your Host.

Peggy Pitches is fallen in Love with a Creature called by People in Contempt The *It*—as his figure & Dress are so Equivocal many Folks take him for a Woman. What will not a Wench fall in Love with! Ovid's Iphis & Ianthe¹ no longer seems out of Possibility.

M^r Thrale² is fallen in Love *really & seriously* with Sophy Streatfield—but there is no wonder in that: She is very pretty, very gentle, soft & insinuating; hangs about him, dances round him, cries when She parts from him, squeezes his Hand slyly, & with her sweet Eyes full of Tears looks so fondly in his Face—& all for *Love of me* as She pretends; that I can hardly sometimes help laughing in her Face.

A Man must not be a *Man* but an *It* to resist such Artillery—Marriott said very well

Man flattring Man, not always can prevail,
But Woman flattring Man can never fail.

10. Jan: 1779.] We have had a charming Collection of Company in our House this Christmass—for Wit, Beauty, Literature, & the polite Arts I think few could match it. Here was Johnson Murphy, Burney & Seward; Sophy Streatfield & Fanny Brown. besides Tom Cotton & the D'avenants for chance Comers. The Attorney & Solicitor Gen^l with their Ladies dined & Supped here on Fryday too, & we had a nice Day on't: every body is gone now, & my poor Master is left to pine for his fair Sophia, till the meeting of Parliament calls him to London, & leaves him free to spend all his Evenings at her House.—it is but five Days till then tho'.⁴

¹ *Metamorphoses* ix. 666 ff.

² Hayward (i. 111-12) quotes this passage.

³ Wallace & Wedderburn. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ One of her later marginalia, on a letter dated October 15 of this year, runs: "Why Mr. Thrale is Peregrinus Domi," said Dr. Johnson; "he lives in Clifford Street, I hear, all winter;" and so he did, leaving his carriage at his sister's door in Hanover Square, that no inquirer might hurt his favourite's reputation. . . . Hayward, ii. 36.

14: Jan: 1779.] Murphy has been very kind to me, he has translated the Epitaph Johnson wrote upon my Mothers Monument; his kindness is more acceptable to me than his Verses—but the Verses are well enough too. they run thus.

Near this Place
Are deposited the Remains of
Hester Maria.

The Daughter of Sir Thomas Cotton of Combermere in the County of Cheshire Ba^{rt} and Wife of John Salusbury Esq^r of the County of Flint.

She was born in the Year 1707.

Married 1739. died 1773.

A pleasing Form, where ev'ry Grace combin'd,
With Genius blest—a pure enlighten'd Mind!
Benevolence on all that Smiles bestow'd,
A Heart that for her Friends with Love o'erflow'd;
In Language skilled, by Science form'd to please,
Her Mirth was Wit, her Gravity was Ease.
Graceful in all, the happy Mean She knew,
That even to Virtue gives the Limits due;
Whate'er employ'd her that She seem'd to chuse,
Her House, her Friends, her Business or the Muse:
Admir'd & Lov'd, the Theme of gen'ral Praise,
All to such Virtue wish'd a Length of Days:
But sad Reverse! with slow consuming Pains,
Th'envenom'd Cancer revell'd in her Veins;
Prey'd on her Spirits, stole each Pow'r away,
Gradual She sunk—yet smiling in Decay,
She smil'd in Hope by sore Afflictions tried,
And in that hope—the pious Christian died.¹

Murphy² did not use I think to have a good Opinion of me, but he seems to have changed his Mind this Christmass, and to believe better of me; I am glad on't to be sure, the Suffrage of such a Man is well worth having.³

People have a strange Power of making their Own Characters;—Commended in Youth or even in Childhood perhaps, for some particular Quality—they drive the Thing forward by that delight which every one naturally takes in talking of himself—Yes *I* was always mischievous; or *I* was always a good natured Fool—the

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 236-7. For the Latin original, see above, p. 7.

² Hayward (i. 112) quotes this paragraph and part of Mrs. Thrale's note.

³ He sees Thrale's Love of the fair SS. & I suppose approves my silent and patient endurance of what I could not prevent by more rough & sincere Behaviour. Men always admire a Woman who tho' jealous does not rave about it—& what sh^d one rave for!! would raving do anything but drive M^r Thrale quite away from me? No to be sure it would not, I could rave else willingly enough. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Dupe to my Play-mates who often had not *half my Sense* &c. Parents, & People who are employed about Youth might make Advantage of this Reflexion, & be more cautious than they commonly are of giving Children's Characters before them; he is so wild, say they—or She is so sly—the boy & Girl quickly resolve to realize this nonsense, chiefly for the pleasure of hearing it over again too—

I will run across the Ice to the Island—Mamma will say—George is *so wild*; & I'll go and tell tales of Him says Miss to herself—Papa 'll cry how *sly* a Slut She is! one would not however at first suppose this *could* go on to Manhood, but when one hears Johnson tell how *he* was always a *sullen Dog* that never tried to please another; how he was twenty Years old before ever he could charge himself with any *Intention* to *oblige*; how he was always an *idle Dog*, & never would go to Business till he was forced to't by necessity: when one hears Seward say how *sickly* he has been from his Childhood, and sees him go through long Courses of unnecessary Med'cine to keep up his Character of a Hypochondriack; when one hears Mr Thrale boast the coldness of his Heart, and the little Power his Friends Misfortunes *always* had, of making him uneasy; when in Consequence of this *original* Disposition he tells the Man who is sick that he wants nothing but a *Horse Whip*, and the Lady—(if it is not his S.S.)—that if She is bad to day, She'll be better to-morrow.—one must be careful not to take up a Character, or contribute to the giving one to another.—

When Mr Boswell—Author of the Journey to Corsica—was last in Town,¹ it was at the time Mrs Rudd & the Perreaux took up all the Talk: he had a fancy to see the extraordinary Person who had duped some Men out of their Money, & some men out of their Lives:—so says he I walked one Evening to her Lodgings and told the Maid that I must speak with Mrs Rhudde; I found She was not at home, but seating myself in her Diningroom, I took a Book out of my Pocket & resolved to wait her Return. I had however but one Candle, & after I had sate some Time I began to think that burnt blue, & now says I to myself if the Ghosts of the Perreaux should appear to me, how dreadful! these Reflexions were soon interrupted by the Presence of the Lady—who after

¹ This is an odd mistake. Boswell's visit to Mrs. Rudd occurred on April 22, 1776 (*Boswell Papers*, xi. 303), and Mrs. Thrale forgets his long visit in London in the spring of 1778, lasting from March 17 to May 19, during which time he dined with them on March 30, April 7, and May 12, and spent the night of the 12th with them and all of Sunday, the 13th. *Life*, iii. 225, 247, 344, 351. She may, however, be copying an old jotting, without revision.

enquiring my Business & my Name, and receiving for Answer that Curiosity brought me thither, & that my Name was Boswell—Oh Sir cries M^{rs} Rudd pray sit down—I have often heard of you, we are *both Characters*—pray Sir sit down.¹

His Friends used to teize him enough with this Story which he told of himself, how the Woman who had been tried for Forgery told him that She & He were *both Characters*.

There was a very pleasant Copy of Verses² ran about the Town that Year, but I forgot to lay them up, & now I have lost Sight of them: they celebrated M^{rs} Rudd's Fame very comically, & ended with a Parody upon Young's Tag to the 4th Act of the Revenge³

Thou Caroline (he says) those Shades invite
By Day who cheated—or who stabbed by Night—

After mentioning many Heroes of Villainy he says of Parson Horne

He with black Hand shall lead the bride—and spread
His Gown and Cassock on the Nuptial Bed.

I have a Notion these Verses were written by Mason, who would not to be sure think it worth while to own them; his being found out to be the Authour of the heroick Epistle⁴ shews he has under that appearance of Coldness—a large portion of Fire and pungent Satire; and I shall for ever esteem Sir Joshua Reynolds for finding out that he *did* write the Poem to Chambers and of Course the other to Shebbeare.⁵ thus it was. Lord Harcourt told Sir Joshua that Mason had mentioned to him how much he loved Reynolds, but says he there's no dining with him in any Comfort, he is so surrounded with Wits—now of all Company I hate none like Wits; Sir Joshua upon this contrived a dinner with only his Nieces and a friendly Brother Artist, to meet whom he invited M^r Mason: in a few Days, Mason ran laughing to Lord Harcourt, and said well!

¹ Boswell's long account of their interview (*Boswell Papers*, xi. 303–11) makes no mention of this remark.

² under the Title of a Love Letter from Captain Roach to M^{rs} Rudd.—it says somewhere

Yet dread not thou a vulgar Swain's approach
The Man who courts thy hand is Captain Roach. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Captain David Roach (or Roche), of the East India service, was twice tried and acquitted for the murder of a Captain Ferguson at the Cape of Good Hope in 1774. *Gent. Mag.* xlv. 284–5; xlv. 347, 403, 605.

³ 'He, with pale hand, shall lead the bride and spread
Eternal curtains round our nuptial bed.'

⁴ The heroic Epistle to S^r W^m Chambers—beginning Knight of the polar Star. *Mrs. Thrale*. The *Heroic Epistle* (1773) was a satire upon Chambers's espousal of Chinese taste, in his *Dissertation upon Oriental Gardening* (1772).

⁵ *An Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare, to which is added an Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton* . . . (1777).

now you certainly told Sir Joshua my dislike of a *witty* Society, for sure enough he did treat me with the reverse t'other day, and who should he pitch upon to meet me of all People but *Sir W^m Chambers*¹ of all *Men alive*:—comical enough! to ask *me* to dine with *Sir William Chambers*: his laying this Stress upon a Thing quite in the common way, made it instantly strike Reynolds that he wrote the Epistle, otherwise there could have been no such oddity in his meeting an eminent Architect.

18: Jan: 1779.] M^{rs} Crewe asked me the other day if the Story in Fanny Burney's Book—*Evelina*—about M^r Macartney was not founded on Fact, for said She I heard it was true, and that She had told you so; and that you had told many, how the Anecdote or Circumstance or what you will of Macartney's going to shoot himself² actually did happen to her own Brother Charles Burney,³ who having been expelled the University & forbidden his Fathers house was actually discovered by his Sister Fanny in the desperate State mentioned of Macartney. I protested to M^{rs} Crewe that I had never heard a word on't before that moment, so that I never could have related what I never had heard, nor was inclined to invent it.—however said I the Story may be true, tho' tis false that I knew any thing of the matter—and accordingly the next Day when Burney came himself—I gave him a hint that I had heard somebody observe that the Story of Macartney was written with such *feeling*, it must *absolutely* be founded on Fact; at this Discourse he changed Colour so often, and so apparently that tho' I instantly got quit of the Conversation—I left it however well perswaded that all M^{rs} Crewe said—or great part of it was but too true. A Strange World after all! Mondaccio! as Baretti justly calls it.—

¹ he was the Brother artist it seems. *Mrs Thrale*.

² In Letter 43.

³ I have since heard that this Son of the Doctor's, this *Charles Burney* was a *Thief*, and as such expelled the University tho' an eminent Scholar; if so, & so it certainly was,—the Family might well colour and fret at the mention of him—I find now that Fanny gave the Profits of her Book for his Support in y^e Distresses to w^{ch} Vice had driven him. *Mrs. Thrale*. This strange story, in so far as it concerns Charles Burney's expulsion, is true, although it has been so carefully guarded by the Burneys' family pride, and perhaps also by the charity of the Burneys' biographers, that it has not been previously mentioned in the family records. Charles entered Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, at the beginning of Michaelmas term, 1776, and 'left college after a short time: he was detected removing books from the University Library . . . Venn, *Gonville and Caius College Biographical History* (1898), ii. 99. He was certainly, however, not forbidden the house, for he was at home on June 11, 1777. *Early Diary of F. Burney*, ii. 279. He entered Aberdeen University in 1777, and graduated M.A. in 1781. *Roll of Alumni in Arts, Aberdeen* (1900). The only reference to his disgrace which I have found among the Burney's own records is in an unpublished letter from Susan Burney to Charles, written about February 1, 1779, which now belongs to Professor Tinker of Yale. She

Somebody was saying how much the round hand writing was now preferred to the Italian; and yet one knows not why continued the Speaker—I suppose replies M^{rs} Crewe tis only because one has seen so much Sense written in the one Hand & so much Non-sense in the other.

I asked M^{rs} Crewe's little Boy one day what Countryman his Schoolmaster was; a *Latin* man I believe replied the Lad, he was near nine Years old.

20: Jan: 1779.] My second Daughter Susanna Arabella who will not be nine Years old till next May, can at this moment read a French Comedy to divert herself, and these very Holy days her Amusement has been to make Sophy & sometimes Hester help her to act the two or three 1st Scenes of Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme: add to this that She has a real Taste for English Poetry, and when M^r Johnson repeated some of Dryden's Musick Ode the other day, She said She had got the whole poem, & Pope's too upon the same Subject by Heart for her own Amusement.—Her Knowledge of Arithmetick goes no farther than the four Rules, but She has worked a Map of Europe, and has a comprehensive Knowledge of Geography that would amaze one.

M^{rs} Crewe was saying how happy M^{rs} Vesey must be to come from Ireland—we all know She hates Ireland—and how delightful it must be to her to see M^{rs} Montagu again: ay replied I She does adore M^{rs} Montagu, almost as much as She hates her Husband¹—but says She it must be uncomfortable too to divide one's self so—I should hate to be living half my Life on one Side the Sea & half o' th' other.—Why really I replied, M^{rs} Vesey's manner of spending her Time does sometimes put me in Mind of that Heathen Goddess who lived half the Year with *Ceres* in *Heaven*—& the other half with her *Husband* in *Hell*.

says: 'You desire to know my dear Charles whether James [their older brother who had sailed with Cook on his third voyage, leaving England on July 12, 1776] has been informed of yr present Situation, & the unhappy cause which has led to it—I am sorry I am not able to answer the question, as I was in Kent when Letters were sent to meet him at the Cape from My Father, Fanny, & Charlotte, & Fanny being gone I cannot ask *her*. But I hope nothing has been said in them which would be painful either to himself or you—and still more do I hope that we all may have the greatest dependance on your present & future conduct . . . I have the satisfaction of hoping that you feel as we do a very eager desire that you may become in *all particulars* worthy our dear Father's kindness & protection, & consequently deserving of that peace and prosperity which I hope you will one day enjoy.' Later Charles Burney became a distinguished Greek scholar, and in 1807 he received by royal command the degree of M.A. from the University which had expelled him.

¹ The Rt. Hon. Agmondesham Vesey, whose seat was at Lucan, near Dublin. He was a member of the Club. Boswell, *Life*, v. 108, n. 8.

M^{rs} Wallace observing that I was *dead* this Winter, because I did not come to Town, *Morte* said I Madame mais *revenant*. The French call Spectres—Ghosts &c—*Revenans*.

A French Gentleman going to see Othello one Night, the Player tearing his Throat with Passion—says the Frenchman to his Friend—Il a perdu son Mouchoir.—Nobody reads Spenser's Pastorals, and they are exquisitely pretty; the Story in his February of the Oak and the Breere, and the other in his May of the Fox and the Kid are admirable: I repeated the first of these Fables to Miss Streatfield last Month as She sate by M^r Thrale commending Spenser—not one Word of which She knew by heart—the Choice happen'd oddly enough, as We were all circumstanced; but it was mere Accident tho' it looked so like Design.

It is strange how few People can repeat many Verses by heart, I know nobody but Johnson who has any Store of Poetry in his head if he were struck blind & could read no longer¹—D^r Delap is I think the next best at repeating either from Latin or English Classicks. I can repeat many Lines to be sure & in many Languages, but every body stares as though it were a Wonder.

I have heard that Miss Cooper hearing She was to lose her Sight, set about getting the Night Thoughts by heart—so much did She delight in the Poetry of D^r Young—She kept her Eyes however & all went well. The Description of Night by D^r Young is superior to that of either Dryden or Shakespear—& I made Johnson confess it so.

Night! sable Goddess from her Ebon Throne
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden Sceptre o'er a slumb'ring World:
Silence how dead! and Darkness how profound!
Creation sleeps—'tis as the general Pulse
Of Life stood still—and Nature made a pause,
An awful Pause prophetick of her End.²

Oh how excellent are these Lines—but as Granger sweetly says

When you struck the tender String
Darkness clapt her sable Wing;
Aside their Harps ev'n Seraphs flung,
To hear thy sweet Complaints oh Young!³

¹ Cf. *Prayers and Meditations* (Johns. Misc. i. 32): 'to treasure in my mind passages for recollection.'

² *Night Thoughts*, i. 18–25. She omits l. 5: 'Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object find.' Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 186.

³ 'Darkness clap'd her sable wing
While you touch'd the mournful string,

Fanny Burney has gained such Credit by her *Evelina* that Mr Sheridan invites her to write for the Stage,¹ and her Scoundrel Bookseller having advertised the Sylph along with it lately, and endeavouring to make the World believe it *hers*;² Mrs Leveson³ runs about the Town saying how clever Miss Burney must be! & what Knowledge of *Mankind* She must have! Knowledge of *Man-kind*! in good Time; the Sylph is an obscene Novel, and more *Knowledge of Mankind* is indeed wanting to't than any *professed* Virgin should have.

27: January 1779.] This is my Birthday, & on this unfortunate day I have been told a Piece of News which cruelly lowers my Spirits: poor dear Mrs Cumyns!⁴ the Friend of my Youth, the Protégé of my ripe Years; my earliest Acquaintance, my Fellow labourer in the Work of Educating my second & third Daughters⁵—poor dear Mrs Cumyns! who as well as myself is this Day thirty seven Years old,⁶ has got a Cancer in her Breast; which by its present Appearance is likely soon to terminate our long & true Kindness for each other—This Day will not I fear return to her, whatever it does to me.—

The Flight of Time is now so shocking to me, I can hardly bear to see the *Winter* going—though Spring is the nearer for it, & I live this Year wholly in the Country; yet there are so *few* Winters to be *now* expected!

The Death of David Garrick⁷ too has crushed the Spirits of many People among whom I now live—Johnson, Murphy—

Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.

—'Ode on Solitude,' ll. 57-64.

¹ See below, pp. 381, 401.

² It is now attributed to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. See Mme D'Arblay's *Diary* (i. 192-3, 418, and n. 1) for details. Lowndes's conduct was probably the cause of her changing to another publisher when *Cecilia* came out in 1782.

³ Daughter to Mrs Boscawen the Admiral's Widow. *Mrs. Thrale*. And wife to Admiral John Leveson-Gower.

⁴ See above, p. 291.

⁵ Susanna & Sophia. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁶ She was really thirty-eight. Cf. above, p. 3, n. 1.

⁷ On January 20. She tried to persuade Murphy to go to the funeral, and his reply (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 891) shows him of two minds: 'a Funeral of the Pompous sort I hear of is tremendous, & besides no body has asked me to attend: Add to this, I should be ready to hang myself for a week to come . . . I begin to think I must somehow undergo this terrible Task, since you desire it of me.'

Burney. I knew him only just well enough to be proud of knowing him, not well enough to care about his Death, except as at the stopping up a Source of Merriment in the midst of a miserable World. but Johnson was his Friend, Murphy his Enemy, & Burney his Obligée. Murphy felt it the deepest however;—Suivez as Jean Jacques says—la Chaîne de tout cela.¹

Mr^s Strickland is now my oldest Acquaintance, indeed I think I knew her before Betsy Cumyns²—but She lives commonly at such a Distance³ I seldom see her; & the Cottons with whom I was likewise bred up very much—have some odd Dislike to talk about Our early Days which is the only Talk they have that can contribute much to my Delight in their Company: I grow to love them better than I did though; tis cold Sport to quarrel with each other, when Death is at hand ready to quarrel with us all.

Mr Scrase told me once that when a Man came to die, he commonly preferred his Relations to any one else, in the Distribution of his Money I mean:—Not says Scrase because he thinks them better People, but because having been disgusted by almost everybody, he returns to them who disgusted him the longest while ago.⁴ Mr Scrase is an Attorney retired from Business;⁵ he is a Man of more acute Parts, and keen Penetration than I think I ever yet saw; quite unadorned however with Literature and unembellished with Elegance: but it may be well said of him that

He strikes each point with native Force of Mind,
While puzzled Learning labours far behind.⁶

for Judgement unclouded with Prejudice, Sense unentangled with Error; and Steady Friendship unbiassed by Interest—give me Charles Scrase of Brighthelmstone.⁷

I have a great Aversion to a Difficulty Maker—a Man who if one asks him to write a Letter of Solicitation will make Enquiries & hunt after Scruples—let a Man oblige *me* at a Word or I will ask him no more. For promptness of Expedient, Activity in re-

¹ From Rousseau's *Émile, Œuvres complètes* (1911), ii. 16. It is one of her favourite quotations. Cf. above, p. 66, and below, p. 457.

² then Thornton of Breachwood Green Herts. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ At Sizergh Castle, Westmorland.

⁴ Cf. Johnson's remark, *Life*, v. 105-6.

⁵ A retired partner of Mr. Robson, Thrale's attorney. *Gent. Mag.* lxii. 92.

⁶ 'She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.'

—Young, *Love of Fame*, Satire v, ll. 349-50.

⁷ Johnson said of him: 'He has many things which I wish to have, his knowledge of business and of the law. He has likewise a great chair.' *Letters*, No. 591.

moving Obstacles, Solicitude to oblige, & Alacrity to dispatch the Business,—give me Sir Thomas Mills.—Johnson is admirable at giving Counsel—no Man sees his Way better, but he will not stir to do anything—

His Pride in Reas'ning not in Acting lies.¹

besides that he has Principles of Laziness and can be indolent by Rule: to hinder your Death or procure you a Dinner;—I mean if starving—he will set about most vigorously, and do it with all possible Effect; but to obtain a Vote in a Society, repay a Compliment which would be of future Utility, write a Letter requesting a Favour from a distant Friend—or such things; no Force moves him, nor no Tenderness can induce.—What good will it do the Man says he? Dearest Lady let's have no more on't.²—

1: Feb: 1779.] Most uncommon Weather; my Thorn as I call it which is always used to blossom on the 1st of April over against my Bed Chamber Window, is budded out now, and seems ready to burst into Flower—The Lilacs are coming out as fast as can be, & I see one Honeysuckle quite in Leaf: we had scarce any Frost these last Months & no Snow at all. if Spring goes regularly on from this Time it will be a new Thing. I have a Hen & Chickens too already; Animals as well as Vegetables seem to experience the uncommon Mildness of the Season.

Perhaps the Cuckoo may sing next Month—I usually rate the forwardness of the Spring by his Appearance, which I never knew earlier than the 10: of April, nor ever so early but one Year.³

10: Feb: 1779.] Here is the tenth Day of February 1779. my Thorn is in full Flower, the Weather is as mild as May & the Roads just like Summer: the Croakers expect a Comet or an Earthquake, but the rest of the World agrees that tis lovely Weather.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke was observing to day that it was a common coarse Expression—who made you a Conjuror by cutting your Ears off?⁴ I suppose this took its Rise at beginning from Smerdis the Mage, who enjoyed the Kingdom of Persia by personating

¹ Pope, *Epistle to Cobham*, l. 118.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 279–80. Boswell took exception to this aspersion, quoting most of this passage from the *Anecdotes*, and confounding her by quoting her own statement about Johnson's liberality in writing Prefaces, etc., on request (*Anecdotes*, p. 180, and p. 162 above)—which he termed contradictory. *Life*, iv. 343–4. But Mrs. Thrale refers here only to the trifling social favours which seemed unimportant to Johnson. ³ The Year 1774. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Crop the Conjuror is a common Name to call Boys by when their Hair is just cut. *Mrs. Thrale*. Grote's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (1785) says that this expression was 'a jeering appellation of one with short hair.'

& resembling that Smerdis who had he been alive, must have inherited the Throne in Right of Birth—& whose imposture was only detected by Otanes directing his Daughter Phedyma one of the Wives to examine her Husband's head in the Night, whether he had any Ears or no: She, perceiving he had none, told her Father, who found out that he was an Impostor who by Art & Contrivance had obtained the Crown & perswaded the People to take him for the true Smerdis.¹—he was I suppose the Original Conjuror with his Ears cut off; for his Ears had it seems been cut off for Sorcery many Years before, upon which he had absconded, nor ever shewed his Head after, till he got the Crown fixed upon it.

I have often thought that the Pantomime of Orpheus & Eurydice, beginning with a Scene in which the Stage is darkened & a great Egg rolled on the Stage, out of which the Witches² hatch Harlequin,³ has some Affinity however distant and unobserv'd to the Orphic Egg from which he—Orpheus was supposed to hatch the World. I believe this was mentioned before.

Pope had no Notion of that I fancy, or we should have had it in the Notes to the Dunciad Book 3: Line 248.⁴

We were playing the fool today & saying every body was like some Colour; & I think some Silk—Sophy Streatfield was to be

¹ A romanticized version of the story of Gaumata, the Magian priest, who, after Cambyses' secret murder of Smerdis, younger son of Cyrus the Great, claimed the Persian throne as Smerdis, and ruled until Darius murdered him in turn, in 521 B.C.

² a Leaf torn out. *Mrs. Thrale*. This missing leaf formed pp. 73-4 of vol. iii.

³ A reference to one of Rich's most popular Harlequin inventions, which he introduced in 1717. John Jackson, *History of the Scottish Stage* (1793), p. 364. Jackson writes: 'On his [Rich's] last revival of *The Sorcerer* I saw him practise the hatching of Harlequin by the heat of the sun, in order to point out the business to Miles, who, though excellent in the line of dumb significance, found it no easy matter to retain the lesson Rich had taught him—this certainly was a masterpiece in dumb show—from the first chipping of the egg, his receiving of motion, his feeling of the ground, his standing upright, to his quick Harlequin trip round the empty shell . . .' *Ibid.*, pp. 367-8. The *Orpheus and Eurydice* in connexion with which Mrs. Thrale saw it was probably Lewis Theobald's skit of that name, written for Rich in 1723 and produced in 1739, over which Rich had a dispute with John Hill, the apothecary, who accused Rich of stealing the idea of his *Orpheus, an English Opera*, with the harlequinade attached to it. *Mr. Rich's Answer to . . . John Hill . . .* (1739). *Harlequin Sorcerer*, to which Jackson refers, was another skit of Theobald's, also written for Rich. The transfer by the same company of a popular harlequinade from one entertainment to another was probably not unusual, since the pantomime was regarded as comic filling, and was not closely connected with the text of the play to which it was attached. *Harlequin Sorcerer*, for instance, when it was first published in 1725, had Harlequin riding in with the witches at the opening, instead of being hatched.

⁴ 'Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.' It occurs in a passage ridiculing Rich. Pope's note to this line is: 'In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large egg.'

a pea Green Satten, Fanny Brown a Jonquil Colour'd Lutstring Miss Burney¹ a lilac Tabby, & myself a Gold Colour'd Watered Tabby: My Master a mouse Dun & Johnson who helped this Folly forward was to be a Marone. Marone comes from Maron I suppose the French Word for a Chesnut.

The next Nonsense was Flowers: here we set down Mr^s Montagu for the *Rose* Hetty Thrale for the Pink, S: S: the Jessamine, Burney—the Author of *Evelina* for the *Ranunculus*—and so finished without my being named at all—Mr Langton is really very like in his Person to a Hyacinth with a long Stalk & drooping Head—Lady Frances Burgoyne would do well for the Crown Imperial, and as for me I shall petition to be set down for a Sprig of Myrtle—which the more it is *crushed*, the more it discloses its *Sweetness*.

Mr *Thrale* is making me a Cold Bath;² I am very fond of Bathing, and think it an extremely beneficial Thing to general Health, though more fit for many Women than for me:³ the Lax fibred Ladies who are seized with a Purging whenever they are vex'd, or cry whenever they are contradicted, should certainly be often plunged in to the coldest Water,—and Women who are subject to miscarry would doubtless be greatly strengthened by its use; but I who am rather plethoric, am to blame sometimes for indulging myself too much in the Habit of it. there are however so many Temptations! tis such a Friend to Beauty & to Love! smoothing the Skin, illuminating the Complexion, exciting Ideas of such perfect Cleanliness, bracing up everything that frequent Pregnancy relaxes—I only wonder the Women use it so little, & that the Men can be pleased with those who never use it at all. one might write up these Lines over the Bath very properly.—

Would you still be fair and young,
Clear of Accent glib of Tongue;
Take in Life a lasting Root
Loose of Limb and light of Foot;
Nice your Palate, quick your Sight,
Strong in Sense, in Fancy bright,

¹ author of *Evelina*. *Mrs. Thrale*. In spite of the fact that Fanny Burney had been an intimate of Streatham since the previous August, this is the first allusion to her by Mrs. Thrale which betrays any personal acquaintance. Fanny's diary, by contrast, was made up, during these months, almost entirely of accounts of her visits at Streatham.

² Tho' he loves Sophy Streatfield, he has some Care for my Life I think; *I hope so.* *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Who always have a Notion I shall die Apoplectick as all my Family have done; & the Cold Bath by quickening Circulation is more likely to promote than prevent that Disease. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Would you wish with wanton Play
 Long to chase Old Age away;
 Long delude encroaching Years,
 Plunge at once, and quit your Fears.

these Lines are imitated from some Verses in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*,¹ which are too obscene to be borne, otherwise very fine I think. What a prodigious Effort of human Genius is that *Volpone*! when one reads it one is tempted to say—this is Perfection, let us look no further.—Our Miss Burney is big with a Comedy for next Season; I have not yet seen the *Ebauche*,² but I wish it well: Can I help wishing well to every thing that bears the name of *Burney*? The Doctor is a Man quite after my own Heart, if he has any Fault it is too much Obsequiousness, though I should not object to a Quality *my* Friends are so little troubled with.—his following close upon the heels of Johnson or Baretti makes me feel him softer though; like turning the Toothpick after you have rubbed your Gums with the *Brush* & immediately applying the *Spunge* to them. his Daughter is a graceful looking Girl, but 'tis the Grace of an Actress not a Woman of Fashion—how should it?³ her Conversation would be more pleasing if She thought less of herself; but her early Reputation embarrasses her Talk, & clouds her Mind with scruples about Elegancies which either come uncalled for or will not come at all: I love her more for her Father's sake than for her own, though her Merit cannot as a Writer be controverted. The Play will be a good one too I doubt not—She is a Girl of prodigious Parts—

What a charming Passage about Friendship is this from some old Sermon—but whose I have forgotten! the old Divine observes—that—

When a Man first opens upon the World warm with Youth, & flushed with Expectation; he fancies the Offer of his own Kindness a certain & adequate Exchange for that of his Neighbour; he therefore chuses hastily, and confides rashly.—but after a pretty many Years Experience; after observing the hardness of some hearts, and the hollowness of others, he finds out that a *Friend* is the Gift of God, and that he only who *made* human Hearts can *unite them*.

¹ II, ii: 'You that would last long, list to my song,' etc.

² Later known as *The Wiltings*. See below, p. 401. Mrs. Thrale herself was perhaps the first to excite Fanny's ambition to write for the stage. Her letter of July 22, 1778, to Dr. Burney, written before she had met the authoress, said: 'but I cannot tell what might not be expected from Evelina was she to try her Genius at Comedy.' On the occasion of Fanny's first visit to Streatham, and thereafter, she repeated her encouragement. D'Arbly, *Diary*, i. 48 ff., 89 ff., 202.

³ The Burneys are I believe a very low Race of Mortals. *Mrs. Thrale*.

I am sorry Mr Thrale has such a Spirit of Alteration; it vexes me to see the old Seats my Mother used to sit in taken away, & the Mount poor Harry used to crawl up levelled with the Ground; the place may look finer for ought I know, but I can associate no Ideas to it in its present State:¹ the Pleasure of recollecting past Conversations endears even mute Objects to one's Mind, and I love the dwarf Apple Trees My Mother planted better than all the Woods of Fontainebleau.

I never offer to cross my Master's Fancy however unless on some truly serious Occasion, nor do I think any Occasion serious enough to excuse Contradiction unless Virtue Life, or Fortune are concerned. was I to dye tomorrow I could swear, I never oppos'd his Inclination three Times in the fifteen Years we have been married.²

It has often been my Admiration to observe, how many People, and particularly Women, delight in Contest when they know beforehand they shall be defeated; always fighting the Battle with their Husbands & always losing the Victory; 'tis comical to see how strangely insensible they must be to Refusal or Rejection. was I to propose a Journey Mr Thrale would refuse to let me take; or desire a Tree to be cut down or planted, & he should—as he most undoubtedly would, give me a coarse Reply and abrupt Negative, it would make *me* miserable: to have one's own un Importance presented suddenly to one's Sight, and one's own Qualities insolently undervalued by those who do not even *pretend* to possess them.—is sufficiently mortifying; yet I every day see People putting themselves unnecessarily in the way on't. I am therefore among the few who make it a general Rule never to object, & seldom to propose.³—I always mean to make exceptions in Questions concerning Fortune Life or Morality.

In The Spirit of fighting Battles they know will be lost, seem to be all the proceedings of the King & his Tory Ministers against the Minority and Whig Opposition, for these last seven or ten Years: I wish they may not by their unskillfulness kindle a Civil War nearer than that they have blown up in America—Ireland is hourly expected to revolt.

¹ Feb: 1779. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² I did not oppose the Alterations I complain of.—nor any Alterations he can afford to make, tho' I certainly do hate 'em heartily. *Mrs. Thrale.*

³ See how differently Pride operates in different Constitutions. *Mrs. Thrale.*

Scaliger says that the Normans¹ make the B: & the V: synonymous, and call Bourdeaux Vourdeaux; tis observable enough that the Welch do it likewise: M^r Salusbury of Vachygraig say they often, instead of M^r Salusbury of Bachygraig. in the Spanish Language however it is regular to use 'em for each other as well as the F. & the H. *formosa* or *hermosa*.² Scaliger confounds the Glow worm with the Exhalation we call Will o' the Wisp;³ he calls them Noctilucae, to be sure & so they are, but one is an Animal the other a Vapour.

A Quibble is no such bad thing; Jesus Christ made a Quibble when he said *Tu es Petrus* & super *hoc Petrum* &c. I think, but I should ask the Scholars if 'tis a Quibble in Hebrew, before I get such Authority for punning.

Tis a gross Mistake that every tenth Wave is bigger than the rest; Varenius should not have believed such Nonsense: I have watched the Sea for hours at Brighthelmstone, and never could make it come right to the Notion either in calm or rough Weather.

27: Feb: 1779.] As White is the meanest & most imperfect Colour, most expressive of Weakness & Delicacy I mean; so Yellow seems the most noble of all Tints; fades less, glows more, & appears to partake more considerably than any other of its splendid Parent the Sun. Yellow is the first Colour that salutes us in the Spring, & as the Crocus is the earliest, so the african Marygold is among the latest of the Tribe.

To day I observed the *Yellow* Butterflies sporting in the Warmth, for the Weather is like May; and I have this moment recollected that when we were chusing Silks as Emblems of ourselves, Johnson put *me* down for a full Yellow Tabby. A propòs the Richest Metal, *Gold* is of this glorious hue, and no Serpent possesses such exalted Venom as the Yellow Carolina Creature, known by the name of the Cobra de Capello.—

I write this the 27: of Feb: 1779. no Fire in my Room, & all the Sashes thrown up for Air: I heard a Blackbird sing in the Wood to day quite plain, & saw him too.

1: March 1779.] A melancholy Day for me both as a Welch-woman, & as a Woman connected with Trade: for the first, I find

¹ not the Normans, the Gascoons he says do so. *Mrs. Thrale*. See Julius Cæsar Scaliger's *De Causis Linguae Latine* (Geneva, 1580), Lib. 1, p. 22: 'Vasconibus quoque hoc est vitium peculiare, ut eo modo pronuncient B, quo & Graecos dicimus. Itaque lusimus in eos epigrammate, ut eorum Vivere, Bibere, sit.'

² The Bay of Honduras is so called from its *Depth Fond* or *Hond* being synonymous. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ *Scaligerana* (1695), p. 285.

Government has set about resuming the dormant Claim of Crown Lands in the Principality; and for the second they have taxed the Brewery so as to curtail *our particular Income* not less than two Thousand Pounds Sterling a Year.—dreadful Times!

When Trade's proud Empire sweeps to swift decay
As Ocean heaves the labour'd Mole away:¹

A sinking State is a shocking thing; to see it gradually declining as we do now—and such a State!

Oh Lamentable! as poor old Lady Drake says.

Baretti's Effort has partly succeeded I hear, however bad the Times be: I had no heart on't myself, but it will do: he & Phillidor² have jointly fitted up the *Carmen Seculare*³ for publick Exhibition, and 'tis said they have got two or three hundred Pounds clear by it; if Baretti can make 500⁴ he may buy himself an Annuity will secure him from Distress. I wish he may, he has a great Soul and a forcible Understanding, and the Sight of a Wit wanting Bread is to me very mournful. We are not Friends, but Baretti is a Man of great & valuable Powers, Friend or Foe; & like the Highwaymen one must be true to the Gang.

I fear poor Dear Burney feels these Times more than he owns to, though Musick is the last Luxury we shall be perswaded to part with; but he will never get paid for his heavy Book⁴ upon the Subject I think. he has translated some old Monkish Rhymes mighty neatly, they will contribute to egayer les Choses.

Musicorum et Cantorum magna est distantia
Isti dicunt, illi sciunt quæ componit Musica:
Nam qui facit quod non sapit definitur Bestia
Cæterum tonantis vocis si ludent Acumina.
Superabit Philomela vel vocalis Asina.

¹ Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, ll. 427–8:

'That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away.'

² François André Dancian Philidor, a French composer resident in England since 1771, was, according to Dr. Burney, among the first of his countrymen to appreciate Italian music. *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, i. 123, n. 1. Many years later, in June 1808, Mrs. Thrale (then Mrs. Piozzi) learned from her husband, and entered in a separate journal, 'Minced Meat for Pyes' (now in the Harvard Library), that Mr. Piozzi had written the overture to Philidor's opera, *The Deserter*.

³ Of Horace. According to Baretti, the scheme brought him £150 'in three nights, and three times as much to Philidor, whom I got to set it to music. It would have benefited us both (if Philidor had not proved a scoundrel) greatly more than these sums.' Boswell, *Life*, iii. 373, n. 3.

⁴ *General History of Music*, of which only the first volume was as yet published. The second appeared in 1782, and the third and fourth volumes in 1789.

Quare eis esse suum tollit Dialectica.
 Hac de Causa rusticorum multitudo plurima:
 Donec frustra vivit mira laboret Insania
 Dum sine Magistro nulla discitur Antiphona.

Wide's the Distance & Condition
 Between a Singer and Musician;
 The one repeats, the other knows
 The Sounds which Harmony compose:
 And he who acts with out a Plan
 May be defined more Beast than Man:
 At Shrillness if he only aim
 The Nightingale his Strains may shame,
 And still more loud and deep the Lay
 Which Bulls can roar and Asses bray;
 A human form t'was vain to give
 To Beings merely sensitive;
 Who ne'er can quit the leading String
 Nor Psalm without a Master sing.—

Burney pretends to be jealous of Sir Phillip Jennings Clerke, who has been very assiduous about me of late, & seems to pant after our Society—how little Cause has he to be jealous of any one—next to Johnson & Scrase¹ I love the dear Doctor to be sure, but Johnson is next to my own immediate Family in my favour, then Mr Scrase whom I do love & honour with true & affectionate Esteem, then Burney Murphy & Seward—the rest are at an immeasurable Distance as to real Kindness, however I may like their Company, Or wish to serve them when it comes in my way. I did love little Evans, but when he married,² I lost all Comfort of *him*, & I should have taken violently to Mr Coxe³ I believe, but that he ran away to tutour some young Lords; & turning Quality dangler, he lost that Independent Spirit & lofty manner without which no Man can much please *me*—but In Burney I *pardon* the want on't. Sir Phillip has nothing particular to recommend him but good plain sense & Manners highly polished—a Civility of a very fine sort it is though, always gentle & never obsequious,—the Manner of an old Horse Officer entirely, & not too ceremonious neither. Manner however, & Courage I suppose, is all the old Baronet has; for there is a total Absence of Literature, & an Ignorance of common things in that way Which amazes one. He has a good Taste however in Gardening.⁴

¹ They are both 74 years old this year. *Mrs. Thrale*. Each was actually in his 70th year.

² or rather owned his Marriage. *Mrs. Thrale*. See above, p. 109.

³ William Coxe, the traveller. He tutored the Duke of Marlborough's eldest son, and later the Earl of Pembroke's son.

⁴ and a good Taste for my Conversation, & for whatever I may *say*. I already hope great

I have just recollected some Verses of Dr Burney's on my saying
I was ashamed to think how much he praised me

Honest Praise you may parry as much as you will,
And aver 'tis forbidden to taste it:
For you I brimfull will the Incense Pot fill,
Yet never can lavish or waste it.

Your Head I have ne'er thought so empty & light
That such Vapours could injure or turn it;
What I say of your Worth you must hear day & Night
From Wits that can better discern it.

More justly decide of yourself and of me
Nor the Sycophant's Trade think I follow,
E'er such a vile Slave to the Great I would be
I'd like Marsyas be flay'd by Apollo.

Sir Philip Clerke has been consulted about the Alterations we have lately made in our Pleasure Ground—he is a famous Orator on the side of the Whigs in Parliament, so I call his Walk his Seat &c. The *Phillipicks* of *Demosthenes*. He was formerly a Gentleman well known by the name of Phil: Jennings; & being a Man of Family & Fortune, rose to the Rank of Colonel in the Army,¹ when he was supposed a favourite with many a handsome Woman, & particularly with Mr Thrale's Widow Sister Lady Lade, by whom I have heard he had A Child—however in process of Time he had an Estate left him in Hampshire by an old Sir Something Clerke² whose Name he took, & a new Patent in order to succe[*e*]d him likewise in the Title. It was on this Occasion that Mr Thrale's other Sister M^{rs} Plumbe now³ Lady Mayoress, said Lord! how odd it is that Colonel Jennings should have thus changed *both* his Names; *both* says I Madam what do you mean?—why says She, was he not *Colonel Jennings* before, & now is not he Sir Philip Clerke? I fancy she thought Colonel a Name.

The fine Men of this Age use their Wives very ill, & then wonder at their Infidelity—when all things are considered, their Wonder is unjust. They should look out only for Women well grounded in

Tenderness from him, & feel an earnest Desire of making myself agreeable which is always a certain Symptom of Liking, so well done Sir Philip! *Mrs. Thrale*.

¹ He was not a *Young Captain* but there were younger Captains he Says, at the Siege of Carthagen. *Mrs. Thrale*. The siege of Cartagena (Colombia) was in 1741.

² I have since known that it was Sr Talbot Clerke his Mother's Father. *Mrs. Thrale*. According to the epitaph which she wrote for his parents, Sir Talbot Clerke of Launde Abbey in Leicestershire was his mother's brother. His father was Philip Jennings, Esq., of Duddestone Hall, Salop. Sir Philip was one of a family of three sons and eight daughters. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 629.

³ March 1779. *Mrs. Thrale*.

Religion, & highly principled to love Virtue for its future Expectation through Jesus Christ—no other Principles *will* restrain a Woman of a warm Constitution & high health from making Cuckolds of Creatures who neglect their Charms, & prefer confessedly a Box & Dice, or a mere Affectation of the Bon Ton. to be married to such Men is having their Virtue set on the Ice I think—without a pair of Skaits—& be orderd to walk steady. Now & then a Lady through coldness of Temperament may be constant to such Husbands to be sure—but either the Men should make themselves more amiable, or marry such Women as will endeavour to secure their own Salvation, & resolve not to keep a Man Company to *Hell*, when he would not keep them Company upon *Earth*. Such Principles will be proof against all Temptation both of Love & Pride with God's Grace:—do you your own Way says a Lady of such Notions, but as for me and my House **We will serve the Lord.**—

The great Earl of Peterborough¹ was once followed through some Country Town—Nottingham I think it was—and mistaken for John Duke of Marlbro'. He took refuge in an Inn, & harangued them thus from the Balcony of it.

Gentlemen

Give me leave to prove to You that I am not the Duke of Marlborough; first because I have but five Guineas in my Pocket, and secondly because *they* are perfectly at your Service. He then threw the Money into the Street & the Crowd after picking it up immediately dispersed.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke wished us to remove a *Sycamore* Tree that stood in the way of some Improvements he was planning in our Pleasure Ground—If you love us said I spare that Tree; indeed Madam I fear we must move it replied he. well then said I—*Sic amor transit*.

Sir Philip said I one Morning to M^r Thrale, has not manag'd well with his Alterations, considering he's an *experienc'd Officer*; he should have contriv'd the *Close Walk* before there was any Appearance of a *Swell* methinks, and the *Burst* should have waited till the last.

I was I think never so surprized at any Instance of Ignorance as at one this Evening from Sir Philip Jennings Clerke; He really did not know a Quarto Book from an Octavo nor an octavo from a 12^{mo} now so near 70 Years of Age—*Risum teneatis*.²

¹ The 3rd Earl, the friend of Pope and Swift.

² Horace *De Arte Poetica*, l. 5.

I have this Moment put into my Hand a Poem concerning the Geranium Flower; tis not very long, and tis I think exceedingly Ingenious: but so obscæne I will not pollute my Book with it. Though nobody sees the Thraliana but my self, I can not bear that our Father who seeth in Secret & is of purer Eyes than to behold Uncleaness, should know my beastly privacies—though strongly tempted therefore to copy or get it by heart I have done neither, but returned it to M^{rs} Byron who lent it me—without any Comment. I cannot think of the Man's Name who wrote it¹ but tis mighty clever in its way *that it is*.

24: March 1779.] Fanny Burney and I said the other day that we would write a Weekly Paper & send it to London to our Gentlemen who desert us most grievously for the sake of attending Parliament—What says I shall we call our Paper? Oh the Flasher to be sure says She—we have a Hack Phrase here at Streatham of calling ev'ry thing *Flash* which we want other folks to call *Wit*. well said I write you the introductory paper, and I will put in a Song.—

I sent 'em a Gazette in Imitation of Swift's Country Post last Week which diverted them highly.

She wrote the Paper therefore, to which I affixed the Motto from Queen Christina's Cannon

Habet sua fulmina Juno—

I.

How bold the Streatham Muse is grown
To *flash* when all her *sparks* are flown²
Will nothing then abash her?
Our Solitary Copse can blaze
Without the Sun's concentred Rays
To animate our Flasher.

¹ it was Erskine Ld Buchan's Bro^r a crazy Man.—Erskine & Boswell publish'd their Correspondence when 14 years old as I remember—but both are supposed to be touched strong with *Insanity*. Mrs. Thrale. Boswell was twenty-three in 1763, when he published *Letters between the Honourable Andrew Erskine, and James Boswell Esq.* and so was Erskine. Both suffered from intermittent hypochondria. Erskine finally drowned himself in the Forth shortly before October 13, 1793, in despondency over his debts. *Boswell Papers*, xviii. 218, 221; xii. 240. He was not related to Lord Buchan, although the family name was the same. He was the youngest brother of Thomas Alexander Erskine, 6th Earl of Kellie.

² “Mr Thrale (says Dr Johnson) is become *Peregrinus Domi* We never see him now” “—No! cried I—singing

What tho' I have Skill to complain
Tho' the Muses *my* Temples have crowned!

&c. Johnson laughed very heartily. He knew I alluded to Sophy Streatfield. Mrs. Thrale. Cf. above, p. 356, n. 4. The quotation is from Nicholas Rowe's *Colin's Complaint*.

2.

Nor Cruelty our Wit controuls,
 Like Salt they sprinkle on the Coals
 That glow beneath the Rasher;
 It makes our Flame but burn more bright,
 And prompts us to pursue your Flight
 With Gazette or with Flasher.

3.

From such faint Fires my Master cries
 The meek Minerva's¹ radiant Eyes
 May lead a Man away sure:
 No Meteor wit approaches near,
 Where Sophy like the Sun severe
 Soon dissipates each Flasher.

4.

Forbear Sir Philip cries, my Friend,
 With pop Gun Wits shall we contend?
 We must accept their Trash,—or
 Displease the Streatham Coterie,
 Which I've objections to—*D'ye see*,²
 So e'en let pass the Flasher.

Dempster collects Bons Mots for Boswell's Journal or Repository or whatever it is—He is my *Factor* says Boswell,—If replies Burke he collects such Stuff as I sometimes see you contented to call Wit—he is a *Malefactor*.

Burke looks shy of me this Winter, I cannot guess for what; I always admired him extremely, & always said I did; I cannot conceive what is come over the Man.—

Burke says the *French* never forgive an Affront;

Manet altum mente repostum
 Iudicium *Paridis*³—

I did not admire this Quibble⁴ indeed, nor I cannot think why I should: *I* am the best at *forgiving* an Affront for I am almost sure to forget it.

Catherine Macaulay was accused to Johnson of painting her Face; She is better employed in reddening her own Cheeks surely replied he, than in blackening other People's Characters.⁵

Poor dear Dr Jebb! he is dying of a Consumption:⁶—I am greatly concerned at it—he is among the people I love vastly—so open so

¹ Sophy Streatfield whose Greek and whose Beauty entitle her to the Compliment, & who having no Taste for Wit & *Flash* deserves the whole Stanza quite well. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² *D'ye see* is a hack Phrase of Sr Philip's. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Vergil *Aeneid*, i. 26-7: 'Manet alta mente repostum', etc.

⁴ i.e. on *Paris*.

⁵ Cf. Boswell, *Life*, iii. 46.

⁶ He did not die until 1787.

confiding in his Manner, so fertile in his Fancy, so skillfull in his Profession, so very much the Man I like for Physician or Companion or any thing; I begin to be glad I could not see him oftener, now he is likely to be quite lost.—

I could have grown monstrous fond of S^r Richard Jebb.—& he has written me so sweet a Letter now,—poor Soul! [30: March 1779.

Says Garrick to Johnson why did not you make me a Tory? you love to make people Tories.—Says Johnson to Garrick pulling a Handful of Half pence out of his Wastecoat pocket—Why did not the King make these—Guineas?¹

8: April 1779.] We were saying that

““No one would change his Neighbour for himself—””²

in short that no Man would change himself—that is his own Character all together, person Mind—Chance for Eternity tout ensemble with any other Man or Woman living or dead.

Johnson said he would change with nobody but Hugo Grotius. Burney rather wished to be Metastasio,—Boswell indeed desired to be Shakespear; but my Master—happy Man! desired only to remain *himself* for as many Years as he had already lived—here now are various & peculiar Modifications of Pride! every Man is so much the Standard of Excellence to himself, that he chuses that Character which is only *his own* amplified & exalted—thus Johnson wished to be still *more* a Wit a Critick & Philosopher.³ Burney desired to be still *more* a poet & Musician;⁴ Boswell wanted still more *Wildness*, *fire of Imagination*, & the fine *frenzy* he has already too much of; M^r Thrale fairly declared his utter Satisfaction in himself by his Choice, and a decided Preference of himself to any one. a little more of myself would it is plain be the sole petition of these Men to the Almighty—Solomon asked for *more Wisdom* on the same Principle, for he had a great deal before. I'll ask L^d Westcote to day who he w^d change with, I dare lay my Life he will name his own Brother whom he is very like. Well! but here I was mistaken; Lord Westcote did not even appear to think about his Brother, he chose to change with Archbishop Hough, Bishop Hough I mean, the famous good Prelate of Worcester, a Man eminent in his Day for Literature & Morals; who lived a

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 172.

² Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 262.

³ The chief reason for his admiration was the fact that Grotius employed his acute mind and legal training in the support of the Christian religion. See *Life*, i. 398, 454.

⁴ This admiration bore fruit in *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Abate Metastasio* (1796).

virtuous & a very long Life, & died a very pious and a very easy Death.

Miss Streatfield is herself in Love with Doctor Vyse.¹—he may say with Millamant

If there's Delight in Love; 'tis when I see,
The Heart which *others bleed for*—bleed for me.²

The foregoing Character of Hough put me in mind of him; he will be such a Man by what I hear: not sparkling but steady, not very bright, but very smooth. Sophy has suffered her *natural Taste* to prevail in her Choice of a Companion for Life: tis a Happiness few can enjoy—God send there may be no Obstacle to her Felicity; I mean no prior Engagement on his side;³ for the Love begins on hers: I am a poor Casuist in the *belle Passion*—but I think the Man shou'd love first—Nature seems to direct it so through all Animal Life—but surely, surely, there never yet was a Man who could resist the blandishments of such a Woman as this—& She does court him to be sure, but yet—

She does it with a pudency so rosy,
That her arts are chaste as unsunn'd Snow.⁴

17: April 1779.] Pepys duns me for Friendship still, & has done now for these dozen Years; he would be happy if I loved *him* he says half as well as I do two or three People who do not deserve my Kindness more—yet I always feel *trying* to fondle Pepys, while my Heart opens spontaneously to Murphy Seward or Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, & runs forward a Mile to meet my dear Doctor Burney—Ah! says Pepys yesterday—'tis seven & seven still & the Epergne⁵—you *will continue* to treat me like a common Acquaintance & 'tis very *cruel* of you M^{rs} Thrale, after twelve Years persecuting you with my Admiration—when shall we make such a Progress in Friendship that all this Ceremony may abate?—his

¹ Chaplain to Cornwallis Archbishop of Canterbury & Rector of Lambeth. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² Closing lines of the song sung off stage in *The Way of the World*, III. iii.

³ Dr. Vyse was already married to, and separated from, an invalid wife, whom he hoped to divorce. Hayward, i. 118–19. For Sophia's final spinsterhood, see below, p. 803 and n. 5.

⁴ ' . . . did it with

A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.'

—*Cymbeline*, II. v. 10–13.

⁵ i.e. they dined formally, at dinners consisting of two courses with seven dishes in each, finishing with dessert in the epergne. The expression 'seven and seven' is used to describe such a dinner in a list of menus appended to *Domestic Cookery . . . by a Lady* (1807), p. 315. I am indebted to Mrs. Albert C. Koch for this information.

Wife and my Husband laughed heartily at the Apostrophe—for my own Part I felt conscious of Ingratitude. I will make him read wth me something of the Classicks, & then perhaps we shall grow more intimate; for though I respect the Man vastly, & wish him well sincerely, I never feel any of that Tenderness for him, which I do for many a less valuable Friend. Johnson don't love him, may be that's the Reason; & Burney hates him too—but so he does Sir Philip, & all for the same Reason because he is a Whig—that is nonsense however, Johnson don't love Seward yet I do, & the Dr can't abide Jennings whom I rather delight in, so that Reason won't do, & I can think of none that will—I could grow very fond of Lord Westcote now, who is really a less agreeable Man—so much for the state of my Heart towards my Friends whose partiality for me sometimes amounts almost to disease. the Creatures do love me, & I have not flung my Fondness away upon any of them. Such a Eulogium as Johnson—who is an host—pronounc'd upon me here one day¹—Mercy on Me! what noble what generous Praise!—I sate & cryed almost at the hearing it—& yet to be so loved by such a Man!—who can wonder that my head is turned with Vanity?

The Swallows this Year came on the 10: of April, & the Nightingales in this Neighbourhood sung the 23 March, how odd! & how much more odd that the Cuckoo is not come yet.² I said the Members of Parliament had brought in a Bill to prohibit their Singing *this Year*, there are so many Objectors to *Cuckoo* in both Lords & Commons I suppose.

The Bishop of Llandaff's³ Bill for the better preventing Adultery⁴ is a paltry Thing, they should inflict some real Punishment: was a Woman to have her Ring Finger cut off; her Lover would hesitate a little in marrying her I'll warrant him; & She well deserves a Punishment as severe as that at least, for thus madly transgressing—however provoked—the great Laws of both God and Man.

What makes you love Sir Richard Jebb so, my Dear Mistress says Johnson to me one Evening? he is open & confiding says I, & tells me Stories of his Uncles & his Cousins, & I love such Talk for my part—Nay replies Mr Johnson if you love Stories of Relations—I can fit you.

¹ Ah Sir says Sr Philip I cannot *say* all these fine Things, but I willingly *subscribe* to them all. *Mrs. Thrale*. ² 15: April. *Mrs. Thrale*. This contradicts the date, April 17, above.

³ Shute Barrington.

⁴ The bill, forbidding people divorced for adultery to marry those with whom they had been unlawfully connected, passed the House of Lords on March 11. *Gent. Mag.* xlix. 156.

I had an Uncle Cornelius Ford¹ my Mother's Brother continued he, who on a Journey stopt to read an Inscription upon a Stone he saw—which was set up as he then found in honour of a Man who had leaped a certain Leap thereabouts, the extent of w^{ch} was specified on the inscription—why says my Uncle I can leap it in my Boots—& he did accordingly leap it in his Boots.—I had likewise an Uncle Andrew (my Father's Brother) says Dr Johnson—who kept the Ring in Smithfield a whole Year—(where they wrestled & boxed)—and never was thrown or conquered—here says he are Uncles for you!—if that's the way to your Heart.²

Mr Pepys has spent a great deal of his Time with us of late, & he improves upon me vastly: such unremitting Ardour for Literary Talk, such variety of Topics, & Succession of Imagery is very uncommon—we have really this Week been almost guilty of what Burney calls a Literary Debauch. Among other Subjects of Conversation he furnished me with two Epitaphs of a most extraordinary Kind. The following—written by Voltaire & intended for the King of Prussia is most excellent.

Ce mortel profana tout les Talens divers,
Il chanta les Vertus, Il commit tous les Crimes;
Tyran en Effet, Philosophe en Vers,
Il charma les Mortels dont il fit ses Victimes;
Hâi du Dieu d'Amour, cher au Dieu des Combats,
Il noya dans le Sang L'Europe et sa patrie,
Cent Mille Hommes par lui ont reçu le Trepas
Aucun n'en a reçu la Vie.

The other was written by one Dr Greenwood of Warwick upon his Wife who died in child bed; & strange as the Epitaph appears to us, Dr Johnson protests that the Author was a Man no way ridiculous or contemptible in His Conversation for he knew him.³—these are his Verses.

On Mr^s Greenwood of Warwick—

Oh Death! oh Death! thou hast cut down
The fairest Green Wood in all this Town;
Her Goodness and amiable Qualities were such,
That She certainly deserv'd a Bishop or a Judge;
But such was her Gentleness & her Humility,
That She took up with me a Doctor of Divinity,

¹ Johnson's grandfather and his cousin, the sporting parson, were named Cornelius Ford, but he had no Uncle Cornelius. His mother's three brothers were Dr. Joseph (1662–1721), Samuel (b. 1672), and Nathaniel. Reade, *Johnsonian Gleanings*, i. 7–8. Boswell made the same error in names. *Life*, i. 49.

² Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 148–9.

³ The Rev. Mr. William Greenwood came from Lichfield. Reade, *op. cit.* viii. 64.

For which good Action among all the rest
 She'll rise like a Phoenix out of her Nest;
 But now for hers—and another Good Woman's Sake,
 Never put a Blister on a Lying-in Woman's Neck.

Mr Tattersall, Rector of Cov^t Garden, & of our Church here at Streatham, diverts himself with making absurd Devices to put up in his Garden:—as Root Houses, Harlequins, Shellwork Baubles, & various Follies, till the Place looks like the Spaniard's at Hamstead or Don Saltero's Coffeehouse¹ at Chelsea; & yet says poor Garrick three Years ago; the Man really offers you Chocolate now, just like any other Man.²—when somebody said his place was in the manner of the Spaniard's; but replied I you should call it the portuguese; for I have heard somewhere that if you strip a Spaniard of all his good Qualities he becomes a Portugeuze.

We asked Lort the Greek Professor today who he would change with, and he instantly named Erasmus: how Pat this falls in with my System that everybody desires a little more of themselves! I have a great Respect for M^r Lort; he is a very fine Fellow, has great Scholastick Learning I believe, and a large Portion of polite & general Knowledge—is an Antiquarian, and eminently conversant with Natural History, a Study which always entertains *me*. one has many Chances for Improvement and almost a Certainty of being amused by a Conversation with M^r Lort: I have known him now about 12 Years, and have a very great Esteem for him. There is however something trifling in his Character, something *Quisquilian*—but when one says such a Man is pious, virtuous, learned & happy, what more needs be added? I love & honour M^r Lort.

1: May 1779.] Here is Rain come at last; never was such Weather so wanted: the Rivers are lower than ever were known in September, & the Malts cannot get down.

Fanny Burney has read me her new Comedy; nobody else has seen it except her Father, who will not suffer his Partiality to overbias his Judgment I am sure, and he likes it vastly.—but one has no Guess what will do on a Stage, at least I have none; Murphy must read an Act tomorrow, I wonder what he'll say to't. I like it very well for my own part, though none of the scribbling Ladies have a Right to admire its general Tendency³

¹ See *Tatler*, No. 34. It was opened in 1690 by one Salter, a barber, and continued until 1799, when the lease expired and the curiosities were sold. *Gent. Mag.* lxxix. 160.

² and so it seems did this strange Dr Greenwood. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Murphy liked it very well, but her confidential friend M^r Crisp advised her against bringing it on, for fear of displeasing the female Wits—a formidable Body, & called by those who ridicule them, the *Blue Stocking Club*. *Mrs. Thrale*. Cf. below, p. 401.

I was at the Exhibition yesterday & heard nothing but a general Murmur of Lamentation that poor Sir Joshua Reynolds had had a paralytick Stroke.—I hope it is not true:¹ he is a Man very generally beloved: some say he has lost the Use of his Hands & fingers—

Homo non periit, sed periit Artifex.

but I hope all will be well again: he is a glorious Painter, a pleasing Companion & a Sensible Man. he is however not much a Man to my natural Taste: he seems to have no Affections, and that won't do with me—I feel great Discomfort in the Society of a Pococurante:² Sir Joshua is at the same Time an extremely agreeable Acquaintance, & one does not want *every* body to be a *Friend* or an *Admirer*; I am impatient to hear how he is, M^{rs} Boscawen shed Tears about His Illness today, while She was contemplating his Pictures of Faith Hope & Charity.

We asked Sir Philip Jennings Clerke who he would change with—
—with no Man believe me replied he, excepting M^r Thrale, looking and bowing towards me.—

M^r Murphy gives me hopes I shall at last carry my Cause in Chancery against Lady Salusbury, and save this Mortgage which it would be most unreasonable to pay: the thought is so delightful to me I half fear to give way to it; lest Disappointment shou'd add Bitterness to a Cup already very difficult to drink. May I *but* live to see the Effects of her Malice frustrated! and enjoy the noble Triumph of forgiving *her*, and conquering the vile Passions She has from Time to Time had Power to excite in a Heart, which ought to have been purer.—

Oh God forgive us both our wicked Hatred!—& receive us in friendship with each other to the Arms of thy eternal Mercy! through Jesus Christ our Lord & common Saviour.

I have had another Stroke at Martial's Epigram ending with Jam Dic Posthume de tribus Capellis:³ My Master liked this so well that I printed it in the publick Advertiser.⁴

The Question as all Europe sees
Is—who shall keep our Colonies;
Mean while the Whigs light up the Street,
And tear each Tory that they meet;

¹ His stroke in November 1782 is the first one known to his biographers. But Fanny Burney implies an earlier attack when she calls him, in December 1782, a 'man who has had two shakes of the palsy'. D'Arblay, *Diary*, ii. 163.

² The man in Voltaire's *Candide* (chap. 25) whom nothing could please. Cf. below, p. 729.

³ See above, p. 353.

⁴ On March 16, 1779.

The Tories of their Powr tenacious,
 Cry Lord these Whigs are so audacious:
 Of Greeks and Romans Luttrell raves,
 And Rigby thinks them both but Knaves;
 While each with Voice and Action strive
 To keep the factious Flame alive,
 I'd beg one Whisper if you please,
 Who is to keep our Colonies?

Miss Burney and myself and my eldest Daughter were chatting yesterday Evening, and I was regretting the Loss of my Youth; the Girls agreeing that there were no such mighty Reasons for Regret at losing it—they did not appear to enjoy that for which I was sorrowing, & it came into my Head that Youth was the only thing that the more it was out of Sight the less it was out of mind:—so I sate & wrote before them the following Lines—they would do well enough for a Riddle in the Ladies Diary.

That which still flies us—yet keeps still behind,
 That which most out of Sight is most in Mind;
 That which is dearest of all earthly Things,
 That whose Reverse Disease & Sorrow brings;
 That which the King's Revenue cannot buy,
 And which the King possesses not¹—am I.—

The Animals are as forward as the Vegetables this Year; all the June Shrubs & some of the July ones are now full blown: the Turkeys are ready to hatch, & the Yard swarms with Poultry—the Heat is altogether unaccountable to me, but I suppose it is explicable by Astronomers & may be caused by the nutation of the Poles, or the procession of the Equinoxes.—

There is no Reading that so changes the Scene upon one, and carries one so completely out of one's self I think, as Astronomical Speculation: unless indeed the Study of the Ancient prophecies and modern Calculations of this World's final Dissolution: when we read Burnet on the Conflagration,² or Whiston on the expected Comet,³ how little seem the Common Objects of our Care! and how trifling the pleasures that five hours ago were engrossing our Attention. Novels Plays or Poetry only set *Life* before our View, & Fancy will make the Object of our reigning Passion whether Grief, Hatred, or Love take up a Considerable Character, & mingle thus with the Book which was meant to allure us from the Thoughts on't. But when we are led to reflect on the shortness of Life, the

¹ The King is 41 years old I think if not 42 this Year May 1779. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² Thomas Burnet, *Telluris theoria sacra* . . . (1681), Bk. 3, 'Concerning the Conflagration'.

³ Probably William Whiston's *Astronomical Year: or an account of . . . the great Comet foretold by Sir Isaac Newton* (1737).

Certainty of Death, the small portion of time allotted to prepare for it—When Heaven is half open'd to our Eyes by Prophecy, & this little Seat of Tumult seems to recede from our Sight; 'tis then that the Soul feels her elastic force, & having been long chained backward by sublunary events—bursts suddenly from her Confinement, & expatiates in the Speculations for which She was originally formed; while as Rowe's Rodogune beautifully exclaims—¹

Life, Love and Aribert those meaner Names,
Are left far, far behind, and lost for ever.
So if by Chance the Eagle's noble Offspring
Ta'en in the Nest becomes some Peasant's Prize;
Compell'd a while he bears his Cage & Chains,
And like a Prisoner with the Clown remains;
But when his plumes shoot forth, his Pinions swell
He quits the Rustick and his homely Cell;
Breaks from his Bonds and in the Face of Day,
Full in the Sun's bright Beams he soars away;
Delights thro' *Heav'n's wide pathless Ways* to go
Plays with Jove's Shafts and grasps his dreadful Bow,
Dwells with immortal Gods—and scorns the World below. }

Johnson says Rodogune would have mention'd the Eagle naturally enough, but could never have heard about Jupiter.

It² appears to me that no Man can live his Life quite thro', without being at *some* period of it under the Dominion of *some* Woman—Wife Mistress or Friend.—

Pope & Swift, were softened by the Smiles of Patty Blount & Stella;³ & our stern Philosopher Johnson trusted me about the Years 1767 or 1768—I know not which just now—with a Secret far dearer to him than his Life:⁴ such however is his nobleness, &

¹ *The Royal Convert*, Act iv, close: 'While Love and Aribert,' etc.

² The two following paragraphs were printed by Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 26-7.

³ Sterne's Attachment to Mrs Draper was another of the odd Things of this kind—Their Letters printed under the Names of Yorick & Eliza are a proof of his strong Admiration.—I saw no Rarity in Eliza—She was a Woman *all as another in my Eyes*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Dr. Powell (*Boswell, Life*, iv. 552), Hughes (see n. 2), and Sir S. Scott (*Nineteenth Century and After*, cxvi. 691) interpreted the 'secret' to be a past enslavement to another woman. Johnson's name may now, however, be cleared of this charge. Mrs. Thrale means simply that Johnson placed himself in her own power by confiding his conviction of his insanity. Cf. pp. 386, n. 2, 415, n. 4, 423, 625, 724. Johnson's dependence on her to help enforce the discipline of 'confinement and severity', which he resorted to when his delusion became strongest, is evidenced by a letter which he wrote to her in French, at some time in 1773, in which he asks her 'm'épargner la nécessité de me contraindre, en m'ôtant le pouvoir de sortir d'ou vous voulez que je sois. Ce que vous ne coûtera que la peine de tourner le clef dans la porte, deux fois par jour.' *Ry. Eng. MS.* 543. To this she replied: 'What Care can I promise my dear Mr. Johnson that I have not already taken? what Tenderness that he has

such his partiality, that I sincerely believe he has never since that Day regretted his Confidence, or ever looked with less kind Affection on her who had him in her Power.—Uniformly great is the Mind of that incomparable Mortal; & well does he contradict the Maxim of Rochefoucault, that no Man is a Hero to his Valet de Chambre.—Johnson is more a Hero to me than to any one—& I have been more to him for Intimacy, than ever was any Man's Valet de Chambre.

Murphy—whose Heart was exhausted of *Love* by Miss Elliott¹ the famous Courtezán, is now I think the Slave of a modest Woman who keeps a Coffee house, & holds her Prisoner fast by the Chains of Friendship only; he however prefers her Society to that of every one, and devotes his Time to the Improvement of her Children chiefly, & the good of her Family in all its Branches.—but the strangest thing that has appeared these hundred Years is the violent Passion of Hackman for Miss Ray.² Boswell, who attended him to the place of Execution,³ said his Prayers were all for her Children

not already experienced? yet is it a very gloomy reflexion that so much of bad prevails in our best enjoyments, and embitters the purest friendship. You were saying but on Sunday that of all the unhappy you was the happiest, in consequence of my Attention to your Complaint; and to day I have been reproached by you for neglect, and by myself for exciting that generous Confidence which prompts you to repose all Care on me, and tempts you to neglect yourself, and brood in secret upon an Idea hateful in itself, but which your kind partiality to me has unhappily rendered pleasing.—If it be possible shake off these uneasy Weights, heavier to the Mind by far than Fetters to the body. Let not your fancy dwell thus upon Confinement and severity.—I am sorry you are obliged to be so much alone; I foresaw some ill Consequences of your being here while my Mother was dying thus; yet could not resist the temptation of having you near me, but if you find this irksome and dangerous Idea fasten upon your fancy, leave me to struggle with the loss of one Friend, and let me not put to hazard what I esteem beyond kingdoms, and value beyond the possession of them.—If we go on together your Confinement will be as strict as possible except when Company comes in, which I shall more willingly endure on your Account. Dissipation is to you a glorious Medicine, and I believe Mr. Boswell will be at last your best Physician. for the rest you really are well enough now if you will keep so; and not suffer the noblest of human minds to be tortured with fantastic notions which rob it of all its Quiet.—I will detain you no longer, so farewell and be good; and do not quarrel with your Governess for not using the Rod enough. H.L.T.' Ry. Eng. MS. 539. This correspondence was first printed, in part, in the *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvi. 33-4, 63. Dr. Johnson's letter will appear in Dr. Chapman's edition as No. 307. 1.

¹ An actress whom Murphy introduced to the stage, and for whom he wrote the part of Maria in his *Citizen*. At her death in 1769 he wrote her epitaph, which appears on her tombstone at Tunbridge (*Gent. Mag.* lxvii. 726), and her biography, *Genuine Memoirs of the life and adventures of the celebrated Miss Ann Elliot. Written by a Gentleman intimately acquainted with her* (1769).

² Because Martha Ray refused to marry him, the Rev. Mr. James Hackman, minister of Wiveton, Norfolk, shot and killed her on April 7, 1779, as she was stepping into a coach after the theatre. He was tried and sentenced on April 16. *Public Advertiser*, April 16, 1779; Boswell, *Life*, iii. 532.

³ The newspapers reported that Boswell rode with him in the coach to the gallows. He

by Lord Sandwich, & for every thing as he expressed it that was dear to his beloved Woman: that he listened to his last Murmurs, & that his last Word *literally* was *Dear Dear* Miss Ray. *Here* was Passion for a Woman neither young nor handsome; whose eldest Son was eighteen Years old & a Sea Officer when She was shot by her Lover, & a Woman not eminent as I can find for Allurements in the Eyes of any Man breathing but himself, & Lord Sandwich,¹ who 'tis said had long been weary of her, though he knew not how to get free.

Why we love and why we hate
Is not given us to know;
Random Chance or wilful Fate
Guides the Shaft from Cupid's Bow!—

And yet says Johnson a Woman has *such* power between the Ages of twenty five and forty five, that She may tie a Man to a post and whip him if She will.² I thought they must begin earlier & leave off sooner, but he says that 'tis not *Girls* but *Women* who inspire the violent & lasting passions—Cleopatra was Forty three Years old when Anthony lost the World for her.

M^{rs} Cholmondeley's Powr is still felt & acknowledged now at fifty Years old—but then She is a singular Instance.

Here is the Epitaph intended by Voltaire for the King of Prussia translated from the French see Page 99. of this Vol.³

Behold the Man who now of Worms the Food,
Once sooth'd, seduc'd, and drench'd the World in Blood.
A Man who join'd in stubborn Nature's Spight
The Sage's Sense, the Tyrant's Scorn of Right;
Profan'd each Talent, triumph'd in each Crime,
Yet sung of Virtue's Charms in smoothest Rhyme:
Death's duteous Minister, by Love abhorr'd,
Pale Europe trembled at his conquering Sword;
And while He wish'd th' unwilling World his Slave,
Nor Happiness he gain'd, nor Life he ever gave.

I cannot imagine why I should not write a Comedy; it seems to me as if every body could write a Comedy, here is one Miss and another Miss & all the Misses writing Plays, I don't Care if I take one Heat at it myself some Day; but as I have not a Spark of Originality uneasily denied this to Burke, Johnson, *et al.*, although he admitted being with Hackman at Newgate and Tyburn. *Boswell Papers*, xiii. 230–1. Cf. *Life*, iii. 383–4, 532.

¹ She had been his mistress for seventeen years and had had nine children by him. *Boswell, Life*, iii. 383, n. 3.

² This he knew of him self was *literally* and *strictly* true I am sure. *Mrs. Thrale*. She refers to the discipline which Johnson asked her to enforce upon him. Cf. above, p. 384, and n. 4: 'do not quarrel with your Governess for not using the Rod enough.' ³ Above, p. 380.

about me, I must take a French Model—it shall be *L'Homme Singulier*.¹

I must write down my following Epigram while I remember it: somebody saw it written up on the Window of the Devizes Inn, I am astonished how it has escaped getting into the Newspapers

While snarling Curs attack Sir Fletcher's² Fame
 Baiting his double Place and double Fees;
 Sir Fletcher standing without Fear or Shame
 Pockets the Cash and lets them laugh that please.
 So on a Market Day stands Whatley's Bear,
 In spite of all the Noise and Hurly burly;
 Fix'd on his *Double* Post secure in *Air*,³
 Munching his bunch of Grapes & looking surly.

The Puns here are admirable, & to anyone who has been at the Devizes & seen the Sign at Whatley's Inn⁴ will afford the most honest fit of Laughter.—

May 21: 1779.] We are going for a Week to Brighthelmstone Murphy was asked but would not go with us, I fear he will not go to Spa neither, as was originally proposed; & I am sorry for it—he is a very agreeable Companion.

5: June 1779.] Well! Murphy follow'd us to Brighton however, & made himself so agreeable to the Society there, that he has left them with the most favourable Impressions I believe: for my own Part I made a good fortnight's work enough of it, having added to my Friends & my Conquests—as I call 'em,—the amiable Bishop of Peterborough.⁵ I have seldom on a short Acquaintance liked any Man so extremely, especially a Man of mean Birth and rough Temper; but really there is so much Dignity, so little *Pomposity*, so much Wit, so little Buffoonery, so much Christianity & so little Cant; that I have seldom seen a Character more truly to my Taste. it will vex me in earnest if the Currents of Life should keep us apart, after so reciprocal a Liking to each other. M^{rs} Hinchliffe too was once my Acquaintance, & has a mind to be my Friend; She is quite a Woman of Fashion⁶ and three parts a Beauty, besides a Disposition to cheerfulness which is always attractive. That People take a fancy to *me* is certainly a strong Recommenda-

¹ By Philippe Néricault Destouches. ² Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House.

³ The pun is explained by the fact that he held the post of chief justice in *eyre*.

⁴ The Black Bear Inn, over which Thomas Lawrence's father presided from 1772 to *ca.* 1779.

⁵ John Hinchliffe, one of the liberals of the church.

⁶ She was Elizabeth Crewe, of Crewe Hall, Cheshire, and sister-in-law to the celebrated Mrs. Crewe.

tion to my Favour; & Heaven knows these Hinchliffes are not behind hand.—

Costollo an Irish Counsellor was retain'd in a Cause of Crim: Con: when a Footman was accused of Intimacy with his Lady.— why now Gentlemen of the Jury says he let us not waste our Words— Here is a poor Footman d'ye see, indicted—& for what? why for only doing his *Master's business*, & that by his *Mistress's Orders*.

The Bishop of Peterborough said he saw an odd Scene once the famous Lord Bolingbroke had invited many of the young French Nobility to partake of an English Dish—a Shoulder of Mutton baked upon onions—which was to be the admiration of all Paris for Excellence. & his Maitre d'Hotel a Scotchman, had undertaken to prepare it properly: it was not eatable however, being spoyl'd in the Dressing; so that St John leaped up in a Rage from Table, & fell to beating the Maitre D'Hotel with it: when he had exhausted his Breath with passion & Exclamation—his Country man Lord Chesterfield calls out from the other End of the Table in a steady Voice—

Nobly done Philosopher!

I thank you heartily replied the other, & after looking on the Plate five Minutes, leaped up again, & in a Transport of Passion not unequal to that just over, dropt down on his Knees, and formally asked pardon of the Company.

Serjeant Whitaker & Murphy were in a Post Chaise together & could not pass by a Cart loaded with Butcher's Offal: while they were fretting at the Loss of Time, a Man remarkably lean rides briskly up to the Carriage, & says; I rode seventy Miles today all upon one horse. & for Expedition's sake I suppose replies the Serjeant, you sent your Guts before you in that Cart.

Monday 7: June.] Sir Philip Jennings Clerke & I have had a long Teste a Teste to day; he has treated me with unreserved Friendship & Confidence, & told me all his Sorrows: I hope I may have it in my Power to alleviate them; a *new* Friend has that only Advantage over an old one, that they can suggest new Ideas on a hackney'd Subject; perhaps that may be the Case here. he honors me with extreme partiality & perfect Reverence, & will possibly permit such Arguments from me, as he would reject if offered by another Person of whom he has less Esteem. Of What Advantage is unsullied Character! one has so much Happiness of other People's in one's power! here is a Man eminent for past

Rakeries, throwing his whole Heart into my Lap, only because he knows that I am virtuous;—May God give me Grace long to preserve that Reputation by which my Fellow Creatures may be benefited, and may he defend my Soul from Pride in the Consciousness of its own Purity. may he give me that *true Love* of my Friends & Neighbours w^{ch} stops not at wishing, or even at *promoting* their *Temporal* Happiness, but extends to that State where Sorrow shall be remembered only as a means to Joy, & a Step to everlasting Bliss.

We asked M^r Murphy with whom he would exchange—'tis no small Compliment says he to change with any Man; however I should be content enough to make the Bargain, either with Cicero among the Dead, or Lord Mansfield among the Living.—

Here is my System again very pat; General Paoli desired to be Julius Cæsar; I hear of nobody says M^r Murphy that would wish to change with *Baretti*;—We did not replied I, ask *Hackman* the Murderer two hours before he was turned off.—

This Fryday 11: June 1779.] Here is a dreadful Event indeed to record in the Thraliana!

M^r Thrale suddenly struck with the palsy as he sate at Dinner with his Sister Nesbitt¹ last Tuesday: his Brain is apparently loaded if not for ever injured by the blow. poor dear Master! this day have we been married sixteen Years and eight Months: & last Tuesday was he brought me home apparently Paralytick. I am not yet able to write about it I see, though he has mended ever since the Attack; thanks to Bromfield who first administered Relief, & afterwards called in both Huck & Heberden. I'm confident he will recover, he has Youth and Strength, and general Health on his Side; but his Temper is strangely altered: *so* vigilant, *so* jealous, *so* careful lest one should watch him, & *so* unfit to be left unwatched.—Oh Lord have mercy on us! this is a horrible Business indeed. five little Girls too, & breeding again, & Fool enough to be proud of it! ah Ideot! what should I want more Children for? God knows only to please my Husband, who now perhaps may be much better without them.—

¹ M^{rs} Nesbitt is very silly She always was; but any fool might have had Wit enough to send for a Surgeon one w^d think when they saw a Man drop down in a Fit: but No; She called the Carriage to bring him *home*—& so lost Time in w^{ch} He might have been bled: We were forced to send back to London for help, little Kitchen could not be found; the Apothecary of the Village. Bromfield came in two Hours, but two Hours is an Age in such a Case. What a Natural that M^{rs} Nesbitt is! Duce take her! *Mrs. Thrale*. Mr. Nesbitt had died on April 12 (*Gent. Mag.* xlix. 215), and Mr. Thrale had gone to hear the will. Mrs. Thrale later believed (see below, p. 803) that the shock of Nesbitt's insolvency caused Thrale's stroke.

Distress shews one's Friends; *Seward*¹ was the first to fly to our Assistance; fetch Physicians, carry Reports, turn out troublesome Enquirers, attend M^r Thrale in all his Operations: Dear Creature how kind he is! Johnson is away—down at Lichfield or Derby, or God knows where, something always happens when *he is away* but M^r Seward has supplied every body's neglect. I expected more Attention from Burney! Murphy's a dissipated Rogue, & loves his Friends while they can talk & hear; but D^r Burney's Indifference disgusts me.²

I kept Sir Philip away,³ or he would have done all in his Power; he has sent, & written, & run about with honest and unaffected Agitation, but I shall never love Doctor Burney as I have loved Him, for there I *expected* Kindness, & deserved it—his Daughter has behav'd better than he, but Seward & M^{rs} D'avenant shew'd the true Concern; they came directly & have staid with me ever since: Seward's Sensibility & Attention is the Cordial of my Heart—a Friend in Distress is the sweetest of Things—he came I remember when my Son died.—Good Creature! he would not have come to a Concert or a Dinner, but when there is Sorrow to be *assisted*, *alleviated* rather; *then* he Can come; & put off a Journey to Cornwall, by way of devoting himself wholly to the Duties of Friendship.

Sir Philip Jennings Clerke is a Conquest I shall long be proud of, he is a Conquest made by Virtue; his Regard for me is boundless, & it is founded in a Notion that I am better & wiser than other Women are; while I continue good & wise therefore, I shall have his Esteem, & he is an extremely amiable respectable Character.—Touched by God's Grace I think in the latter part of his Life, & brought to a Conviction of Sin by the Affliction of his Daughter's untimely Death, he flies to Religion & to Friendship for Comfort, & he shall never want one to speak Peace to his Soul while Life is lent to H: L: T.

NB—I will make him leave off wearing Black so; 'tis a Singularity that can do no good; is I should fear displeasing to God, & at best but an ill Compliment to his other Children:—

¹ He came at five o'clock in the morning, as Mrs. Thrale wrote to Johnson on June 26. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 540.

² Burney had no Notion of the Danger,—he *did* send D^r Bromfield. *Mrs. Thrale*. She says in a marginal note to *Letters to and from . . . Johnson* that Dr. Burney and Fanny were dining with her when he was brought home, and that she sent Burney for help. *Hayward*, ii. 37. If so, his unawareness of the danger is hard to understand. Cf. below, p. 395.

³ His ill Health, & Age and Nervous Disposition could not have borne the Sight of an old Friend so suffering. *Mrs. Thrale*.

22: June 1779.] Mr Thrale has recovered his paralytick Stroke: Doctor Heberden thinks him now wholly out of Danger, as so much Time has elapsed, & the Attack has not been renewed. his Head is as good as ever, his Spirits indeed are low, but they will mend: few People live in such a State of Preparation for Eternity I think, as my dear Master has done since I have been connected with him; regular in his publick & private devotions, constant at the Sacrament, Temperate in his Appetites, moderate in his Passions—he has less to apprehend from a sudden Summons than any Man I have known, who was young and gay, & high in health & Fortune like him.—I think he *will* have another of these Strokes *sometime*, but perhaps I may not live to see the Day; let us not then anticipate Misfortune, nor when God sends a chearful hour—refrain.

Publick Concerns now claim every one's Attention:¹ even the Opposition People resolve no longer to impede, but chearfully assist that Government they so justly despise: 'tis indeed high Time to be in earnest; France & Spain² are leagued against us, & add their Weight to the Miseries inflicted on the Mother Country by its revolted Colonies; Bankruptcy & Invasion stare us in the Face, nor can one Ally be found to take our Part. If we have deserved help from Heaven we shall have it; but let us first enquire whether peradventure *ten* righteous may be found—in the two Houses of Parliament—³

¹ In the midst of publick & private Distress, here is my mad Master going to build at the boro' House again:—new Store Cellars, Casks, & God knows what. I have however exerted my self & driv'n off his Workmen with a high Hand.—Is this a Time as Elijah say'd, for oliveyards, & Vineyards? & Men Servants & Maid Servants? when our Trade & our profits are both decreasing daily? & the Nation itself stagnating with Imbecillity? I never saw any thing so absurd—surely his *head* is *still confused*; nothing but *frenzy* can at this Time excuse Expence to the amount of ten or twelve Thousand Pounds sure. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² On Friday, June 11, the Spanish ambassador in London was advised by courier from Madrid of his sovereign's espousal of the Franco-American alliance. *St. James's Chronicle*, June 12, 1779.

³ When I say *ten* righteous Men, I mean *ten* Men free from the Vice of the place wch was all yt was meant by God in his Conference wth Abram 18: Chap: of Genesis; Old Lot was apparently no righteous Man himself, in the liberal Sense of y^e Word; only he was exempt from the Vice of the Town he lived in, & 9 more so exempt from it could not apparently be found.—so I mean if ten Men can be found in *either*, or indeed one may say I believe in *both* Houses of Parlt wholly clear from *Corruption* or *biass* of any kind, or ty'd by *any Interest* for their own Sakes or their Friends to *any Party* whatever—y^e whole may for ought I know be saved for the sake of such *Ten* but I know only *one* myself, & that is Mr Thrale. *Mrs. Thrale.* This note was reproduced by Hughes, in *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, p. 28.

This Song of Metastasio is a very elegant one, I have been trying to translate it.

Non so frenare il Pianto,
 Cara nel dirti Addio;—
 Ma questo pianto mio
 Tutto non e dolor;
 È meraviglia, è speme,
 È Pentimento, è amore,
 Son mille Affetti insieme
 Tutti raccolti al Cor.¹

Sweet Princess when from thee I part,
 Sighs will heave and Tears will start;
 Yet think not thou that Grief alone
 Swells a Heart that's all thy own;
 Far stronger Passions struggling there,
 Cheerful hope and black Despair,
 With Rev'rence, Wonder, Love and Joy
 Striving for the Mastery,
 Fill my fond Soul with anxious Fears
 That nothing can express *but* Tears.

Monday 5: July 1779.] This Day I parted with dear dismal S^r Philip; he kissed my hand & left Tears upon it: Johnson looked on & was affected; he promised before he left me to change the Colour of his Clothes, & I presented him with a Pair of Buckles to begin his gay Dress. We gave him our best Advice, and Wishes at parting—he has won Johnson's heart with his Melancholy.

Says Lady Anne Lindsay when Fordyce the Banker sent her Sister a Haunch of stinking Venison during the Days of Courtship²—have nothing to say to this Fellow good Margaret; he begins both with *Bribery* and *Corruption*.

They were talking t'other Day how awkwardly the French imitated our Manners; in a new Comedy brought upon the Paris Stage two English women are exhibited talking of Locke and Bacon—Lord says Lady Margaret Fordyce I never could find that our English Ladies were such *bolters* of Bacon as long as I have known them.

Doctor Collier once told me that asking a young Woman how She came to miss being married after having such repeated Offers from many creditable Men; I can't tell indeed Sir said She, I always make them all the same Answer, & I thought it a civil one, yet tho' they don't appear affronted, they never come again. what

¹ From *Demetrio*, ii, 12.

² Lady Margaret Lindsay married Fordyce in 1770.

do you say to 'em Child? enquired the D^r again; why Sir I always say *this* to them Sir says I—I am *preengaged*—& then they go away so odly—

July 1779.] Johnson was saying how he took Mercury; presently, the Conversation being changed we talked of the Invasion¹ M^r Johnson boasting how he'd fight the French if they came—Why Sir says D^r Burney you are

Tam Marte quam Mercurio.

Johnson was saying how he took Mercury & what good it did him; but then says he I take a strong Cathartic always the next day—Ay Sir that's right replied I, lest you should be *Hermetically sealed*.

On Sunday last I saw the Death of Miss Sophia Pitches, She was here on the Fryday Evening on a Visit—on Sunday Morning after prayers—

I saw, and kissed her in her Shroud!

I think She died of a Disorder common enough to young Women the Desire of Beauty; She had I fancy taken Quack Med'cines to prevent growing fat, or perhaps to repress Appetite,² I have seen strange Stuff advertised in Ladies Memorandum books for such vile purposes, & the Pitches Girls were mighty likely to be dabblers in 'em.—

July 1779.] Doctor Johnson has undertaken to teach my eldest Daughter *Latin* and has actually undertaken & begun his Work. Fanny Burney, Author of *Evelina* is to learn with her of the same Master—M^r Thrale says it is better to each of them than a Thousand Pounds added to their Fortune. Dear Creatures! how earnestly do I wish them Success! they love one another and will improve by studying together—what a Master they have too! Happy Rogues!—

Cæcilia improves daily and is a lovely Girl of the fair delicate kind; Harriett³ is brown, rosy, fat and stout—there is not a fault to find with either of them person or Mind; and I thank God who gave them me, their Health is excellent.

¹ The fear continued until October. See Johnson's letter of October 19 (No. 635).

² She died on Sunday, July 4. *Whitehall Evening Post*, July 8, 1779. The physician who attended her gave as his opinion that she died of lead or mercury poisoning, absorbed from cosmetics designed to whiten the skin. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 253.

³ Henrietta Sophia at this date was over a year old (see above, p. 329, n. 2) although this is the first mention of her in *Thraliana*. Mrs. Montagu was the child's godmother. Children's Book, entry for July 3, 1778.

M^r Thrale hears no more of his Palsy—what Reason have I not to be contented?—Susan & Sophy are fine Girls, and promise to be a Credit & Comfort to their Parents, neither do I yet see any Disposition in the Eldest that need to give one Pain; any Publick Calamity indeed we must share, but *private* Distresses are the Things that cut deepest—May we but escape *them*!

July 1779.] This Summer is still hotter and drier than the last; I never knew any thing so surprizing as the Weather has been these last two Years. We are now as much oppressed with heat I am told as are the people at Naples—Sure our Climate has undergone some odd Change & from some invisible and inexplicable Cause.—

While M^r Thrale was ill I used to attend the Counting house for him; one day a Story was brought me of a Man that kept an Ale-house—the Crown & *Thistle* being broke, the Sign had been a Crown & *Cushion*, but he changed it they told me though his Predecessor had prosper'd quite well too.—the following Epigram came into my head & I wrote it to divert my Master, who made me print it in the publick Advertiser.¹

What though blest in a Queen that her Station adorns,
Though possess'd of Health, Virtue & Power;
My Crown says the King is all planted with Thorns,
I can hardly be happy an Hour:

Says a sly Wag of Windsor who heard him repine,
Your Majesty must not take *this ill*;
The old Crown and *Cushion's* a good thriving Sign
But you're prick'd by the *Crown & the Thistle*

The famous Quatrain² de Pybrac which hindered his being made Chancellor of France I likewise imitated & published about the same Time.

Je hai ces mots de puissance absoluë,
De plein Pouvoir de premier Mouvement;
Aux Saints Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis de nos Loix la puissance tolluë.—

I hate this vile Maxim of absolute Sway
To Britons a new fangled Notion;
From our Laws all the Life it has taken away,
And lost us the Rule of the Ocean.—

Our new fangled Politicks have indeed brought us to a miserable pass; the King has just issued out a proclamation in Case of the Kingdom being invaded, and every body seems expecting &

¹ On July 7, 1779. It was entitled 'The Two Signs' and signed 'Jacques'. ² No. 93.

preparing for the worst;—An Estate of 200^l a Year—*two hundred* a Year, was yesterday sold for only three thousand Pounds to the same Man who offered seven thousand five hundred for it just seven Years since. this Fact was told me not ten Minutes ago by Doctor Wetherell, Dean of Hereford, & Master (I think) of University College Oxford. The Sugars we gave nine Pence a Pound for in the year 1770, are now at sixteen and seventeen pence a pound, Coals too are supposed to be dreadfully dear—in this Weather God knows they may be as dear as they will, but what's to be done in the Winter? Taxed beyond endurance, our Resources almost exhausted, a despicable Ministry, a feeble Government—what will? what *can* be the End? I think the French would be wiser to delay their Visit till *all* our Money Men & Spirits were drained off by this cursed American War: should they come this Summer, our Militia might repel them, they had better strike the Blow at Jamaica now, & invade England next Year when 'tis still more enfeebled. [July 1779.]

I have made it all up with Dr Burney, I mean in my Mind, for I never told *him* I loved him less than I had done; but he really had no Notion of Mr Thrale's danger, & so could not shew Apprehensions he did not feel.

Poor dear Man! he is sadly pressed for Pelf too I fear, the Times go *so* hard with him;¹ his Book will never pay its own Expence I am confident, & in two or three Winters more—nothing new happening neither—people will be pretty sick of spending their Money to tickle their Ears, it begins already to grow a grand Thing to have a Concert; and seven Years ago—even the *City Dames* regaled their Company with Italian Musick & elegant Performers. a Harpsichord made by Rucker, & sold six Years ago for sixty five pounds was Yesterday disposed of for *thirty*, Burney says; & the Owners glad to get *that*.

—Last Week Mr Morgan offered me the great old Japan Jars which the Duke of Argyle paid fifty Pounds for—I don't know when;—& offered 'em me at fifteen Guineas only; & I could not afford to buy them.—

I examined our own Collections at the Brewhouse this Morning, & found the Difference between last Year and this Year in the Weekly Collections for one Month only—this present Month of July—to be immense—no less than seven hundred & forty five

¹ Fifteen months before, Dr. Johnson cited Burney's having given fifty-seven lessons in one week as evidence that the times had not affected the public taste for music. *Letters*, No. 658.

Pounds short of the Collections for the same Weeks in June & July last Year 1778. I will draw the Account out over Leaf as I received it from the Clerk, but I wrote the Sum down in *Letters* to shew that no manual Mistake could have been made.

A:D 1778.		A:D 1779.	
Town Trade only.		Town Trade only.	
	£————		£————
Four Weeks collection	6340 : 12 : 4.	Four Weeks Collection	5595 : 6 : 8.
Additional Houses gain'd 14	350 : 0 : 0		
	6690 : 12 : 4		
	5595 : 6 : 8		
	1095 : 5 : 6		

Now here is a real defalcation of £745 : 5s : 6d—to which the Clerk judiciously added the Collection from the fourteen new houses gained into the Trade; for if things had stood as they did last Year, *that* Money would have been added y^s Year, to the Receipts made the last Year; whereas *now*—tho' these houses *have* been gained into the Trade, the Trade is still Loser seven hundred & forty five Pounds, which with the Money collected from the new houses beside—amounts to no less than one Thousand & ninety five Pounds *Loss*,¹ and that in the Space of a *Month*, *four Weeks* Collection only. This is a curious, tho' melancholy Speculation, we will push it a little farther; In this great Town we have six Capital Brew-houses; now suppose the Collections of *each* fall short as ours does,² one Thousand Pounds p^r Month: here is six Thousand Pounds worth of Beer less, sold in *London* ev'ry Month this Year than the last, I say in *London*, for I have not calculated the enormous Difference between either the *Exportation* or Country Trade; I believe the falling off in both those, but particularly the first, is more than could be dreamed of.—

My Wife and Children are on the *Wing* says Dr Burney I know it says I, they set out in *the Fly* yesterday.

The Character of Madame D'Aubigné Mother to the famous Maintenon—is the only Character I ever heard or read of like the Character of my own dear Mother—it is sincerely just like her Character—I would mine as much resembled that of Madame de Maintenon. *but I would not change with her.*

¹ I am so very minutely exact, lest it shou'd some time be supposed a Mistake. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² as no doubt they do; for our House is rather eminently prosperous; & besides some body must have *Lost* the Houses we have *gained* too. *Mrs. Thrale.*

26: July 1779.] In Page 153. of the 2^d Volume of Thraliana,¹ I hazarded a Conjecture that the Worms were often in old Times, & even now perhaps in popish Countries, mistaken for Demoniactal Possession: I have now this Moment read a Story in Cornelius Gemma lib: 2: de nat: Mirac: c: 4.² how a young Maiden named Katharine Gualters, a Coopers Daughter was exorcised of the Devil; when after violent Convulsive Throes, She evacuated a *live Eel*, (a Worm no doubt) w^{ch} he himself measured a foot & a half long, and was well convinced it could be no other than a *Devil* or *Fiend*—this Evacuation was followed & attended with Paroxysms of *laughing weeping*—(Hysterick Affections)—et hoc, (inquit,) cum horrore vidi.—This Exorcism was performed on this unhappy Wench in the Year 1571.—

I am not all sure that the *Vinum Benedictum* probably much in use among the Exorcists; was not so called because of the good Effect it had in ridding the patient of these *Devils* alias *Worms*: I have already said that that was undoubtedly the Reason of *Hiera Picra* or *Tinctura Sacra* being so named.

If a Man is not handsome at 20 Years old, strong at 30, wise at 40, and rich at 50, he will never be any of the four. This Johnson told me but it was a mere common Saying which he had picked up from his Mother.

Tank is a Word for a Pool in some of our Provincial Dialects from *Etang*³ French as it appears.

1: August 1779.] Johnson has been diverting himself with imitating Potter's *Æschylus* in a translation of some Verses of Euripides⁴—he has translated them seriously besides, & given them Burney for his History of Musick. here are the Burlesque ones—but they are a *Caricatura* of Potter whose Verses are obscure enough too.—

Err shall they not, who resolute explore
Times gloomy backward with judicious Eyes;
And scanning right the practices of yore,
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the Dome where Smoke with curling Play
Announc'd the Dinner to the Regions round;
Summon'd the Singer blythe, and Harper gay,
And aided Wine with dulcet streaming Sound.

¹ See above, p. 252.

² See *De Naturae Divinis Characterismis* (1575), Appendix to Bk. 2. The story is retold by Burton in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Pt. 1, Sec. 2, Memb. 1, Subsec. 2.

³ The *O.E.D.* derives it from Indian *tankh*, 'an underground reservoir'.

⁴ *Medea* ll. 193–206. Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 191–2. Hill conjectured that Gray was the poet parodied. The serious translation appears in the *History of Music*, ii. 340.

The better use of Notes or sweet or shrill
 By quivring string or modulated Wind;
 Trumpet or Lyre to their harsh Bosoms chill,
 Admission ne'er had sought or could not find—

Oh send them to the Sullen Mansions dun,
 Her baleful Eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
 Where gloom-ennamour'd Mischief dreads the Sun¹
 And Murder—all blood-bolter'd—schemes the Wound.

When Cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,
 And purple Nectar glads the festive Hour,
 The Guest without a Want, without a Wish,
 Can yield no Room to Musick's soothing powr.

Poor Potter! he does write strange unintelligible Verses to be sure, but I think none as bad as these neither. Mr Johnson's *real* Translation of this bit of Euripides I have not; but it is to be printed in Burney's second Volume of his History of Musick, so no matter for writing it out if one had it.—'tis very elegant I remember.—Johnson has an agreeable Talent of imitating people's Verses, but he will always render them *too* ridiculous; Hawkins Browne has been so long & justly admired only because he knew where to stop. here are imitations of Dr Johnson's—

Hermit hoar in solemn Cell!
 Wearing out Life's Evening grey,
 Strike thy Bosom Sage and tell
 What is Bliss and which the way.
 Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd
 Scarce repress'd the starting Tear;
 When the hoary Sage replied
 Come my Lad and drink some Beer.

These were done a long Time ago, & are written down I dare say in a preceding Vol: of the Thraliana,² but I looked just now & not being able to find them I wrote them out again, they are meant to ridicule Tom Warton; Mr Boswell has 'em however, I remember seeing him write them down one day in our Library at Stretham.³

The tender Infant meek and mild
 Fell down upon a Stone;
 The Nurse took up the squealing Child
 But yet the Child squeal'd on.⁴

These Verses which were meant to make Fun of Dr Percy's Poem

¹ The *Anecdotes* version reads 'Where . . . Mischief loves to dwell.'

² See above, p. 209, n. 1.

³ Possibly an illustration of the habit for which she censured him in the *Anecdotes*, p. 175. For Boswell's note-taking, see the *Boswell Papers*, vi. 19–30.

⁴ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 192.

called the Hermit of Warkworth got about, & made Percy angry—but he soon came to himself.

Who would dream of M^{rs} Burney making Verses? but She one Day sent me the following odd Epigram with a strict charge that I would not tell her husband.—The Thought is new & pretty enough if She could have managed it better.

As Water though Simple will boil o'er the Pot
Without any Cause but the making it hot;
So Gratitude *only* the Mind can dilate
And without Wit or Sense Effervescence create;
Then of me as your Kettle Dear Madam take heed,
Lest by Kindness o'er heated all Bounds I exceed:
Yet sure Sensibility no one should tire,
Who themselves furnish Fuel & stir up the Fire;
Then my Slip Slop pray bear on your Teaboard or Floor,
Since fervent it comes from a Heart that *boils o'er*.

The Family of the Burneys are a very surprizing Set of People; their Esteem & fondness for the D^r seems to inspire them all with a Desire not to disgrace him; & so every individual of it must write and read & be literary: He is the only Man I ever knew, who being not rich, was beloved by his Wife & Children: tis very seldom that a person's own Family will give him Credit for Talents which bring in no Money to make them fine or considerable. Burney's Talents do indeed bring in something, but still I sh^d expect a rich Linen-draper to be better beloved in his own house—and nobody is so much beloved.—

Those who are first called do not get first home: here was my poor Master sadly shook t'other day; Heberden it seems told Seward privately that he never would wholly recover: & now here is me, who never have had such an Accident these thirteen Years, am under Threats of a Miscarriage which will probably kill me, or leave me at least so weak as to render Recovery doubtful. Abortions and Profluvia are not easily got through at my Age, & after having had twelve Children:

Johnson would have a serious Loss of me; so would the Burneys, & poor old Sir Philip's melancholy Mind woud grieve to think he had just found a Friend, a Monitress, and then had lost her so! M^r Thrale would just now too be no *brisk* Widower, & his fair Sophia would find him less a Lover to her mind than before the paralytick Affection.

Then what remains but well our Life to use
And keep Good humour still whate'er we lose.¹

¹ 'What then remains but well our pow'r to use', etc. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto 5, l. 30.

Tis less a Miscarriage after all than a dead Child:¹ a Boy quite formed & perfect; once I wished for such a Blessing—now if my Life is left me no matter for the rest.

The Abortions and the Profluvia however, the Vomitings & Diarrhoea which accompanied them, & rendered the disorder still more Dangerous, are now got over, & this day Sunday 15: of August I go down Stairs like the Ghost of her who was carried up Stairs a Week ago. Oh God who hast been pleased to prolong my Life, render it I beseech thee such as may be useful to my Fellow Creatures, & not unpleasing in thy Sight who art of purer Eyes than to behold Iniquity.—

Fanny Burney² has been a long time from me, I was glad to see her again; yet She makes me miserable too in many Respects—so restlessly & apparently anxious lest I should give myself Airs of Patronage, or load her with the Shackles of Dependance—I live with her always in a Degree of Pain that precludes Friendship—dare not ask her to buy me a Ribbon, dare not desire her to touch the Bell, lest She should think herself injured—lest she should forsooth appear in the Character of Miss Neville & I in that of the Widow Bromley.³

Never was there such a Year for Flies, for Wasps, for all manner of Insects indeed as this 1779. I suppose the heat of the Weather is the only Cause but tis curious enough & beyond Measure troublesome—quite the Musketo Shore!⁴

There are some diseases of the Mind which though not dangerous, yet vitiate the habit as the medical people say, & are never driven out of a Person turned forty, any more than Jerusalem Artichokes can be got out of a Soil they once have found to be congenial with their Nature. Of this kind is the impossibility of making more than usual haste, a Quality which Mr Thrale possesses in I think a very eminent Degree. the following Stories will illustrate. As we returned from our Tour through France the Tide served from ten o'clock, & the Wind was favourable; no Perswasions could however prevail on my Master to hurry himself, so as not to be so near losing our Tide that the little Ship struck the Ground twice, as we run her in at Dover between the piers. now let nobody think Mr Thrale had no Care or no Choice between Sea & Shore; he was as

¹ 3: August 1779. *Mrs. Thrale*. She says (p. 401, n. 1), that the date of the birth was August 10. She is making this entry, as the next sentence reveals, on the 15th.

² Hayward (i. 124) quotes this paragraph.

³ Vid: Murphy's Know your own Mind. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ See above, p. 66.

sick as Death during the little Voyage, but would rather run the Risque of spending the Night on board, in certain Illness, and possible Danger from a Squall,—than be *hurried*.

Again the other Day¹ as I may call it—after long continued Threats of a Miscarriage had confined me to the House & even to my Chamber, some Mismanagement among the Borough Clerks obliged me to go thither, & set Things straight; Mr Thrale wished me to go, nay insisted on it, but seemed somewhat concern'd too, as he was well apprized of the Risque I should run. I went however, & after doing the Business I went to do, beg'd him to make haste home, as I was apprehensive bad Consequences might very quickly arise from the Joulting &c.—he would not be hurried—the probable Consequences *did* begin to arise, I pressed him to order the Coach—he could not be hurried—I told his Valet my Danger, & begged him to hasten his Master; no Pain, no Entreaties of mine could make him set out one *Moment* before the appointed hour—² so I lay along in the Coach all the way from London to Streatham in a State not to be described, nor endured;—*but by me*:—& being carried to my Chamber the Instant I got home, miscarried in the utmost Agony before they could get me into Bed, after fainting five Times.—

Now tho' Mr Thrale's heart never much run over with Tenderness towards me God knows,—yet common Humanity might have had a place here; no *Feelings* however, no *Shame* could induce him—to put himself in a hurry!—

18: Aug: 1779.] Fanny Burney has pleased me today—She resolves to give up a Play³ likely to succeed; for fear it may bear hard upon some Respectable Characters.—

Come then! the Colours & the Ground prepare,
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
Chuse a firm Cloud before it fall &c—⁴

Is all taken I see from the following Passage of La Bruyere

Les Couleurs sont prepareés, et la Toile est toute prête; mais comment le fixer, cet homme inquiet, leger, inconstant; qui Change de mille et mille Figures: Je le peins devôt, & je crois l'avoir

¹ it was on the 10: Aug: 1779. *Mrs. Thrale*.

² some of our People had a notion he was under ye Influence of his Disorder; if so, that wd have been but a too fair Excuse. Perkin's Expression was that our Master was *Planet-struck*. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ See above, p. 368. It satirized the feminine wits.

⁴ Pope, *On the Characters of Women*, ll. 17-19.

attrapè; mais il m'échape, et déjà Il est Libertin.—&c.¹ perhaps this was mention'd before.

When Scarron was expiring, his Friends lamenting round his Bed; I shall never make you cry said he, as much as I have made you laugh: When I thought about a fortnight ago that I was as likely to live two Centuries as two Days; I thought more of Adrian's Sonnet than Scarron's Buffoonery, and as soon as I got a little better, I translated it myself—forgetting one would suppose that both Pope² & Prior had done it before me: but The Truth is Pope made a beautiful Paraphrase, & Prior a loose Imitation; both greatly amplified indeed, for the Sonnet has but five short Lines, & theirs are none of 'em less than eight longish ones.

Animula! vagula, blandula!
Hospes Comesque Corporis;
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida! nudula!
Nec (ut soles) dabis Joca.

Gentle Soul! a Moment stay,
Whither wouldst thou wing thy way?
Chear once more thy house of Clay,
Once more prattle and be gay;
See! thy flutt'ring pinions play,
Oh my Soul! a moment stay.—

This is I think the highest Flight of my Genius, to translate a Sonnet or an Epigram—nothing can I write of myself but a Letter.

The Dialogues on my own Death³ are imitated from Swift's Verses,⁴ and Tickell's Anticipation;⁵ yet they have some small merit too, from the perfect & finished Resemblance every Speaker's Speech & Phrase has to the person speaking—M^{rs} Montagu or M^r Norman, or Sir Philip Jennings Clerke—not a Creature says but what I am morally certain the people significant or insignificant would most certainly say, at that Time & in that Situation in which I put them.

Fanny Burney says Baretti is best drawn, so says Hetty Thrale, but M^r Seward's is my favourite Character.—

¹ *Les Caractères*, xiii. 19.

² *The Dying Christian to his Soul*.

³ written this Aug: 1779. *Mrs. Thrale*. Three in number. The first takes place at Mrs. Vesey's, a month after her death, between Johnson and Master Pepys, with Mrs. Montagu and Burke present. The second occurs at Cator's house in Kent, between Cator, Mrs. Cator, Norman, and Baretti. The third is at Seward's lodging, and later at Lady Lade's, and the speakers are Seward, Sir R. Jebb, Sir Philip Jennings Clerke, Lady Lade, Mr. Thrale, Seward, Miss Dodson, and Hester Thrale. *Ry. Eng. MS.* 632. For the printed text, see the *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvi. 94-114.

⁴ *On the Death of Dr. Swift*.

⁵ Richard Tickell's *Anticipation* (1778).

Well! no more of Character, or Sickness, or Sorrow, or Sport; Sir Charles Hardy fights the combin'd Fleets of France & Spain *this Day*, and—

· *We must stand the hazard of the Die!* *Hamlet.*¹

Tis No such Thing! *Macbeth.*²

18: Aug: 1779.] The French & Spaniards only brave us in our own Channel, in our own Ports—in Plymouth Harbour;—S^r Charles Hardy is not to be found—not to be heard of. What Times!³

I think if Miss Burney had been a Woman of high birth & Breeding, & an Italian, She would have been *Maria Mancini*.⁴ it seems to be her Character exactly only heighten'd & Exalted—Hester says so, & She is no despicable Authority—

M^r Scrase had he been a Frenchman, & an educated Man would have been *La Bruyere* I think—for as the Naturalists say there is in the Sea some Creature resembling every Animal upon the Land; so there seems to be in Lower Life some Character nearly the same to another in a more exalted Station.

ten to one this was said somewhere before.—

1: Sept^r 1779.] Sir Charles Hardy is called home & Lord Howe nominated to the Command of the Fleet—an Opposition Admiral! what will come of *this*?⁵

Here is the hottest Weather that England ever knew; From Aries to Libra has the Sun continued this Year in full Splendour; only a few Showers intervening,—Such a Harvest as never was seen it is. so there is some good News for us.

I have forgotten whether I ever mentioned in this Analect Book that Talassi the famous Improvisatore who was over here three Years ago, came down to Streatham one Day—the last week he spent in England; & made Improviso Verses for our Entertainment, & that of about twenty Friends.⁶—so Yesterday, M^r Lort,

¹ *Richard III* (v. iv. 10), rather.

² 'There's no such thing.' *Macbeth*, II. i. 47.

³ While Hardy was looking for the invaders off the Scilly Islands, they assembled off Plymouth, on August 16, and were only prevented from attacking the port by a storm which blew them to sea. The English fleet later sighted them, on August 29, but they refused to attack, and finally retired to Brest.

⁴ Of the noble family of Colonna, and niece to Cardinal Mazarin.

⁵ It was a Lye. *Mrs. Thrale*. Hardy kept his command, in spite of criticism, but died in the following May, without again going to sea.

⁶ Prince Gonzaga. S^r T: & Lady Mills. S^r John Lade. S^r Joshua Reynolds. Johnson.

who picks up every odd Thing, shew'd me the following Extract from the Ferrara Gazette of last March forsooth.

Nel ultimo Mese della mia dimora in Londra fu invitato ad improvvisare presso M^r Thrale, ricco Membro del Parlamento; in altri Tempi Negoziante di Birra. egli diede alla numerosa Assemblée un magnifico pranzo, nel suo bel Casino di Streatham ameno Villaggio, & ben popolato sei miglia distante della Capitale. Il Personaggio¹ ch'ebbe l'incombenza di condurmivi, stimò bene di prevenirvi sulle qualità de' primari Sogetti: Voi ci troverete mi diss' egli; quattro grandi Uomini, ogn'uno dei quali nel suo genere non ha pari. Voi vedrete quest' oggi in un sol gruppo il Cicerone, il Platone, L'Apelle, ed il Roscio dell' Inghilterra. Per il primo intendasi L'Oratore della Camera Bassa M^r Burke; la di cui rapida ed impetuosa Eloquenza è Signoreggiatrice degl' Anime. Il Secondo e l'immortale Dottor Johnson,² che a guisa d'Atlante si addossò un immenso peso nel fare il Dizionario della nostra Lingua da noi piu rispettato che la vostra Crusca. nel Terzo conoscerete Sir Joshua Reynolds pittore Primario di S: M: Brittanica, & Presidente della Real' Academia di Pitturia che in Roma Tempio delle Arte & della Magnificenza apprese la leggiadria e l'Espressione onde egli anima le sue tele: L'Ultimo è l'Incomparabile David Garrick, Figlio prediletto della Natura — a cui fu concesso il ricopiarla ne' differenti Caratteri col vestire la forza delle piu grandi passioni. Queste Attore cotanto celebre, cui forza l'uguale niuna età produsse, ha lasciato da poco tempo il Teatro, e sen vive tranquillo nell' opulenza. venendo a Streatham per desiderio di sentirvi, ha promesso di recitare uno Squarcio di Tragedia alla sua maniera, perche formiate un' Idea del suo Valore — mentre gl'anno detta la vostra Stima per Lui. Tal fu l'avviso del mio Mentore³ & Compagno di Viaggio. — Ma, giunti essendo al Casino Campestre di Streatham — seppimo che Garrick non sarebbe Stato della partita, perche nella Notte antecedente lo avea sorpreso 'l Febbre. Io dunque abbandonai L'Inghilterra senza vederlo, ed anche per questa, fra le Altre Cagioni ho rimproverato piu volte a me stesso, un' intempestiva partenza. Ora all' annunzio di sua Morte mi nasce

Burke & his Lady. Cumberland. Lort. Rush. Dr Calvert, Miss Burgoyne. Miss Owen. M^r & M^{rs} Paradise M^r Seward. & many more that I have forgot now.—Garrick was ill & c^d not come. *Mrs. Thrale.*

¹ Seward. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² Sir John Hawkins recorded that Johnson 'was much pleased with an Italian *improvvisatore*, whom he saw at Streatham, and with whom he talked much in Latin. He told him, if he had not been a witness to his faculty himself, he should not have thought it possible. He said, Isaac Hawkins Browne had endeavoured at it in English, but could not get beyond thirty verses.' *Johns. Misc. ii. 10.*

³ Seward. *Mrs. Thrale.*

la Brama di compiangierlo anch' Io, & cio faccio con quel Plettro incolto che mi fa produrre tant' insulsi Componimenti.—

I remember he did make very elegant extemporaneous Lines in praise of all the People he mentions, besides which Cumberland & myself came in for a small Share, nor did he forget to celebrate Miss Owen's distinguish'd Birth,¹ & Golden Locks—Seward (his Mentor as he calls him) had let him know that She c^d count back her Ancestry 900² Years.—

The Death of poor Garrick brought out this odd Article in the Ferrara Gazette I doubt not, but commend me to Lort for picking up all the strange things—We should not else have heard of our own Celebrity.—

Here is another Curiosity of his collecting—The first Copy of Pope's Universal Prayer—³

1.

Father of all, in every Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd;
By Christian Saint, or heathen Sage⁴
Jehovah! Jove! or Lord!

2.

Thou great first Cause least understood,
Who last⁵ my Sense confin'd;
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

3.

(Who all dost see, who all dost know,
And all dost love the best;
Bidst Fortune rule the World below,
And Conscience guide the breast.)

¹ Margaret Owen was daughter to the Rev. Lewis Owen (d. 1746), rector of Barking, Essex, and Wexham, Bucks, and granddaughter to Sir Robert Owen (d. 1698) of Porkington, Salop, and Llanddyn, M.P. for Merioneth and Carnarvon. *Powys Land Club Collections relating to Montgomeryshire*, xiii. 418. Her family claimed descent from Hwfa ap Gyndellw, one of the fifteen patriarchs of North Wales. Burke, *History of Commoners*, i. 84.

² nine hundred. *Mrs. Thrale*.

³ Lort had already quoted one suppressed stanza of this version to her (see above, p. 252), and had evidently furnished the complete copy in the meanwhile. Mrs. Thrale herself had clearly never seen the original manuscript, which did not belong to Lort, but there is no reason to question its authenticity, in spite of the doubt cast by Elwin (Pope, *Works*, ii. 462) on the stanza printed by Boswell, since an independent transcript of this original version, in the hand of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, is extant in the collection of the Earl of Harrowby. I owe this information to Professor D. Nichol Smith. The minute divergencies within the stanzas common to this version and the one Pope published, are in accord with what we know of Pope's general practice of polishing and compressing his work before publishing. Mrs. Thrale's parentheses mark the suppressed stanzas; variations from the published version are indicated in the notes.

⁴ 'By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage.'

⁵ 'Who all', etc.

4.

Yet gave me in this dark Estate,
To know¹ the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

5.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun,
That—more than Heaven pursue.

(Can Sins of Moments² claim the Rod
Of everlasting Fires?

Can those be Crimes to Natures God
Which Nature's Self inspires?)

What Pleasures³ thy free Bounty gives
Let me not cast away!

For God is paid when Man receives,
T^enjoy is to obey.

But if to Earth's contracted Span
Omnipotence we bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man
Whole Systems flaming round:⁴

If e'er this weak unknowing hand
Presumes thy Bolts to throw;
And deal Destruction round the Land⁵
On each I judge thy foe.

(If I condemn one Sect or part
Of those that seek thy Face;
If Charity within this Heart
Holds not the highest Place!

¹ 'see.'

² see his Strophe to the Duke of Buckingham's Play.

Why Virtue dost thou blame Desire
Which Nature has imprest?

Why Nature dost thou first inspire
The mild & gen'rous Breast?

& even this borrow'd from Guarini. O troppo dura Legge &c &c. *Mrs. Thrale*. She means the play of the Duke of Buckinghamshire (John Sheffield), *Brutus*, altered from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, for which Pope wrote a 'Chorus of Youths and Maidens', in which this stanza occurs. For Guarini, see above, p. 252, n. 2.

³ 'Blessings.'

⁴ 'Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round.'

⁵ 'Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land . . .'

If e'er my foolish breast knew Pride
 For ought that thou hast given;
 Or other's wants with Scorn deride
 Do thou deny me heaven.¹⁾

But if I feel² another's Woe
 Or hide³ the Fault I see,
 That Mercy I to others show,
 That Mercy shew to me.

The rest of the Poem is as we read it in the common Editions of Pope.

Fanny Brown is run away—scampered off with a Cornet of Horse;⁴ I do love that little Minx, & hope She may yet be happy, tho' She has vexed me by this Exploit a little too.—Poor silly Cecchina! or F: B: as we used to call her.—I wish She had a good Whipping & 10,000⁶.

Mr^s Byron too, another flighty Friend whom I love better than She deserves, is Distressed just now—her Husband is supposed to have forborne fighting in this last Affair, the Loss of the Grenada Islands.—& She is wild with Grief.

15: Sept^r 1779.] Nothing but losses & crosses I think! this however prov'd a false Alarm, for here is Barrington come over, & gives Byron the best of Characters.⁵

The beginning of this Month poor Perkins,—Mr Thrale's principal Clerk, & a faithful friendly Agent to us both; was in Agonies at the Idea of losing his Wife, She was ill of a Fever, the eldest Child caught it; the other Babies helpless & crying:—I went to see her poor Soul, took her second Son⁶ of two Years & a half old to my Nursery; & administered to him & her all the Comfort I could.

She continues in great Danger still, & so does the Boy who caught her Fever—I am glad I saved the other—he has utterly

¹ This is like some Blockhead Dr Johnson us'd to tell of that said he desired only *Justice* not *Mercy* from the Almighty—he was a Madman tho' as I remember. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² 'Teach me to feel.'

³ 'To hide.'

⁴ Thomas Gunter Browne, Esq., of the 37th regiment. *Whitehall Evening Post*, Sept. 16, 1779.

⁵ Admiral Byron was in command of the British fleet in the West Indies, which fought the French under Admiral d'Estaign on July 6, off Grenada, and lost. Byron was grandfather to the poet, and the hero of an extraordinary shipwreck adventure in South America in 1741–6, of which he published an account in 1768.

⁶ Harry Perkins, who was Mrs. Thrale's god-child. She took him to Brighton in October of this year. Johnson's letter of October 21 (*Letters*, No. 636) approves of her conduct in keeping a nurse from putting the child into the sea against his will. For the later history of John, the eldest son, see below, p. 849, n. 4.

forgot home I think already, & has no Trace (that I see) of Parents or Friends in his Memory tho' a very fine Child—what a poor Thing is Human Nature! *La Force du Naturel*—all a Lye!!

This astonishing Weather! it has been broad Summer this Year fairly from Aries to Libra. 'tis at this Moment¹ actually offensively hot.

Baretti is I find busy now among the Burneys to set the Doctor's Daughters against his Wife—their Mother in Law²—Precious Employment! but he is a strange Man. I am most happy in being rid of *him*.—

Johnson says that the best way for every Man at setting out in Life is to learn some one Thing well: the Man of general Knowledge says he, is never wanted; he who can cure Pain is necessary when one is diseased, he who [can] extricate one from a Law Suit is useful when his Neighbours are entangled, but the Reasoner & the Traveller tho' entertaining Companions are not often thought on, merely because they are not ever wanted.

I repent that I have not made Pepys speak more tenderly of me in my Dialogues on my own death;³ he certainly does love me; & very sincerely; I have received a Letter from him to day that proves it—urging me to look after the Business for my own & my Family's Sake—This is no Skin deep Friendship—this is real Kindness & I shall for ever love him for it. Be his Friendship however what it will, his Vanity is still stronger; he would I believe speak & act just as he does in the Dialogue.

24: Sept^r 1779. Fryday] I⁴ have got a strange Fit of the horrors

¹ 15: Sept^r 1779. *Mrs Thrale*.

² Dr. Burney's second wife, Elizabeth, widow of Mr. Stephen Allen of King's Lynn, whom he married in October, 1767. She brought into the family two daughters by her first husband, Maria and Bessy Allen. His daughters by his first wife were Esther (who had married in 1770 and moved from home), Frances, Susan, and Charlotte. *Early Diary of Frances Burney*, i. lxi-lxv, 102. Mrs. Burney was staying at Streatham at this time. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 267.

³ See above, p. 402. In the first Dialogue, Pepys, having been consoled by Mrs. Montagu for Johnson's rough treatment, replies: "Oh Madam I have been stunned by him at Streatham many a Time, and Mrs. Thrale not content with his loud Voice would make me exert my own Lungs very often till I have been quite Ill after it—how She could bear such bawling, & not be totally divested of all Delicacy was a constant Source of Wonder to me—I used to tell her that She put me in Mind—"

⁴ Mrs. Montagu: "Bless me! yes, She had remarkably good Nerves, & yet carried off so suddenly—pounced by Death like a Partridge upon the *Wing*—caught in one of her *Flights* Mr. Pepys."

⁵ Pepys: "Charming! Charming! Bravo! Bravo!" *Rylands Library Bulletin*, xvi. 101.

⁶ This passage, as far as 'Tunbridge and Brighthelmstone', was reproduced in Hughes's *Mrs. Piozzi's Thraliana*, pp. 25-6.

upon me to-day, something runs in my head that I shall die, or Mr Thrale die, & that we shall not—as we hoped—communicate together at God's Table next Sunday.—I will say nothing of it, for it may end in nothing, but I am not used to be low spirited, & tis very odd to be so now, for I ail nothing, tho' I tremble with Terror, just as I was the day before my Son died!—

if nothing *does* happen, I will never mind low Spirits again.

Monday 4: Oct^r 1779.] Nothing happened—we *did* communicate together last Sunday sennight; & tomorrow we set out for Tunbridge & Brighthelmstone.—Fanny Burney goes with us, not Johnson, he stays at home & writes, & is diligent. Mr Thrale longs to see his S: S: *that* makes us go to Tunbridge, I am glad he can think of *anything* external; & hope her Conversation will dissipate the Gloom which this paralytick Affection has cast over his Temper. Lady Lade thinks too that his head is not even now quite right: bathing in the Sea & flirting with his Sophia may mend it perhaps;—God send it may! 'Tis a dreadful Thing to think of a Man whose Brain has been injured having the Care & Management of such a Capital as ours—Perkins¹ is of Opinion that he is not fit for his Business, so I see how it is all to end—I must go to the Boro' house this Winter, & hack at the Trade myself I hate it heartily, yes heartily! but if living in Newgate would be *right* I hope I should be content to live in Newgate.—

Wednesday 24: Nov: 1779.] We are come home from Brighthelmstone: on Tuesday the 4: of Oct^r last we went to Tunbridge; Mr Thrale had looked particularly ill for two or three Days, & his Head had wander'd in a Conversation he held with Lady Lade, but he was Cupped by Dr Heberden's advice and the Symptoms went off: I hoped the Sight of Miss Streatfield might rouse him, but they met with but little eagerness on either Side, her Head was preoccupied with Care I believe, & his with Disease—they met without Interest, & parted without Pain. We went forward to Brighthelmstone where every body observed the Torpor that hung about him, it went away however gradually, but almost totally: he rode with Spirit, eat with Appetite, & his Friends observ'd a most agreeable Alteration in his Looks—Dr Pepys indeed whom we consulted seemed to have no very chearful Notions of his Recovery—but those who did not know, or who did not care agreed that he was perfectly well again.

¹ Perkins's Family are all comfortable again. *Mrs. Thrale.*

On Monday last the 22 : of Nov^r he complain'd of the headache, eat no Dinner & looked most dreadfully—Pepys was gone to London, so I had nobody to consult but Kipping the Apothecary who modestly & wisely would do nothing but advise me to make haste with my Master to Stretham We accordingly set out yesterday Tuesday 23:—it was our intention before he was ill to leave Sussex that day—and the Weather was very Cold. M^r Thrale said his head ached, but when we got to *Cookfield*¹ he had such a shivering & Torpor came on as shocked me,² & set poor Miss Burney o' crying—his Wits were quite unsettled, & his Articulation almost wholly lost; Dinner revived him a little, but the Evening & the Night he was comatose, & I called in Heberden in the Morning. he ordered Cupping which restored him so far that we are now just as we were before this last Attack.—

The Thraliana will be full of nothing but melancholy matters of Fact if we go on thus, I will write no more such things down if they do happen.

1: Dec: 1779] I had a Grave coloured Gown on today, & Johnson reprov'd me for calling old Age too soon; a gay Gown in a Morning said I is out of Rule—but thou art so little my Love he replied, that Rules may be superseded in Your Case—What! have not *all Insects* gay Colours? He thought himself expiring & was amazingly cross.³

The following Lines to Sir Joseph Mawbey on his putting up a Monument in Lambeth Church to his Bro^r in Law one Pratt⁴ a very low fellow—enumerating *his own* great Offices & Qualities instead of the dead Man's, are comical enough: M^r Lort gave them me, I know not who wrote them

Great Knight thy Fame we must confess,
Like Maggots springs from Rottenness;
While thus above the mouldering Dead,
Your Honours and your Name you spread;
Go on, and since for Pratt alone
You did not raise the polish'd Stone,
Say thou art modest, brave and Wise,
And we will add—*Here Mawbey lies.*

¹ I mean *Rye Gate* where we were to dine. *Mrs. Thrale.*

² Fanny Burney thought that 'Mrs. Thrale, by some strange infatuation, thought he was joking'. D'Arblay, *Diary*, i. 447. Dobson unaccountably dates her entry 1780 instead of 1779.

³ Cf. *Anecdotes*, p. 331.

⁴ Pratt was both brother-in-law and cousin to Mawbey, who had married his cousin, Elizabeth Pratt. Mawbey was a member of his uncle Pratt's distillery firm.

A Connoisseur was praising some Passage in a Piece of Musick—to unfeeling ears—pressing his Point forward with ““Sir it is so difficult a Passage””, well Sir replied the cold Man, I wish it had been *impossible*.¹

A Spanish Soldier passed a Crucifix somewhere in the high Road where S^t John & other Saints were represented standing round—The Fellow pulls off his Hat & says with the pomposity of his Nation ““*Esto es a te Don Christo; por vosotros pequeños Santos—Nada.*””

At Maestricht in one of the great Churches the Devil and our Saviour are represented playing at Dice for a Soul; Satan throws two sixes, but Christ throws *thirteen*; a Label comes out of the Devil's Mouth saying ““*Ah! Monseigneur, vous avez triché*””: to which the Scrowl out of our Saviour's Mouth replies—with great politeness—““*Pardonnez moi—c'est un Miracle.*””

When Sir Thomas Hesketh was dying² his Wits were affected, & he rambled a good deal of Delirious Stuff—his Lady kneeling by the Bedside trying to keep up his Spirits said She was sure he would recover—Nonsense (says he) Harriott! how can you talk so?—For shame, she replied gaily ““*Je parle comme un Livre;*”” yes, reply'd the dying Man—*et moi je reponds comme un Livre fermé.*

M^r Selwyn³ the other day said he would change with S^r Thomas More, and Doctor Delap desired to be Addison.—how lucky!

Vide Page 90. of this Volume.⁴

Here is a more literal Translation of *Lamoignon's* Sonnet⁵ than mine is, perhaps it may be as good as mine, but I hope not:—it is Selwyn's.

I.

Drawing to fourscore Years I may
This trifling Toy of Life survey
With philosophick Eye;
And gaily packing up my all,
Quite unconcern'd give up the Ball
Good Night to Company.

¹ Hawkins records this as coming from Johnson. *Life*, p. 319.

² He died in March, 1778. His wife was cousin to the poet Cowper.

³ Charles Selwin, an intimate of Streatham, and not George Selwyn, the wit, to whom he believed himself distantly related. Boswell, *Life*, iv. 488. Selwin was a retired banker of wealth, who left £2,600 to charity on his death. *Gent. Mag.* lxxv. 789.

⁴ See above, p. 377.

⁵ See above, p. 348, where she mistakenly names the author 'Larignan'.

2.

Quitting this Scene, where I shall go
 I'm ignorant, but this I know,
 I safe on God rely:
 Secure he'll lead me where tis best,
 No anxious Fears disturb my breast
 Good Night to Company.

3.

With pleasures cloy'd of every kind,
 Nor ought to wish for left behind,
 To save me from Ennui;
 Unfit to mix with Grave or Gay,
 'Tis Time for me to steal away—
 Good Night to Company.

We were speaking of M^{rs} Montagu—I believe says M^r Seward She tyrannizes over her Heir pretty much;—why so? why you told me last Year that when he knock'd too hard at the door She sent him a reproving Message by the Serv^t & bid him Stay till he had a door of his own to knock at so: and if She did quoth I!—If She *did* says Fanny Burney—why with *me* such a Speech would cancel all Obligations: & for my part cries Seward I'd list for a Soldier sooner than lie under such Oppression I swear. Lord have Mercy! what a World this is! where more ill will is gained by a light Ebullition of Humour, than good will by the Gift of a magnificent Education & ten thousand Pounds a Year. Is it a Wonder so few people are good? when such Discouragement is given to Virtue!

Here are some French Verses written by Mary Queen of Scots.¹

Adieu playsant pays de France,
 Oh ma patrie la plus Cherie;
 Qui a nourri ma jeune Enfance,
 Adieu France adieu mes beaux Jours;
 La Nef que disjoint nos Amours
 N'a eu de moi que la Moitié,
 Un part te reste, elle est Tienne,
 Je la fie a ton Amitié
 Pour que de l'autre il te souviennne.

1.

Farewell the sweet, the ever blest Abode,
 Farewell the Country to my Soul most dear;
 Where none but Pleasure's flow'ry paths I trod,
 Far from the gloomy haunts of pain or Fear.

¹ They were actually written by M. Meusnier de Querlon, who attributed them to Mary Stuart. See E. Fournier, *L'Esprit dans l'histoire* (1879), pp. 181-7.

The Ship which wafts me from thy happy Shore,
Is only freighted with the meaner part;
And leaves thee while my Losses I deplore,
In full possession of my aching heart.

They are put into English by Dr Burney—not *me*.

Fanny¹ Burney has kept her Room here in my house seven Days with a Fever, or something that She called a Fever: I gave her every Medicine, and every Slop with my own hand; took away her dirty Cups, Spoons &c. moved her Tables, in short was Doctor & Nurse, & Maid—for I did not like the Servants should have additional Trouble lest they should hate her for't—and now—with the true Gratitude of a Wit, She tells me, that the *World thinks the better of me* for my Civilities to her.

It does! does it?

7: Dec: 1779.] I must *turn over a new Leaf* I fancy, in every Sense of the Word.—

Lord Lyttelton's Death² & Dream fill every body's Mouths; I wonder whether we shall be able to get Evidence of the Fact—but if he told Lord Sandys his Dream that will do. The Story is that three Nights before his Death he, being in perfect health dream'd that a Robin Redbreast came into his Room & fluttering about for a while suddenly chang'd into a Woman dressed in White, who said to him my Lord prepare for death, you die in three days Time.—that he told this Story to many Friends, & before his Servants often; saying on the third day particularly, I shall bilk the Bitch—as he went upstairs to bed. before 12 o'Clock however he died suddenly, & the World is left to wonder at its leisure.³ Johnson considers the whole as false,⁴ for my own part I feel rather to[o] disposed to believe, but then he is Sceptical and I am superstitious, & neither of us have any good Evidence of the Fact or of the Lye.

Lord Lyttelton left the World I believe quite with the general Consent of Mankind.

It is likewise well known that he was a thorough Coward both

¹ Hayward (i. 124-5), quotes this paragraph.

² On November 27, 1779. This was Thomas, 2nd Lord Lyttelton, who succeeded his father, George Lyttelton, the poet, in 1773. *Gent. Mag.* xlix. 615. His uncle, Lord Westcote, succeeded to the title as 3rd Lord Lyttelton in 1794. See also Hayward, ii. 94-7.

³ Dec: 1779. *Mrs. Thrale*.

⁴ Boswell reports him as saying: 'It is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day. I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world, that I am willing to believe it.' *Life*, iv. 298-9.

with regard to things Corporeal, and things imaginative & famous for minding Dreams.

Mr Johnson was saying that if any Man shewed an Inclination to waste his health & Fortune by Riot & Extravagance, all his Friends would agree to encourage him in his Course; but if a Man shew'd a Desire to save his Money & live abstemiously, every Acquaintance would throw some Rub in his way:—so says he while a Man continues active in his own Affairs, & useful in those of others; he is called, or thought at least, a busy officious disagreeable Fellow; but as soon as he fancies himself sick, & proposes *Retirement*, every Friend helps fetch a Pillow, and runs to *tuck* the good *Gentleman in*.—never says he take to your Room while you can be in Company; never take to your Bed while you can sit up: the Nephews & Nieces will make haste to hide you else, & by preventing your Wishes with Cups of warm Jelly &c. bribe you to sit still, while they take Advantage of your Retreat.¹—

Viva Johnson! how true all this is!

7: Dec: 1779.] My Master has got a Fit of the horrors again—his Beer will be bad next Spring he thinks; I believe it *will* for that matter; but I believe fretting about it either then, or now, will give him a Stroke of the palsy; w^{ch} will be worse to him than *bad Beer*.

We were saying every body was like some Animal & we put down

Johnson for the	Elephant.
Baretti for the	Bear.
Seward for the	Porcupine.
Sir Philip for the	Camel.
&	
Old Michell for the	Hog.
Sophy Streatfield for the	Dove.
Fanny Burney for the	Doe. or Antelope.
M ^r 'Av enant for the	Squirrel.
M ^{rs} Pepys for the	Cow.
M ^{rs} Byron for the	Zebra.
&	
Myself for the	Rattlesnake.

Poor Mr Thrale! to be inamour'd of a Pigeon & coupled to a Serpent—he was unlucky indeed.—we set him down a *Beaver* I remember, he has such a Turn for Building.

I have heard a strange Thing today. Æschylus Potter as they call him, has had the Misfortune to see one of his single

¹ Cf. *Anecdotes*, pp. 315-16, 281-2.

Daughters¹ bring him a Bastard by a married Man; but that is not a strange Thing; the strange Thing is, that he—Potter, should shew the Letters written on this dreadful Subject, between himself & the Seducer, to all Common Acquaintance; bound up in an elegant Cover.—Vanity here outgoes even *Instinct*, we have often seen her drive poor *Reason* out of doors.—

Poor dismal S^r Philip has lost his darling Son; twice inoculated, he at length caught the Small pox naturally, & died of it ten days ago. the Father is half wild, & writes to me to comfort him: Poor, melancholy Creature! how shall I comfort him? Mondaccio! as Baretti used to say.

I have an odd Power of working myself up into artificial Spirits: one Day in the first Week of April 1777.² when I was vexed & frighted out of my Wits because of the Accident—if one may call it such—that befell our Business, when M^r Thrale was agonizing with Apprehension, & I was within a Month or two of lying In, & setting out for Money & Advice to dear M^r Scrase at Bright-helmstone; I remember Boswell dining here: we³ talked, we rattled, we flashed, we made extempore Verses, we did so much that at last M^r Boswell said why M^{rs} Thrale (says he) you are in most riotous Spirits to-day—So I am reply'd I gaily, & actually ran out of the Room to cry—his observation went so to my Heart.

How many Times has this great, this formidable Doctor Johnson kissed my hand, ay & my foot too upon his knees!

Strange Connections there are in this odd World!⁴ his with me is mere *Interest* tho';—he loves Miss Reynolds better.

¹ The only daughter of Robert Potter that the *D.N.B.* mentions is Elizabeth, who died in 1782.

² 1778, rather. See above, pp. 320, n. 1, 345.

³ by the Word *We* I mean Johnson & myself—my Master looked then as he does now, like a Man Woe-begone. *Mrs. Thrale*. The date may have been either March 30, or April 17, 1778 (Boswell, *Life*, iii. 225, 247); but Boswell does not record these remarks.

⁴ a dreadful & little suspected Reason for *ours* God knows—but the Fetters & Padlocks will tell Posterity the Truth. *Mrs. Thrale*. See above, p. 384, n. 4. One must conclude that Johnson actually kept these articles to enforce the strict confinement which he resorted to when his mind was seized by the delusion that he was insane. *Mrs. Thrale's* reference to 'these uneasy weights, heavier to the mind by far than Fetters to the body', is thus explained. Johnson himself noted in his pocket diary (cf. above, p. 158, n. 5) on March 24, 1771: 'De pedicis et manicis insana cogitatio' (Insane thoughts on fetters and hand-cuffs). The strength of this delusion, whatever its nature may have been, is strongly attested by these scattered bits of evidence, and seems to illuminate an aspect of Johnson's melancholia which has escaped his biographers and editors. In this connexion, Item 649 in the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's library and personal effects, at Manchester, in September 1823, is significant. It is described in the catalogue (*Ry. Eng. MS.* 613) as a padlock, with a manuscript note attached—'Johnson's Padlock committed to my care in the year 1768.' The purchaser is listed as 'Hoare,' possibly Sophia Thrale's husband.